November 21, 1931

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Collier's

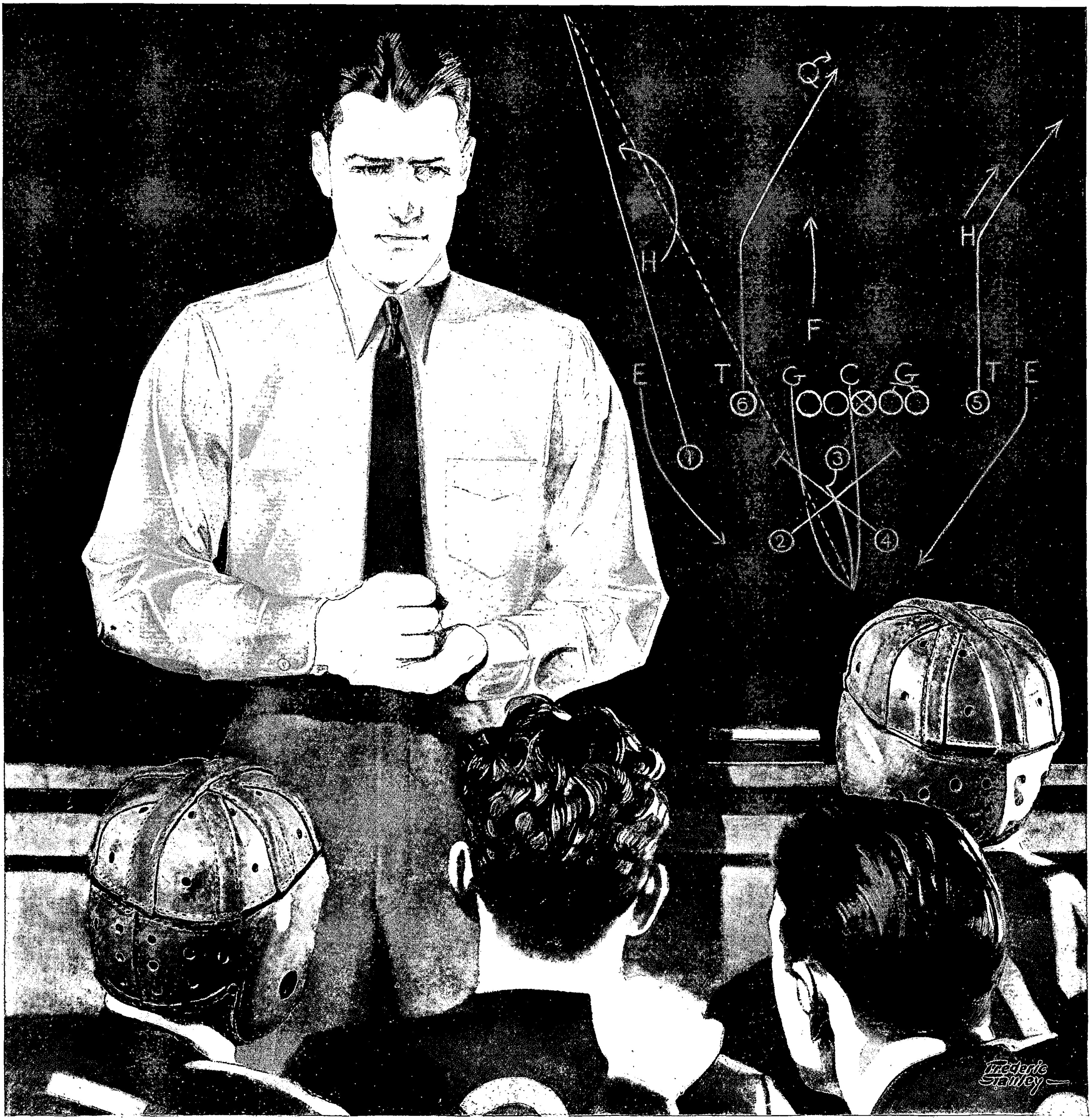
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

RONALD McLEOD

Josef's Wife
By **Erich Maria Remarque**

The Big Pink *a new novel by* **Hugh MacNair Kahler**

ARROW Sanforized Shrunk SHIRTS



On the blackboard—a Notre Dame touchdown play, diagrammed for us by Sol Metzger

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

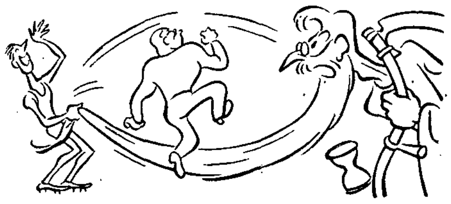
Next Week

BILL MURRAY, Oklahoma's picturesque governor, is a master of drama. He dramatizes himself. He does it too well, in fact—he has played so convincingly the part of a dirt farmer on the loose that he hasn't given the country a chance to suspect that under the make-up there's a very different person. When he called out the militia to stop oil production everybody said the move was too radical to succeed. But it was no more radical than Oklahoma's constitution. And Bill Murray knew it because he had more to do with making that constitution twenty-four years ago than any other one man.

He collects constitutions and constitutional lore as other men collect pictures or postage stamps. He is not an uncouth yokel at all, much as he would like you to think he is. He's the sort of person with whom you could spend a pleasant evening, and we invite you to do so in William G. Shepherd's "King of the Prairie."

—

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE, author of "All Quiet on the Western Front" and Collier's serial "The Road Back," contributes another short story. A love story, this time, a love story changed into quite another kind by the war. But, tragic as it is, so universal is its appeal that you will remember it: "Annette's Love Story."



"YEARS mean nothing," says Douglas Fairbanks. "What you can do is the real test." With which his friend Clarence DeMar, the distance runner, thoroughly agrees. Their combined ages nearly make a hundred, but there are few men of twenty who can duplicate their stunts. How they live and work and play is told by Charley Paddock in "If You Think You Can."

—

ELMER DAVIS' love story, "Rhapsody in Red," bears out the well-known theory about silver linings. It concerns Roderick Penwell, long on family and traditions but short on money, and Cornelia Vandermuylen, long and short on the same commodities. They have to be lashed severely by life before they realize that a man doesn't have to have a million dollars in order to get married, but they do learn it.

—

JAMES HOPPER'S "My Quarterback" is a football story, as you suspect, but it tells as much about a sweet young co-ed named Sylvia Sharon as about Don Saunders, the aspiring team general. It has a silver lining, too, but if you have the right girl working for you you never see anything but the lining anyway.

—

DON MARQUIS, David Thibault, Grantland Rice, J. P. McEvoy, Hugh MacNair Kahler, Sol Metzger, Milton Work and colleagues concentrate on their jobs. All for you.

THIS WEEK

November 21, 1931

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How Would You Play It?

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To Our Profit.

Any Week

AMONG our most persistent readers and, obviously, ardent admirers are the editors of two neat weekly magazines. One of them appropriates this page for his own journal—Next Week, This Week, Any Week, make-up, layout and all—all except, of course, us. The other announces a new department under the caption "In One Ear"—another of our own devices. Pretty flattering, but we'll have to be on the alert. First they take our Short Short Story idea and now this. Next thing they'll be calling themselves Collier's.

—

WILMA BROWN of San Antonio, Texas, read Lucian Cary's "One to the Button," and therein discerns the reason why "education has degraded into sports and gin parties." Fancy, scoffs she, a college professor "confiding his love affairs to the operator of a hot-dog stand."

—

A YOUNG man from Baltimore complains that another young man has stolen his sweetheart, the scoundrel's device being to pose as John T. Flynn of Collier's Weekly. Mr. Flynn asks that his sympathy be extended to all three, but adds that the lady's plight might be worse. Suppose, he suggested, it had been the real Flynn!

—

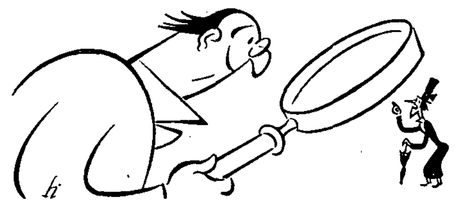
"ONE of the outstanding and saving characteristics of the American people," says Mr. Jack Cole Tierney of Louisville, Kentucky, "is that it gets tired of things so quickly. One of these days it is going to get horribly fed up with all this depression talk. And that will be the end of the depression."

—

WE HADN'T expected anyone to contest his title when, a couple of weeks ago, we mentioned "Jeff Davis, King of the Hoboes;" but here's a protest from Howard L. Hansen of Brooklyn, New York, advising us that one Mr. Daniel O'Brien claims the crown. We're not surprised, considering the chaos that royalty finds itself in these days.

—

"WE ARE glad to inform you," writes Mr. John B. McCawl of Ogden, Utah, "that the wolf is no longer at our back door. The succulent brute came too close last week and I grabbed him and we ate him."



"SENATOR FESS is right," says Herman S. Graab of Nashville, Tennessee. "Prohibition isn't an issue. There isn't enough of it to make an issue out of."

—

"IT WAS just like home in Kansas," says a friend who recently returned from the French Colonial Exposition in Paris. "Prohibition obtains in the United States exhibit. They serve cocktails and cordials in teacups only."

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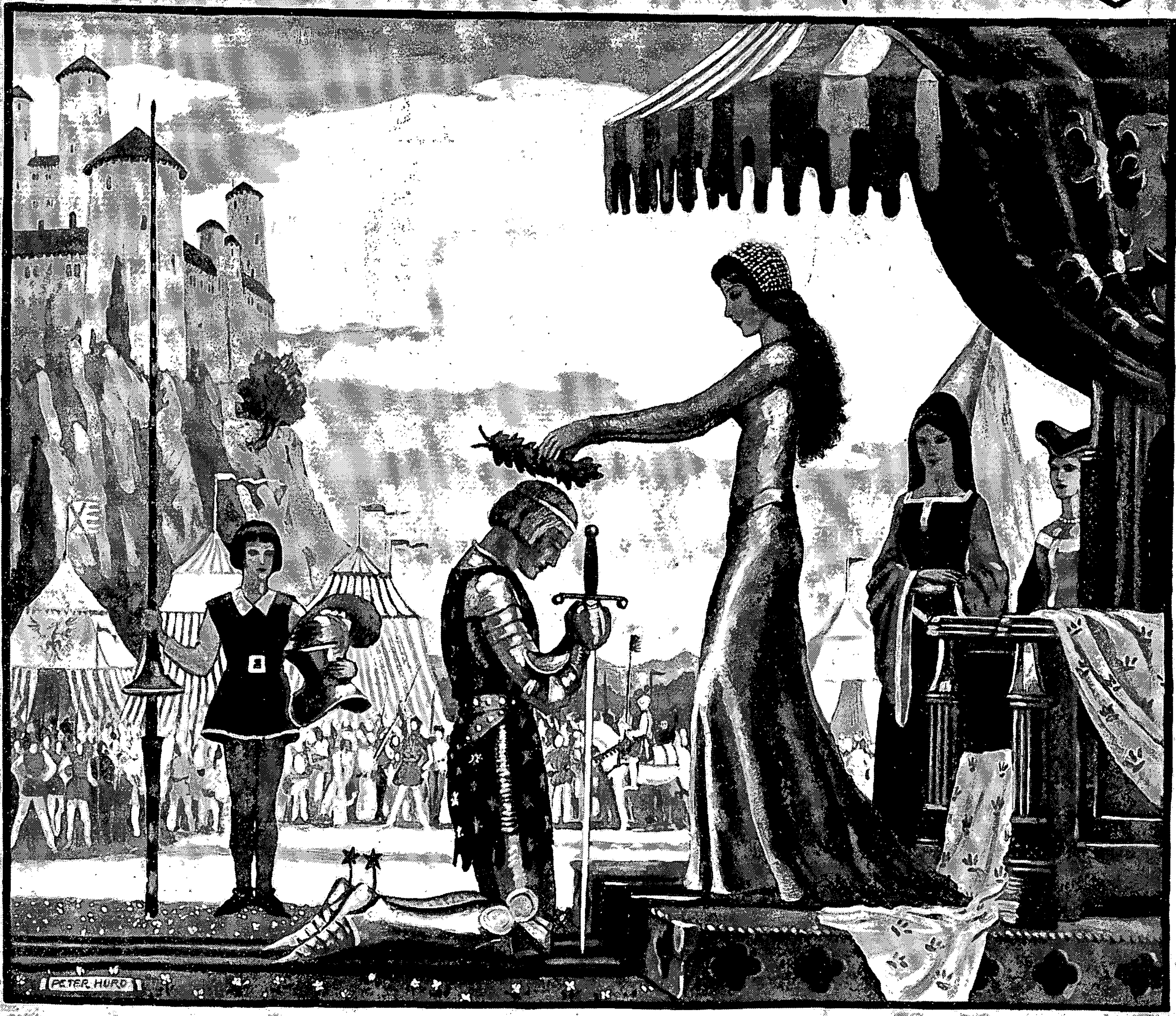

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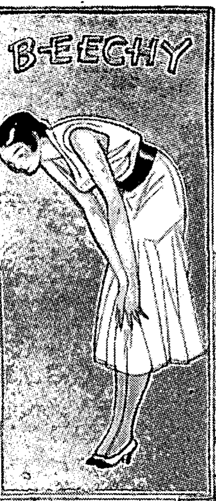
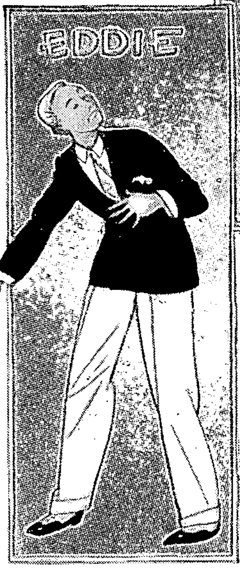
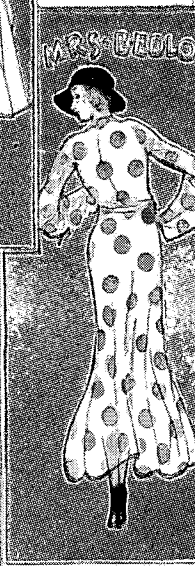
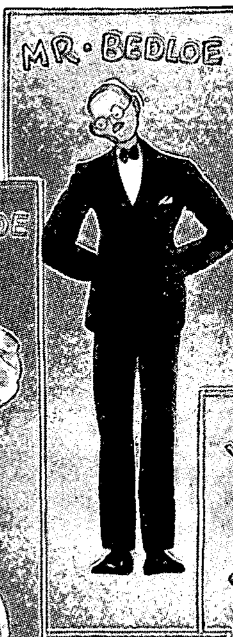
A SINCERE EFFORT TO REACH PERFECTION IN ASSORTED CHOCOLATES

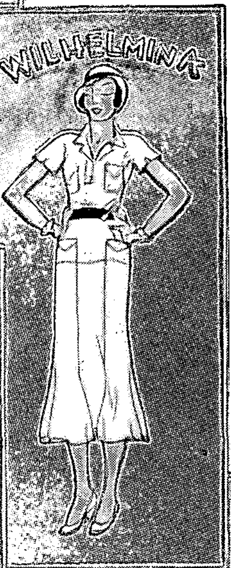
Collier's The National Weekly for November 21, 1931

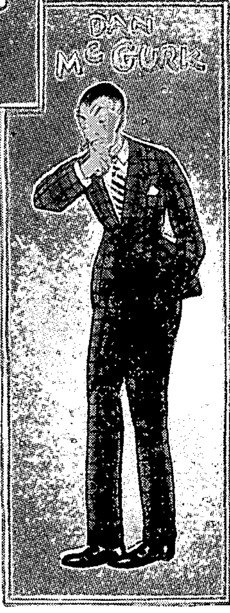


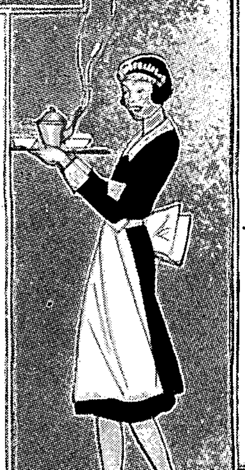


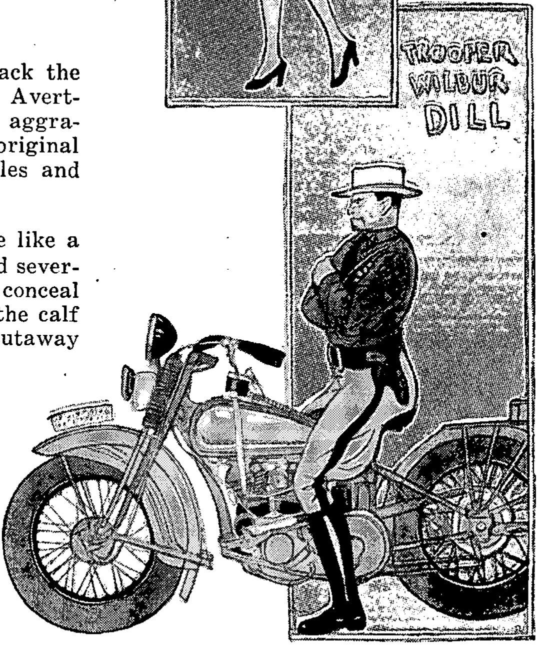












The Big Pink

Beginning the romantic adventures of Beekman Winship, Ph.D.—a hero with sensational whiskers and magnificent possibilities

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

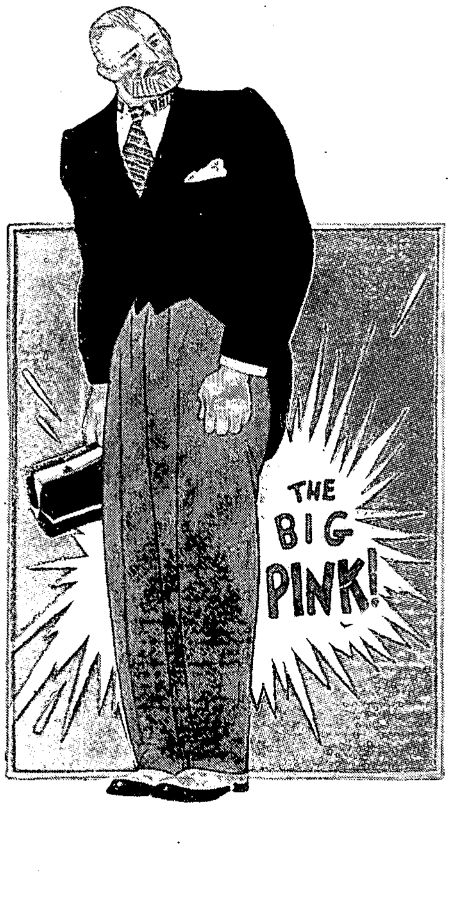
THE amazing day began, for Doctor Beekman Winship, like any ordinary day in mid-Jersey and mid-June. Of its unlikeness to all other days no foreshadowing premonition warned him as he awoke and rose. Beyond his window the campus of Leicester College greeted him with its familiar tranquillity; the elms moved slightly in a gentle stir of bland air; between them the sun slanted upon Gothic walls and cool slate roofs; at this early hour, there was as yet no disturbing sight or sound of undergraduate activity. Winship paid the quiet, empty beauty of the scene the tribute of a sigh. Reluctantly he drew down the window shades and resolutely crossed the room to the small radio set beside his iron bed. Here, for a moment, he hesitated. Then, straightening, he stretched forth his hand and touched the switch.

"Well, howdedoo, folks!"

Winship winced. Tuned low, the voice was still a profane trespasser within the austere room, the voice, indubitably, of a person utterly uncultured. It was brassily cheerful, the kind of voice that suggested gold teeth showing themselves in a wide, persistent grin. It was the voice, unmistakably, of one who vigorously slapped backs, who possibly chewed gum.

"Well, get the big grin ready, folks. Number one this morning's gonna be the good ole push-up. All set? P'sition!"

Winship lowered himself to the floor. He lay face downward, his arms outspread.


THE BIG PINK!

"All right, Joe. Let's go!"

A piano jingled. Above it rose the brazen voice.

"U-u-upp! Ho-o-old! Dow-ow-own!"

Ten times Winship's body, lifted by his straightening arms, rose, stayed, descended.

"Leg-liff next! All set? Le's go-o. U-u-pp!"

Ten times, on his back, Winship lifted, spread, closed and lowered his legs. Ten times, subsequently, he squatted; he obeyed, his lips compressed, other commands to do things loathly in themselves and as abhorrently named.

"Well, thass all for this time. See you t'morrah, fol—"

In time to abbreviate the final repetition of the hateful word, Winship's hand reached the switch. He bathed himself zealously as one who has, perforce, touched pitch. He dressed. Only then, fully clad, did he submit himself to the long mirror inset in the bathroom door.

Even upon this arrayed image he was, as always, obliged to frown. It was not, by any stretching of imagination, a scholar's image that confronted him. All his down-squattings and up-pushings had at best fought back the ever-present menace of obesity. Averting this, these exercises had aggravated, day by day, Winship's original handicap of huge, lumpy muscles and crude, unscholarly dimensions.

HE DID not look even a little like a professor. The sharp-creased severity of striped trousers could not conceal the coarse, vulgarian bulges at the calf and thigh; the braid-bordered cutaway of grave black broadcloth only accented the bigness of the torso it inadequately contained, only advertised instead of hiding a brutal girth and depth of chest such as no Doctor of Philosophy might decently exhibit. No art of tailoring could give those erect, exaggerated shoulders, in their owner's sight, a decorously academic stoop. The severe uprightness of the high wing collar only seemed to emphasize the oafish shortness and thickness of the neck. And as for the face! . . .

Winship surveyed that face with something that was close to hatred. It was a face that seemed to jeer at the idea that intellect could exist behind it. Its brow back-slanted and was low; protruding ridges overhung the little, deep-set eyes, eyes buttressed from below by high, gorilla cheek bones. Even the beard that masked the lower reaches of this countenance could not conceal the brutish forward jut of that jaw.

The beard, however, gave its wearer a thin consolation. It was incontestably a scholar's beard; a beard obscuring lip and cheek and chin and throat with a straggling sparseness that to Winship's eye was eloquently academic. Its pale pink color almost gave the lie to his general aspect of crude animal vigor, almost succeeded in suggesting a decent, scholar-like fragility.

Winship's gaze dwelt almost proudly upon the beard. To it, tenderly, caressingly, his right hand rose. Instantly his brief contentment vanished. The hair that thrust forth upon his hand was hair wholly unprofessorial. It grew with loathsome luxuriance, a coarse crimson thatch, covering even the backs of his fingers, leaving the knuckles naked, almost obscene.

Winship knew that razorings and singeings only made this evil matter worse. He pocketed his hand.

No wonder he had not been promoted to the associate professorship he had so fully earned! No wonder his colleagues, beholding him, refused to recognize him for the scholar that he was! No matter how he dressed, in spite of that redeeming beard, he did not look like a professor. He looked like—he searched for mordant simile and found it.

"A professor? Hah! I look like a great, beastly brute of a—of a prize fighter!"

Although he said these words aloud, as he went down to his breakfast of hot water and dry toast, they fell upon his ear without alarming him. He did not suspect that here, if he could but have recognized it, was the sinister shadow of coming events.

AT THIRTY-EIGHT, and even at breakfast, Mrs. Ronald Bedloe was an insidious woman. Her husband knew that if he looked at her he would begin immediately to think, tritely, about rose petals, about cream and peaches. He knew that her hair would remind him of a magic net in which a school of captive baby sunbeams flashed and glittered. In twelve years of marriage Ronald Bedloe had discovered that there was just one defense against Julie. She had no power over him unless he looked at her.

He fastened his gaze, therefore, resolutely upon his bowl of breakfast food, and was able, in consequence, to speak almost with impatience.

"Neurosis? Nonsense! There is nothing the matter with me except loss of sleep! I don't see why that nephew of yours couldn't arrive at a civilized hour—if he felt it necessary to come at all. And even at two in the morning he might have had consideration enough to ring the bell instead of honking that foghorn of his till—"

"It *was* thoughtless of him," Mrs. Bedloe admitted. "But I've been wondering, Ronald, whether dear Edwin's thoughtlessness isn't partly our fault."

Bedloe narrowly escaped the fatal error of looking at her. Slowly he lowered the spoon which, without enthusiasm, he had begun to raise.

"Our fault? What have we got to do with it?"

"It came to me last night, when I was still dreadfully annoyed with dear Edwin for disturbing you as he did. Of course his father and mother haven't done their duty by him, but I can't help feeling that you and I haven't done ours much better."

"Duty?" Concern revealed itself in a fence of horizontal wrinkles above Bedloe's lifted eyebrows. "What duty have we got toward—?"

"He's our nephew," Mrs. Bedloe stated. "We're his uncle and aunt. Uncles and aunts have duties, sacred duties. And you and I have never even tried to do ours by dear Edwin."

"We've never had a chance," Bedloe said. "He's never come near us before."

"That's exactly it!" Warmth came gently into Julie's voice. "He's giving us our chance now. Charles and Mabel will be away all summer on that absurd yachting cruise. They've left that poor boy to shift for himself as best he can. He has all the money he wants. He can go where he chooses. And he chooses—" she paused eloquently—"and he chooses to come straight to us!"

BEDLOE tightened his ocular clutch upon his bowl of breakfast food. When Julie spoke in that hushed, rapt little voice it was extraordinarily dangerous to look at her.

"Well," he said philosophically, "he won't stay long. He never stays anywhere, according to what I gather of his habits."

"Suppose—" Julie's voice reduced itself to a thrilling whisper, "—suppose he stayed with us all summer!"

Mechanically Ronald Bedloe's hand went out to the cup at his elbow. It was filled, apparently, with well-creamed coffee. Here, however, the resemblance ceased. Graino-Malto, especially commended by Dr. Rufus Frisbee, was guaranteed to soothe rather than to stimulate. It had neither effect, just now, upon Bedloe.

"All summer?" he repeated blankly. "All summer!"

"With us?"

"With us!"

"But—but what for? What—what good would that do?"

The prospect of another summer spent at Narrow Harbor, as an out-patient of Dr. Frisbee's very private Neurological Institute, had been sufficiently untempting. Last night Bedloe had almost made up his mind to say, bluntly, that he wasn't going. Now, before the prospect of such a summer spent, too, in the company of Edwin Bleecker Jewett III, he came very near to open revolt.

"Don't you see, dear?" Julie's voice was lovingly patient with him. "It's our chance to surround the dear boy with helpful, uplifting associations. Children are imitative creatures. They do what they see their elders doing. Dear Edwin has never had anybody to imitate except Charles and Mabel and their friends. Of course he's irresponsible and restless and self-centered. But he'd be just as quick to imitate a good example as a bad one. He couldn't help it. It's human nature. At Narrow Harbor he'd imitate us and our friends and the quiet, simple, sensible way we live. There wouldn't be one bad influence—no drinking, gambling grown-ups, no younger people doing the things that young people always do when their elders drink and gamble and—and pet!"

Stoically she uttered the loathly word. Bedloe knew that she had flushed a little. It was peculiarly dangerous to look at Julie when she flushed. He closed his eyes and again drank from his cup of Graino-Malto. Again it offered no stimulation of any sort. Julie's voice glowed on.

"At Narrow Harbor the young people will be splendid company for him. He's always been encouraged to associate with boys like Buddy Jelliffe and that unspeakable Reginald Finucane. No wonder he does some of the dreadful things that they do! But suppose he spends this summer with boys like Arthur Maybury and girls like Cecelia Mellish!"

BEDLOE had a comforting thought. "He'll never come."

"I think he will," Julie said. There was a confidence in her voice that was familiar to her husband's ear—a confidence that held a faint suspicion of complacency. Julie was justified, he knew, in feeling fairly sure that any male human being would do anything she asked. Even Edwin Jewett was male and human, or practically human.

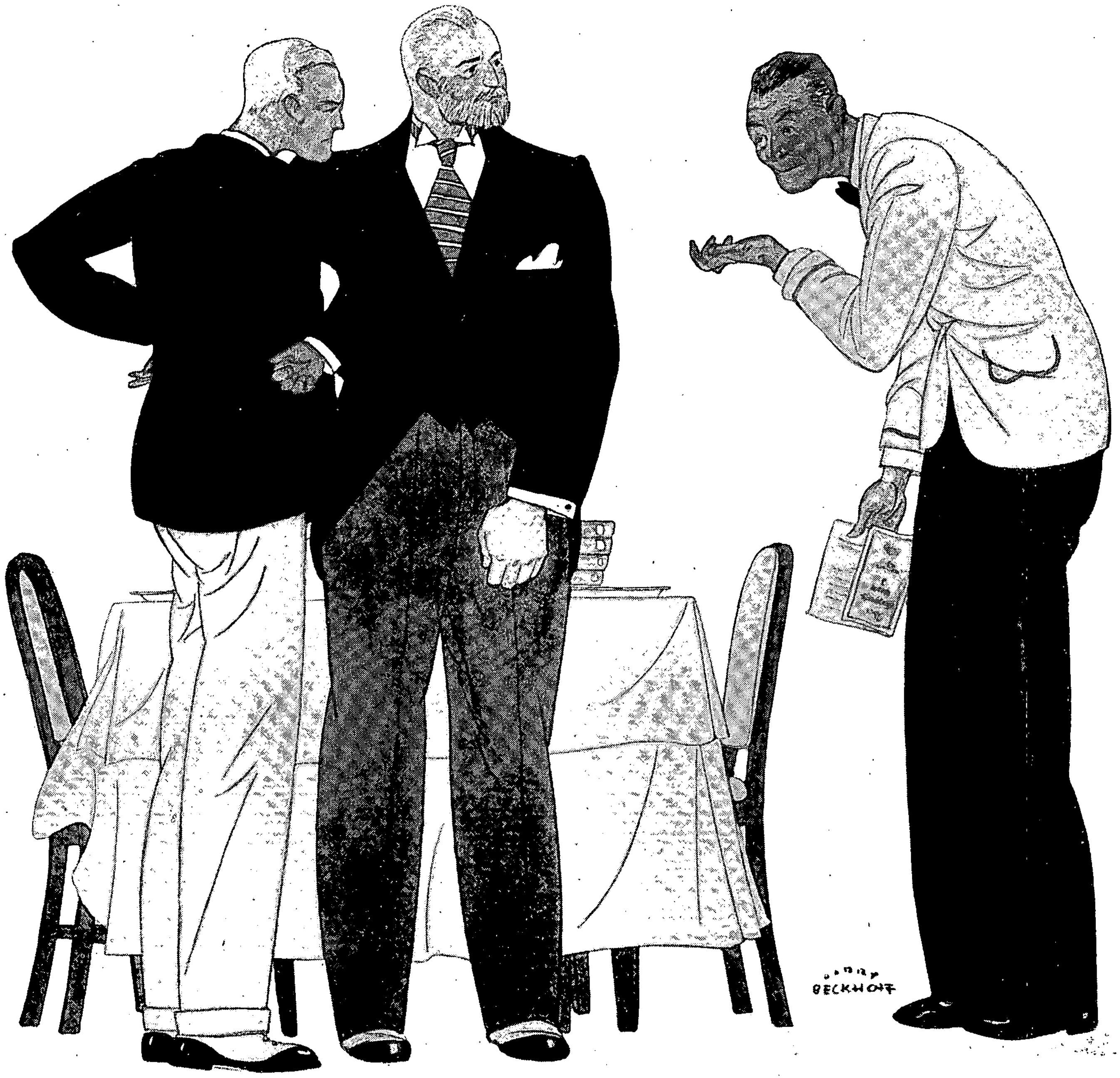
"Well, he might come," Bedloe conceded, "but he certainly won't stay. Nobody could keep a boy like Edwin in a place like Narrow Harbor—not even you!"

"Why not? It's a charming place!"

"Maybe, but boys like Edwin don't spend much time looking at scenery. There's absolutely nothing for him to do there."

"He could go about taking photographs of birds, with Cecelia and Arthur." Julie's voice, however, had lost something of its confidence.

"He doesn't look like a bird-lover to me," Bedloe said. "Anyway you can't photograph birds at night, and if I'm



Her face underwent swift change. She waved. Edwin still stared any judge that's about the only time when Edwin's awake."

He glanced at his watch and lifted his eyes ceilingward. Dr. Frisbee's orders, relentlessly carried into execution by Julie, were peremptory and inexorable as to regular and early hours.

"Why don't you make *him* get up?" he demanded, almost fretfully.

"Because I want him to come to Narrow Harbor with us." Julie laughed softly. "Of course I don't approve of these late hours of his, but it's only reasonable to remember the way Charles and Mabel have brought him up. I mustn't try to change all of his habits in a moment. I mean to indulge him as far as I possibly can—at first. But you're quite right. I'll have to find something for him to do. Dr. Frisbee says that lack of congenial occupation may easily become the nucleus of a neurosis. You know that you'd get better quickly if you'd only keep on with those occupational treatments."

Bedloe's jaw shut obstinately.

"You might have Edwin take 'em," he said. "Maybe all he needs is some embroidery lessons!"

He spoke with something like bitterness. Julie had been able to make him do embroidery, as part of his cure, but she had not been able to make him like it. She took his suggestion, however, quite seriously.

"No, I'm afraid that wouldn't do for Edwin. But I must find something. Let me think."

Bedloe let her.

"Of course!" Julie clapped her hands softly—a sign, with her, of extraordinary pleasure. "Lessons! He can study! How simple!"

Bedloe's spirits rose slightly. He felt fairly sure that he needn't worry about the chance of Edwin's spending any time whatever at Narrow Harbor once he learned that his visit was to have educational aspects.

"Yes," he said, "it'll be simple—if you can make him do it."

"He'll *want* to do it—as soon as he's been with us a little while," Julie said.

"He won't be with us even a little while if he finds out that you're going to educate him."

"He won't find it out," Julie explained. "Of course I shan't say anything about it until he shows me that—that he's ready for the suggestion." She paused. "I know! I'll get a tutor for him."

"BETTER get a big one," Bedloe advised. "The last one Charles hired for him—"

"Of course!" Julie clapped her hands again. "The very thing!"

She sprang up, danced from the room. Distantly her voice came to Bedloe. He could not distinguish words but this was not necessary. Even over the telephone wire Julie was reasonably insidious. She danced back. Still on guard, Bedloe kept his eyes on his plate.

"I've got Dr. Winship!"

Bedloe sat very still.

"I thought Winship was going abroad this summer."

"He was." Julie laughed softly. "But he isn't. He's coming over here in a little while, and—"

Bedloe breathed more easily. He had needlessly alarmed himself. The moment Edwin Jewett saw Beekman Winship and learned that Winship was to be his tutor, there would be no question of the young man's coming to Narrow Harbor.

"Of course, though, we mustn't let Edwin suspect that Dr. Winship's going to be his tutor. Not just yet, I mean. He—he's prejudiced against tutors. After he's had time to become acquainted with Dr. Winship he'll like him as much as we do and it won't be hard to persuade him to—to be tutored."

Bedloe, slightly disappointed, endeavored to hope for the best. He expected, however, the worst. Julie was clever—much cleverer than a pretty woman had any right to be. She might again achieve, as she had frequently achieved it, the seemingly impossible. Glumly Bedloe resumed the consumption of his breakfast. While he was thus engaged steps sounded on the stairs, scuffing steps. Edwin Jewett, in bathrobe, pajamas and heelless slippers, made his entry upon the scene.

His aunt greeted him with cooing gladness.

"You must have rested splendidly, dear. It's after ten!"

Julie's voice held no suggestion of the disapproval with which she looked upon late risings and informal garb. Her nephew, too, grinned upon her with affability clearly unclouded by any sense of guilt. It was plain that he was wholly at peace with himself, with his aunt, with the world. The thought came to Bedloe of a puppy, in the very act of grave wrongdoing, confidently and gladly wagging the tail of innocent good will.

Edwin pushed away his waiting bowl of breakfast food and spoke briefly to the maidservant who now appeared, bearing, in a silver pot, newly brewed Graino-Malto.

"Eggs," Edwin said.

Ellen turned upon her mistress the glance with which a well-trained servant in a home of Hebrew orthodoxy might greet a guest's demand for pork. Hopefully, Ronald Bedloe held his breath. Here and now, he felt, the issue was to be decided. But Julie, after the briefest of pauses, cooed again:

"Very well, dear. Ellen, ask Cook to coddle an egg for Mr. Edwin."

Ellen's eyebrows arched in blank bewilderment. Her mouth sagged open.

"Fried," Edwin said. "About three, Nellie. And a spot of bacon on the side."

There was another instant of taut silence. Bedloe waited with reviving hope.

"Very well, Ellen."

Moving as one who walks in sleep, Ellen withdrew. Bedloe's gaze followed her. Eggs, fried eggs! Bacon!

"Your uncle Ronald and I have been hoping you'll do something for us, Edwin—something we both want ever and ever so much."

EDWIN looked uncomfortable. His feet shuffled audibly.

"Yeah?" he prompted discreetly.

"Yes. We've just set our hearts on having you come and visit us this summer. We do so want to know you better, and we've never had a chance till now."

Edwin's feet shuffled once more.

"Well, you see—"

"Oh, please! We'll try *so* hard to make it pleasant for you! Please!"

"Well, you see—"

"I know you'll like Narrow Harbor. It's the loveliest place—"

"Narrow Harbor?" Eddie seemed to be interested now. "I thought you always went to Bar—"

"We used to, dear, but since your Uncle Ronald's had this trouble with his nerves we've been going to Narrow Harbor to be near his—his specialist. It's really lovely there, and I'm sure you'd like the people—especially the young people."

Edwin appeared to meditate. His hand moved absently to tilt the silver pot above his cup. He creamed, sugared, drank, coughed.

"It's Graino-Malto, dear—ever so much better for you than coffee. Your uncle and I have learned to prefer it."

Edwin's face passed into shadow, a shadow so visible that his aunt made one of her swift, brilliantly Napoleonic decisions.

"But of course you'd rather have coffee." She rang. Ellen appeared. "Mr. Edwin will have coffee, Ellen."

"Coffee, ma'am?" Ellen was dazed.

"Coffee." Mrs. Bedloe spoke crisply. A thought, magnificently daring, thrust itself in upon Ronald Bedloe's mind.

"I think I'll take it, too," he announced.

Audibly Julie caught in her breath. For another taut, aching pause, the issue wavered in the balance.

"Another cup for Mr. Bedloe, Ellen."

"Yes, ma'am." Sleep-walking, Ellen reached the pantry door. From beyond, however, came the splintering crash of china that escapes from unnerved hands. It had, for Ronald Bedloe's ear, a singularly pleasing note. It seemed to—to celebrate something, like firecrackers on the Fourth of July.

HE FELT better. He felt so much better that he was able to perceive, now, redeeming qualities even in Julie's nephew. Edwin was, after all, a fairly inoffensive young man, as young men went. He was long and comfortably loose-jointed; his face held a not unpleasing suggestion of tranquillity. Distinctly, at this moment, Ronald Bedloe began to like him.

Ellen returned, emerging a little from her daze. Edwin dedicated himself soberly to eggs and bacon. Ronald Bedloe, still warily avoiding Julie's eyes, drank coffee. Whatever happened afterward, he would have this, at least, to remember. Julie rose, moved slowly to the terrace. Whence, presently, her voice floated flutily back:

"Ronald dear, could you come here a moment?"

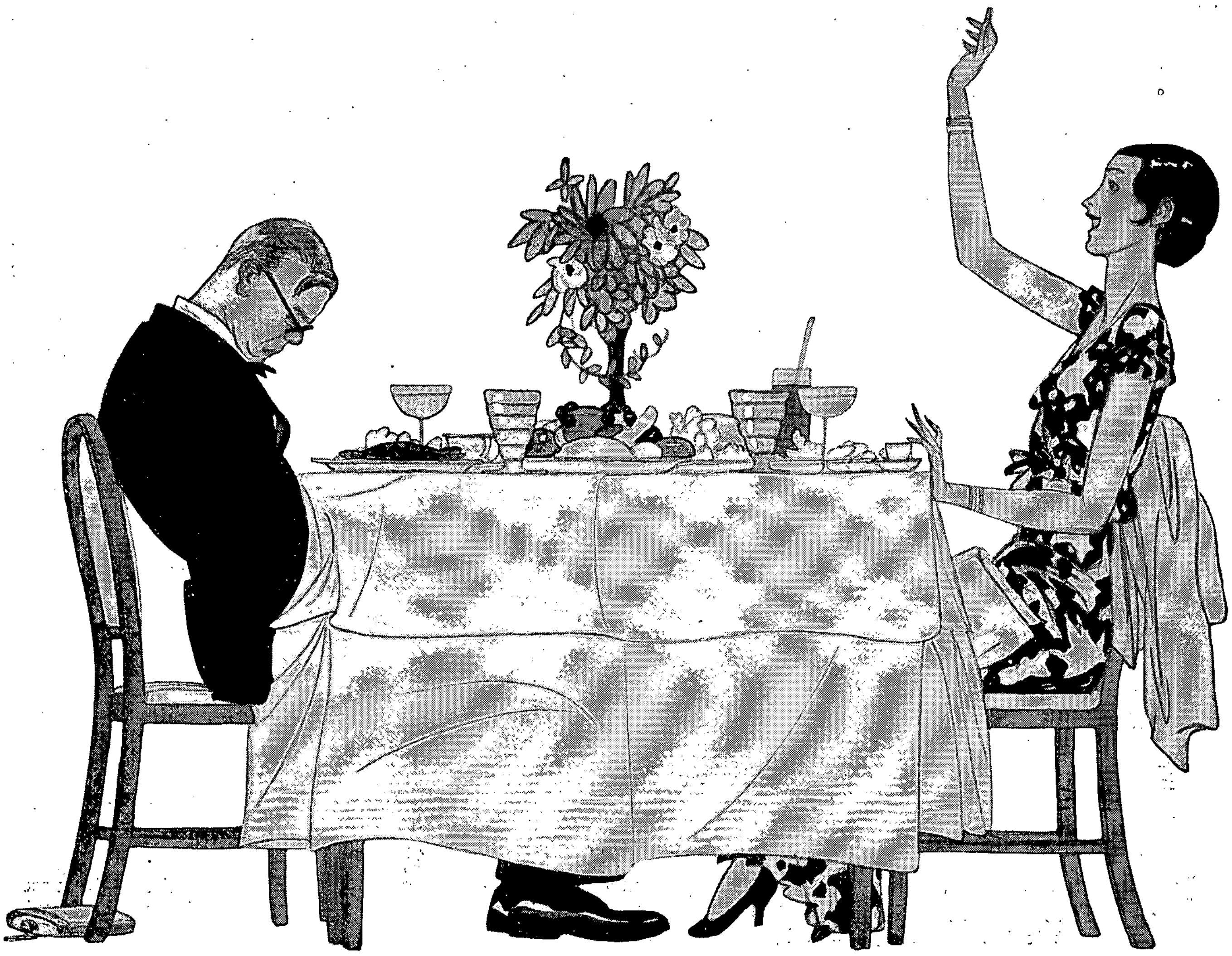
Bravely, almost gayly, Bedloe obeyed. It was never difficult to bear reproof from Julie. When she rebuked him he allowed himself to look at her, and looking at Julie made it almost a pleasure to be scolded. He looked at her now, as he emerged upon the terrace. Julie was good to look at when she frowned.

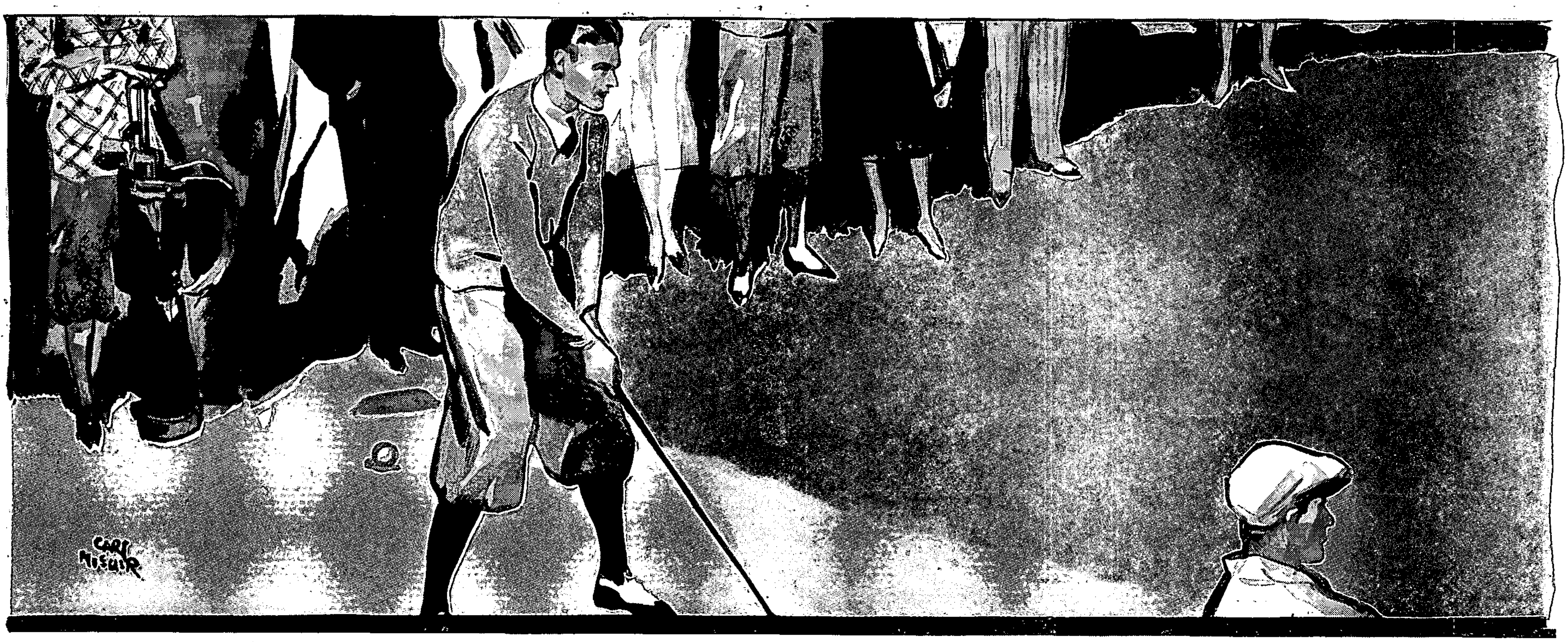
She was not frowning. She was beaming upon him.

"You darling! I knew you'd help! It was perfectly *sweet* of you!"

Bedloe's gesture indicated that she

(Continued on page 50)





And then Johnny saw her standing in the gallery;

Fair Weather

The romance of Johnny Herndon—and a girl who also had the winning habit

By Talbert Josselyn

HE WAS a come-through golfer. He was the sort who at first plays indifferently, who starts late, who looks to be all through by the ninth hole, and who at the eighteenth is receiving a dazed opponent's congratulations and, if it be a tournament, the roar of the happy crowd.

Come-through. The sort that sets the crowd roaring everywhere. . . . Horse race and the coming from behind in the stretch, baseball and the crashing attack of hit on hit, prize fight and the knockout after the last ounce of strength seems gone. Golf and . . .

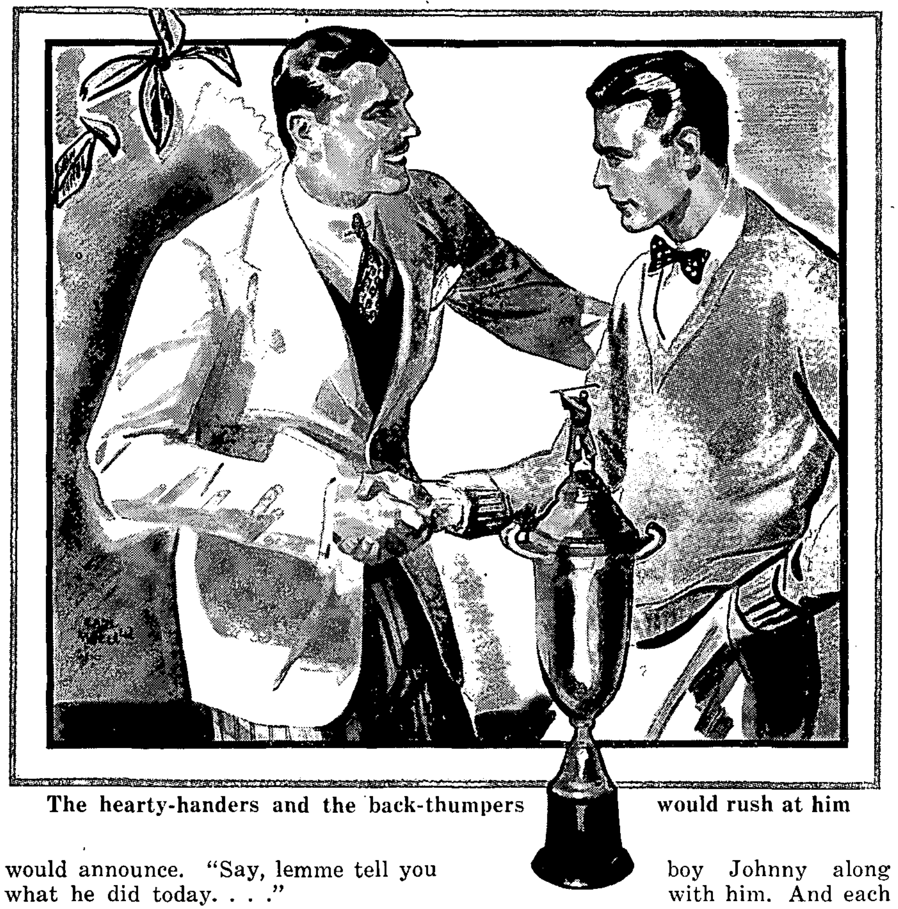
Johnny Herndon—Come-through Johnny Herndon—would stand at, say, the twelfth tee, six down and seven to go. If tied at the next hole, he would be dormie; if beaten, he would be through. And, so standing, with defeat treading his very heels, he would unleash a series of shots that would smash par hole after hole and bring the unattainable within reach; and it would be here that his opponents, seeing the surest of leads dwindle and die, would leave off playing the fine, sound game that should have carried them to victory, and would go wading in, matching impossible strokes with impossible strokes, all or nothing—and nothing would be their share.

And the gallery would set up its roar: "Atta boy, Johnny!"

And Johnny Herndon would smile his shy, boyish smile—he was around nineteen or twenty when they first began to notice him—and the hearty-handers and the back-thumpers would surge around him and grip his hands and pound his back, and those to whom life is nothing if it doesn't involve a bet, would rush at him all raucous and gleam-toothed and announce their winnings with, "We knew you'd do it! We bet you'd come through and you did! Took 'em for a thousand. . . . Took 'em for two thousand. . . . Cleaned up three grand!" And they would skip around him like colorful leaves aswirl in an autumn wind. Come-through Johnny!

Finally Come-through Johnny would get his tall, slender body out from the press of enthusiasts and photographers and into the clubhouse, or, if the tournament had been played on one of the courses of the great hotel where Johnny lived and played the game the year round, he would go up to his room, and the walls would bulge with well-wishers—especially those who had won money—come to drink his health.

"Some boy, Johnny Herndon," they would announce. "Say, lemme tell you what he did today. . . ."



The hearty-handers and the back-thumpers would rush at him

During all of which Johnny Herndon might take one drink, maybe two, but no more. And as for betting on himself—no, he had never done so; not even a dime. All of that came later. . . .

JOHNNY HERNDON had been an only child. His mother had died when he was fifteen, and his father, a grim, silent man, hiding under a granite exterior all the love that he had had for his wife, set out to travel, taking the boy Johnny along with him. And each time that the youthful Johnny might have begun to make himself at home in the spot where they had chanced to stop, and had begun to make acquaintances, away the two, father and son, would go, off to the ends of the earth. It was like a far-traveled bird striving to land, to rest its wings, and finding itself in the air again.

So when, back in America once more, and intending to stop but shortly at this all-year resort, with its tall buff-colored walls, tree-surrounded, rising sheer in the blue sky, the suddenly aging father had set out on a lone journey more distant than any he had ever taken in this life; and the lost Johnny Herndon, not knowing where else to go, and finding in immobility the feeling of home that the great hotel did its best to belie, stayed on at the huge caravansary.

Here he applied himself to his golf. Here he leaped into golfing fame.

A local fame at first, no wider than the fairways of the hotel's courses, but these were the championship courses of the state, and soon the state knew of him. A comer. A whirlwind finisher. A kid who packed a punch and carried the gallery with him.

On his second try, he won the state championship. He was a popular champion. He was young, good-looking, well-to-do. Yes, very well-to-do. More than that, he was free-handed.

So the fair-weather friends flocked around.

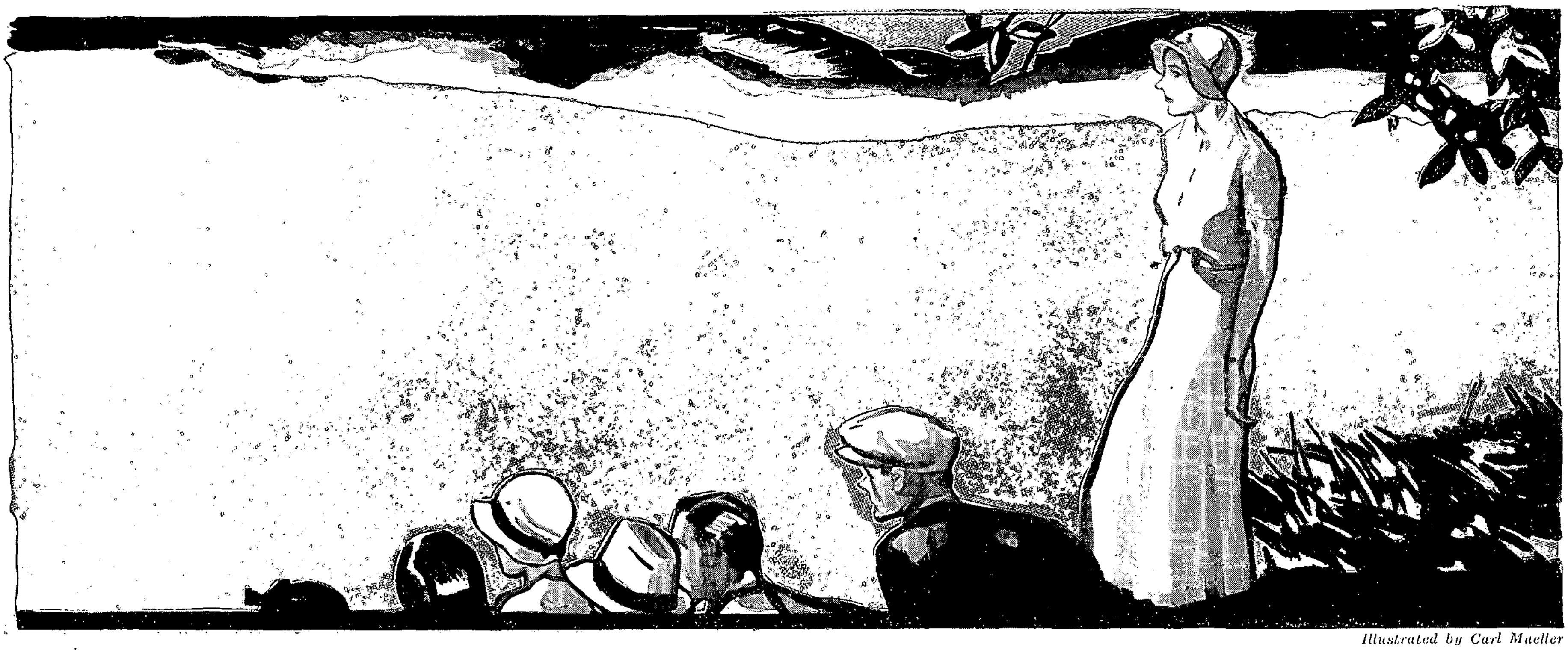
LEADING them was good old hearty Wes Griffin. Good old hearty Wes, tall and fleshy, booming of voice, never taking no for an answer, kidding people out of it; big and rollicking and good-natured—and, on closer view, with a short upper lip, an out-thrust, heavy under one, and little gray eyes looking out from under heavy lids like housebreakers peeping out from behind curtained windows.

He was the local representative of the stock and bond house that had its office in the hotel, and he knew his business; and he knew the business of others, too. He hadn't been in the hotel a week—it was the winter after the death of Johnny's father—when he knew all about young Herndon and the possibilities that lay in the Herndon direction.

So he moved in as the head trustee of the Herndon friendship, and those who were not of his general persuasion were moved out, quietly, but none the less emphatically, as a paid bodyguard elbows out of the way any volunteer helpers who might be desirous of accompanying the bodyguard's pay-check down the street, until the entourage surrounding Johnny Herndon was all of the same pleasing bright feather and adulatory voice and open hand.

Fair-weather!

Johnny Herndon won the state championship for the second time in succession. Came through once more with blazing finish. And up in his room, in



for a moment he stared as though he were dreaming

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

the celebration that followed, in a momentary lull, good old Wes Griffin raised filled glass and hearty voice:

"Now for the National Amateur!"

Johnny Herndon entered the National Amateur. He never had a chance. It was like a man starting to walk somewhere, intending to run in the latter part of the journey, and getting knocked down as soon as he had put a leg outdoors.

"Whooie!" said Johnny, picking himself up and grinning. "Didn't I tell you so?"

But his gay, care-free companions didn't grin. At long odds—at delightfully long odds—they had put their money down on Come-through Johnny. And the looks and words that they now gave Johnny were those of people—shocked people—whose trained dog has failed in his tricks and deserves a sound cuffing.

"Folded up. Quit. Dogged it," they muttered. "It's an outrage!"

All except good old Wes Griffin. Big Wes merely shook his head and said, "Tough luck." He hadn't bet, for nobody else knew that. A mighty good sport, a fine loser, said everybody.

Then Johnny Herndon had a birthday; became of an age where he could handle his own affairs. Twenty-one. And how the fair-weathers got right up elbow-close! Only, Wes Griffin was already there.

IN LITTLE or no time Wes showed Johnny where he wasn't getting near enough return on his investments. And Johnny wasn't; not to hold even with the way the money was going.

"There," concluded Wes, figuring. "Sell those, and buy these."

A thankful Johnny bought. No need for him to know that he had bought into companies controlled by Wes Griffin's friends, and that Mr. Griffin had profited handsomely thereby. A gentleman has to live, hasn't he?

"And listen," Wes Griffin suggested to Johnny. "Right here at home you're overlooking the biggest money-maker of them all. . . . Yourself. You're a sap not to be betting on yourself at golf."

Johnny Herndon wrinkled his forehead; ran a slow finger up and down the arm of his chair.

"That's what Sara says," he finally said.

Miss Sara Devereaux, daughter of Mrs. Clendenning Devereaux (née Smith). The Devereauxs, mother and daughter, had come to the hotel during the winter season. A capable field marshal, Mrs. Devereaux. A charming daughter, Sara: petite, blond, like a little Dresden doll, with a small, a very small, and a very red mouth. A demanding little mouth, but also such a charming one that no one could refuse its demands! Until then, Johnny Herndon had scarcely ever noticed the young ladies who came—and who stopped—across his path. But he noticed Miss Devereaux. And rumor had it that they were engaged.

GOOD old Wes Griffin had looked long at Miss Devereaux when he had first met her; and then, seeing her looking at Johnny Herndon, he had stepped aside; but he had continued to look at her, and at Johnny, out of his housebreaker eyes.

"Yes," said Johnny Herndon to good old Wes, "Sara says that I could clean up at golf. But I've always played it as a game. I've got enough money, and—"

"Nobody's got enough money," said Wes.

Mr. Griffin was eminently right. One of the corporations into which the Herndon money had but lately gone most unexpectedly collapsed like an old tent. A startled Johnny Herndon, scanning his bank balances, walked out on the golf course that day and bet his head off. And won. And the tight look that had appeared around Sara Devereaux's small red mouth at the news of the corporation collapse went smilingly fleeting, as did that of her mother—to return on the first day that Johnny Herndon lost.

So things marched, as they always march, to their appointed end. The Herndon investments went down. The bets went up. Old Man Alcohol stepped in with his two bits' worth. More golf games were lost than won. Then another investment went crash. . . .

A dazed Johnny Herndon talked with Sara Devereaux.

"Sure, I've got something left. But I was thinking that if we could get married right now and then go away for a while. . . . I don't seem to be able to get rid of this cough that's got hold of me and . . ."

Sara Devereaux affectionately patted Johnny's arm. But leave there, without any money? Don't be silly! Of course they'd marry just as soon as his investments came back, but until then . . .

The rest can be told in the hotel conversation as the crowds gathered for the state championship late that summer.

"Yeah, he's lost practically everything, I've heard."

"Game's all gone to smash."

"Regular booze hound."

"Got a bad cough, too."

"I'll bet he doesn't win this year."

"Win?" The speaker, late in the forefront of the fair-weathers, was scornful. "I'll bet he doesn't even qualify."

The last speaker was right. Johnny Herndon didn't.

"ARIZONA," concluded the hotel physician to Johnny Herndon. "Six months' absolute quiet, and you'll be all right again. But you've got to be quiet, or I won't answer for you."

Johnny Herndon met the doctor's eyes without flinching. Finally a ghost of a smile went over his lean face.

"Well, why not Arizona? I . . . I can look over some of the property that I've got there."

Slowly he walked to his room. Arizona. . . . Better not tell Sara, he finally concluded. She'd just worry. She was a great hand at worrying. He'd write her instead, when he got there.

Slowly, very slowly, he began to pack.

He stood beside a camp chair under the canvas fly of his tent-house among the giant sahuaro cacti. And the tanned girl on the tall horse looked down at him.

"And you've been living here three months and I didn't know it! I'm a hot kind of a neighbor—although the grove has kept me busy. First ride in weeks."

"Grove?" said the young man.

"Orange grove. It's been the packing season. But the peak of the rush is over now." And then, in answer to his continued look: "Yes, I own an orange grove. All mine. Left me. Nothing else—sink or swim—and I've swum. Work"—and she held up her hands—"and a lot of fun."

Her name, he learned, was Jane Hawley. On hearing his, she glanced sharply at him.

"Not by any chance *the* Johnny Herndon, the golfer? The one they call Come-through Johnny?"

Come-through Johnny Herndon flushed both in bewilderment and pleasure.

"Why, yes. But how did you happen to know a nickname like that?"

"Oh," said the girl on the horse, "I play at golf and read the papers. Our little town has a nine-hole course, so-called. We'll have to have a game sometime, if . . . I mean when . . ." It was her turn to flush through her tan, and contrition was on her face.

"You bet we will!" said Johnny Herndon.

"But," went on the girl, "how do you happen to be away out here? I should think that you'd be nearer town and . . ."

"My property," said Johnny. "A thousand acres. Thought I'd get some good out of it, somehow."

His gaze left the girl and went down across the gentle slope of desert land peopled with the tall organ-like sahuaro and the thin-leafed paloverde and ironwood trees, to where, in the distance, the desert ended at the great irrigation canal and, magic-like, a green world of cultivation began, going on and on across the mighty valley to the rimming lilac mountains on the far side.

"YOUR land?" said the girl. "My, that's . . . that's fine!" She studied him. "Would you mind—I know it's a terrible thing to ask—but would you mind telling me what you paid for it. It was railroad land, originally, wasn't it?"

"Yes. I bought it from a friend. It was twenty-five dollars an acre."

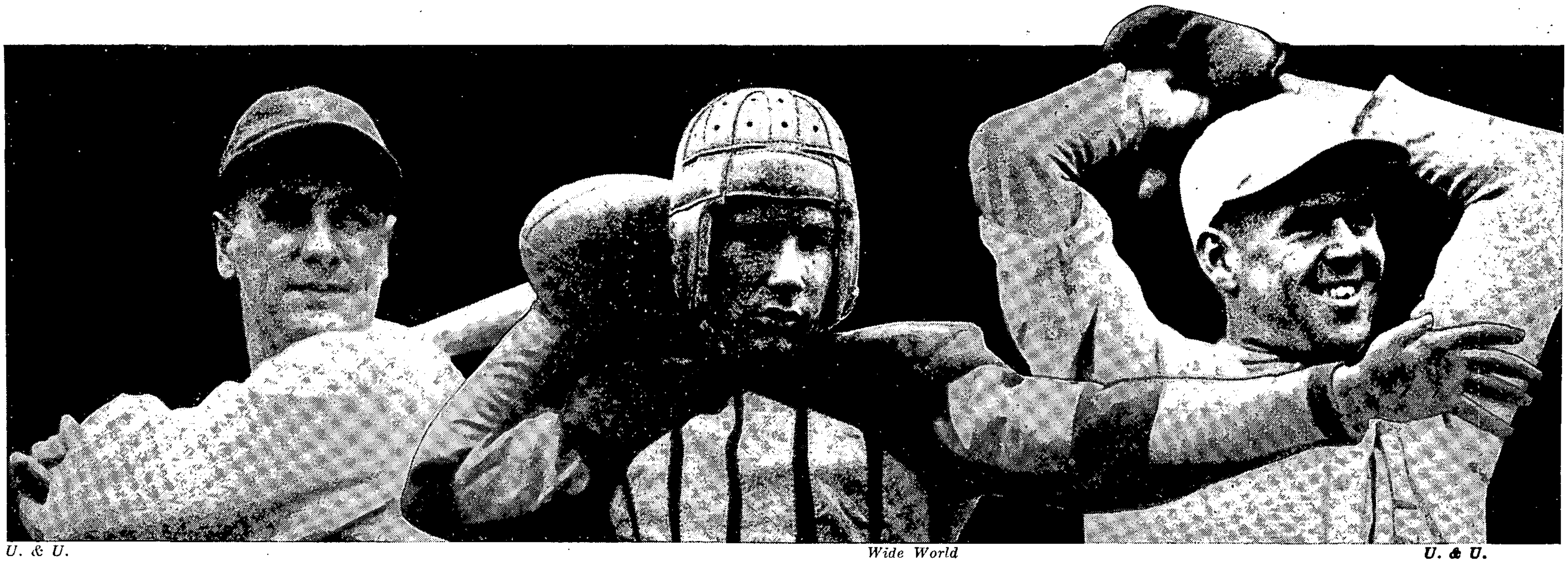
A sharp little whistle escaped the girl's lips, and before she knew it she was saying: "Twenty-five? Why, the regular price was only five dollars a year or so ago. I know, because . . ." She checked herself, seeing the look on his face. "But, of course, this is better than most desert land. And a magnificent view. It ought to be valuable some day."

At this Johnny Herndon strode up to her stirrup, his face illumined like that of a reprieved man. "You think so?" All the hopes, all the dreams of the past long months were again bright before him. Somehow, through some miracle, to sell this barren, hopeless desert wilderness, and go back, well and strong and with money, much money in pocket, to the great hotel and its green courses—friends, the happy, care-free life.

"You think so?" he demanded, all his hopes in his eyes.

Once more contrition was upon the tanned Jane Hawley. Recklessly she threw out words.

(Continued on page 29)



U. & U. Wide World U. & U.

Lou Gehrig, Frosty Peters and George Earnshaw are outstanding victims of the "breaks of the game"

High Jinxes

Illinois lost a football game by just a few fateful daubs of paint; a woman's hat helped George Voigt miss a golf championship, and Lou Gehrig recently dropped a home-run record because of another player's mistake. Here are some of those quirks of fate that break a player's heart

By Grantland Rice

NO ONE cares much for an alibi-heaver. The shrill, plaintive cry of the squawker in defeat is never pleasing music. And often the victim who curses his luck had his full share of the breaks, or else brought about his bad luck by some stupid play.

But for all that, any game is full of tough breaks beyond the power of any individual to meet, especially when the competition is keen. For example, Lou Gehrig and Babe Ruth finished last season with forty-six home runs apiece in one of the most exciting heavy-artillery bombardments baseball has ever known. But turn back the calendar to a day in Washington when the Yankees were facing their leading rivals for second place. With Lyn Lary on base, Lou Gehrig came to bat. A certain pitch caught his fancy and Lou leaned against it with every ounce of his 210 pounds.

The big Yankee never caught one more squarely. The drive carried far back into the center-field stands. A perfect homer!

On the strength of this hit Lary came bounding around the bases. As he crossed third Joe McCarthy, the Yankee leader, told Lary to ease up—not to run his legs off. Lary may have misunderstood the message. At any rate, after trotting halfway home he suddenly swerved over and went to the bench. Gehrig continued his jog around the bases and as he touched home, the umpire called him out. He had passed a runner, said runner being at the moment in the Yankee dugout, and had lost the home run that would have made him the champion of both leagues.

What have been the toughest breaks in football history? The worst that I ever saw came in a game between Dartmouth and Princeton. The Dartmouth defense had the Tiger attack well bottled up. Princeton could make no headway and finally Wallace DeWitt, the Princeton kicker, dropped back to try a desperate chance for a field goal via the drop-kick route. He stood about forty yards away and as the ball came back the Dartmouth forwards charged so swiftly that he had to hurry the kick.

The ball started about three feet from the ground and miraculously found an open hole between the two lines. It struck the ground in open territory at least twenty-five yards short of the crossbar and started bounding along the sward. About ten feet short of the goal line it struck an uneven piece of ground, suddenly looped into the air, and crossed the bar to be called a scoring drop-kick, bringing the three winning points that Princeton needed.

Moral: Don't Paint the Goal Posts

Peters, Zuppke's great drop-kicker at Illinois, will always believe that a thick coating of white paint beat him out of a brilliant effort to tie the score in a game with Michigan. Before the game the crossbars on the Illinois goal posts had been painted with generous daubs of thick white paint. Standing fifty-three yards from the goal, over near the side lines at a difficult angle, Peters made the greatest drop kick of his career. The ball apparently struck the top of the crossbar, but instead of bounding over it seemed to stick for a split second and then slipped back.

If you think there are no tough breaks in golf, just let almost any beaten player from the duffer to the star corner you and start his story of woe. I always thought the toughest break struck Roger Wethered, the British amateur, in the Open championship at St. Andrews in 1921. He was leading the big field down the stretch at the time. At one hole he walked forward to get the correct line for his putt. A moment later he walked backward to keep the line focussed properly, misjudging the distance to his ball, which he touched with his heel. As he did so the ball moved less than half an inch. But it had left its original position and therefore cost him a stroke.

A few holes later, Jock Hutchison came in to tie Wethered's score and beat him later in the play-off. That one slight error cost Wethered the Open championship that year. Otherwise he would have been one of the few who have ever won both the Amateur and Open championships of Great Britain.

George Voigt, who takes victory modestly and defeat lightly, still mourns a California oak and a woman's hat. At the time he was having a desperate struggle with Jimmy Johnston in the Amateur championship at Pebble Beach. Coming to the long dog-legged fourteenth hole, Voigt had the better of the first two shots. On the third shot he saw Johnston's ball sail wide and land in the top of a tall, spreading oak to the right of the green. From the tree top it bounded down, limb by limb, until it finally descended upon the hat of a woman standing under the tree. From the hat the ball caromed onto the green, on down towards the hole. Voigt lost the hole and the match on the thirty-ninth green after the finest battle of the week.

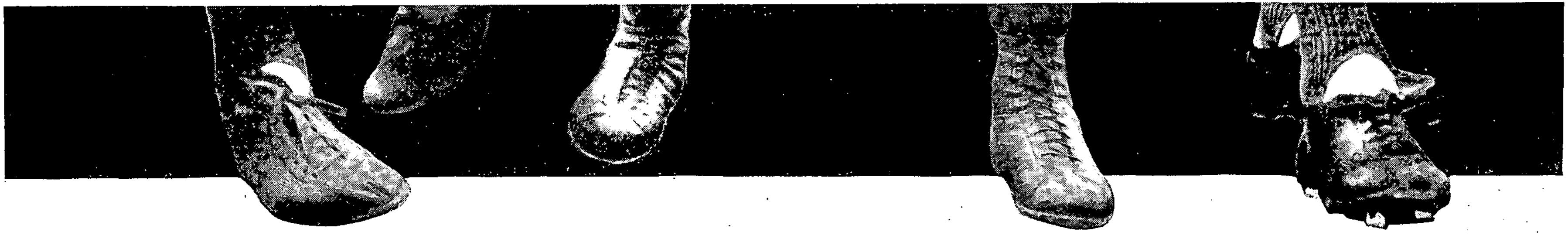
Both Earnshaw and Grimes could have complained about tough breaks after the recent world series. In the final game Earnshaw was at his best. High, the first man up, lifted a high fly between short and left. Either Williams or Simmons could have taken it easily. But the ball was blown by the wind until the two fielders running in to get it had to pull up to keep from crashing and the ball dropped safely. A moment later Watkins lifted the same type of ball to left, a high, floating fly which the wind again caught. Both High and Watkins scored.

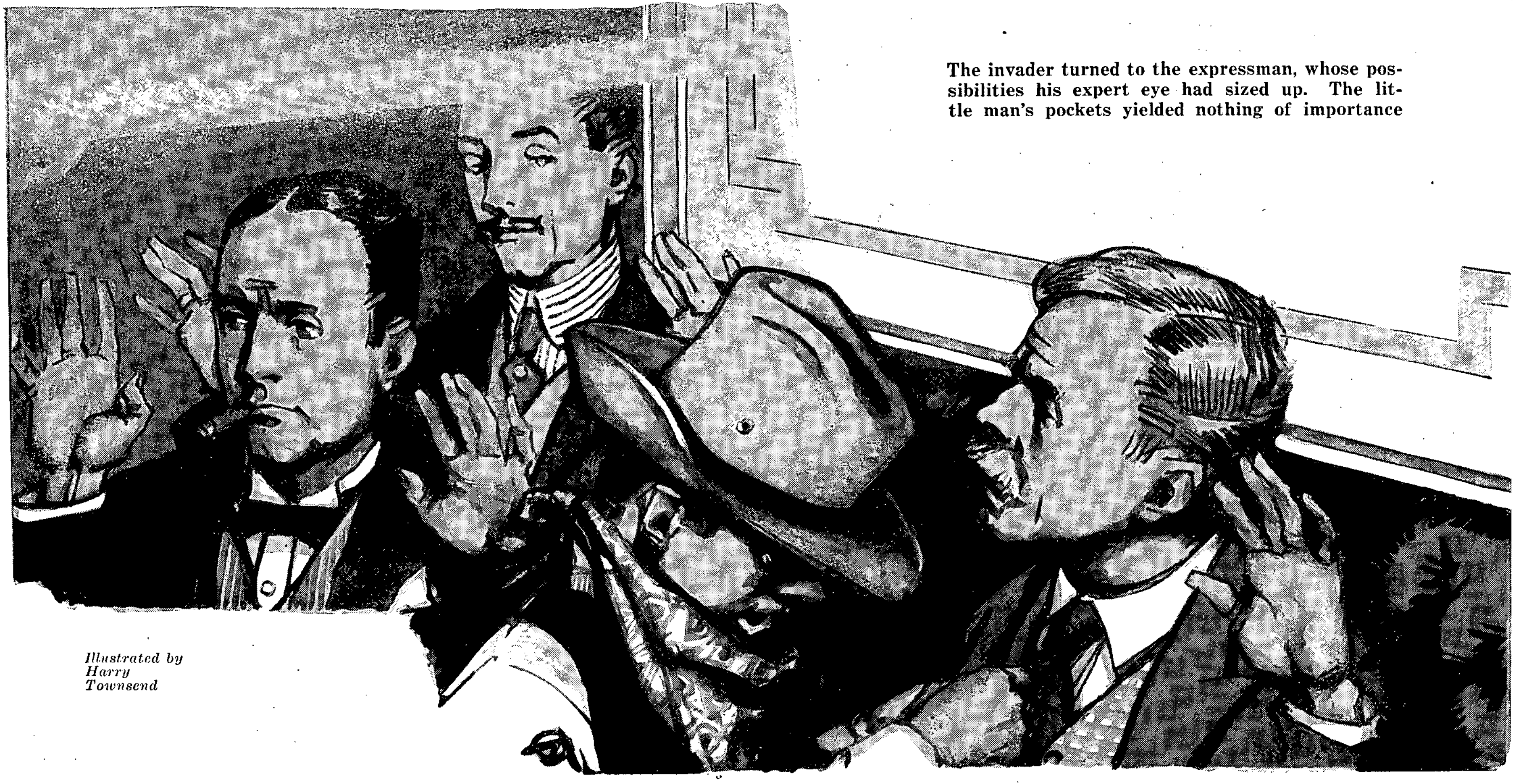
An Inch from Immortality

In the third inning High got a clean single. If the first two runs had not scored, Watkins would have sacrificed. As it was, he took his wallop and hit a homer. And he was the last man to reach first off Earnshaw.

In the same way Grimes had yielded but one clean hit against the Athletics in the third game of the series until a hot liner injured his finger in the eighth. Simmons' home run in the ninth scored two runs. In the final game Grimes had a shut-out at hand when Miller hit into what looked to be a double play. That was the veteran's last shot. His arm was just about hanging on, and that is all. With just an even break of luck Grimes, nearing thirty-nine, might easily have had a one-hit shut-out in his first game and a five-hit shut-out in his second for the greatest two-game pitching feat in the history of a world series.

Few realize the big part a tough break can play in any competitive sport. The only winning angle is to figure against them in advance and to take them as part of the game. The competitor who doesn't will soon have his heart broken and his nerves wrecked.





The invader turned to the expressman, whose possibilities his expert eye had sized up. The little man's pockets yielded nothing of importance

Illustrated by Harry Townsend

The Poor Little Man

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Channing Pollock

YOU felt sorry for the poor little man the minute you saw him. He looked into the washroom of the Pullman inquiringly, as though expecting to be told he had no right to be there, and, ten minutes later, he lit a cheap cigar with the air of one prepared to apologize.

I had been reading, as well as the electric lighting of those days permitted, and I sized up the little man over the top of my newspaper. He was stockily built, with a square head on which the hair, in spite of attention, looked unruly. His clothing was ready-made, of a coarse mixed cloth that achieved the color of rusty iron, and on his waistcoat he wore the dull metal emblem of some benevolent something-or-other. A small-town tradesman, I thought, or a farmer.

As a matter of fact, he was neither. "I had a kind of an express business in Omaha," he said. "Two wagons. My wife got sick, and we had to send her to Denver. The doctor won't let her come back, so I sold out, and I'm going to join up with her. Was either of you two gentlemen ever in Denver?"

I'm not much given to smoking-room confidences, so I merely nodded, but the other "gentleman," who had seemed to me too sleek and well-tailored, was quite ready to tell us about it. The little man needed companionship, and soon they were chatting away about things in general, and the sick wife and the express business in particular.

The express business hadn't been good, and he was glad to be out of it. He'd have been glad, anyway. Married twenty-six years, and this was the first time they'd been separated. Kind of helpless, Carrie was, and missed him like anything. Pretty sick, too. Maybe they wouldn't have much longer together. Maybe only a year or two. Couldn't afford to waste any of it. Got to get a job in Denver. Could hold out a little while, on the proceeds of the express business, but sickness cost money, and Carrie mustn't be worried. Good deal of a baby, Carrie was. "I suppose you don't know anybody in Denver?"

The tall gentleman did. A fellow in the express business. Odd, wasn't it? And odd that, at that moment, my eye should have fallen on something about train robbery. "Al Martin broke jail last night at Cheyenne," I read aloud. "There were five other men concerned in his escape, and they rode out of town shooting in all directions. A sheriff's posse lost them just north of Ariosa. The railroads are putting armed guards on all trains bound west from Omaha."

"I HAVEN'T seen any with us," said the tall gentleman.

"Guess we left before the news came," hazarded the little man. "Gee, I'd hate to lose my six hundred dollars."

"Six hundred!"

"It ain't much, of course," the expressman admitted, apologetically, "but all any man's got seems a whole lot to *him*. I ain't taking no chances. It's all sewed up inside of my vest, and I don't think no train robber's going to be smart enough to get it."

"I wish I'd thought of that," said the tall gentleman. "I've a watch I'd hate to lose. It belonged to my grandfather."

From then on, the talk was of desperadoes, and their doings. The bad men had been pretty much wiped out of the West, but there were a few of them left, fighting a losing fight against thickening population and modern methods of pursuit. Al Martin and his gang were almost sole survivors, but they had a long record of bank and train robberies, and the name inspired terror. Our tones were a little hushed as we talked, speeding through the darkness and sagebrush.

Confidence returned with time, and the little man was telling us about his wife's biscuits when it happened. A sharp fusillade, a grinding of brakes, and the train stopped so suddenly that I lurched across the room and into the lap of the sleek gentleman. He had half risen, and made a movement toward his hip pocket, but the impact threw him down again, and, when we had disentangled ourselves, there were two newcomers in the compartment, and each of them held a revolver. "Hands up," said the first, "and *stand* up. The big guy's got a gun, Charlie. Now, gents, keep 'em up, and Charlie'll take the collection."

Charlie did—with neatness and dispatch. He began with the big guy's gun, and a digital inspection of all our hip pockets. Then he favored me with his attention, and accumulated a wallet and some odd pieces of jewelry. These deposited in an open bag, he ran his hands quickly over my person and, satisfied that he had everything of value, turned to the expressman. The first invader stood in the doorway, with his weapon seemingly trained on my belt-buckle, and sounds from outside indicated that something of much the same sort was occurring to a good many other people.

The expressman didn't take a minute. Charlie's expert eye had sized up his possibilities, and the little man got away with a couple of digs into coat pockets that yielded nothing of importance. The first thing that came out of the sleek gentleman's apparel was his grandfather's watch. "I'd hate to lose that," said the sleek gentleman. "It's an heirloom."

"A what?" inquired Charlie.

"It belonged to my grandfather."

Charlie didn't seem impressed. The timepiece in his left hand, he advanced with his right extended to feel the outside of the sleek gentleman's coat. But our friend had never taken his eye from the heirloom. "You won't get a ten-spot for that," he said. "Let me alone, and I'll tell you where to find six hundred dollars you'd never have thought of."

I COULD see the little man turn white.

"Maybe you'll tell anyway," said Charlie, doubling a fist the size of a tobacco jar.

"Nix," remarked the man with the revolver. There was command in his tone, and I felt certain we had had the honor of meeting Mr. Martin. "We ain't got no time for a rough-house. They're through out there. It's a bargain, brother; where's the six hundred?"

"Sewed inside the little man's vest."

They had to fight for it, but they got it. I heard the bills crackle as Charlie tossed the worn garment into his bag. Five minutes later, Mr. Martin had rejoined his friends in the sagebrush, three shots had been fired into the air, and the train was on its way. The little man looked pretty sick, but the fight wasn't all out of him. "You skunk!" he exclaimed, turning on the tall gentleman.

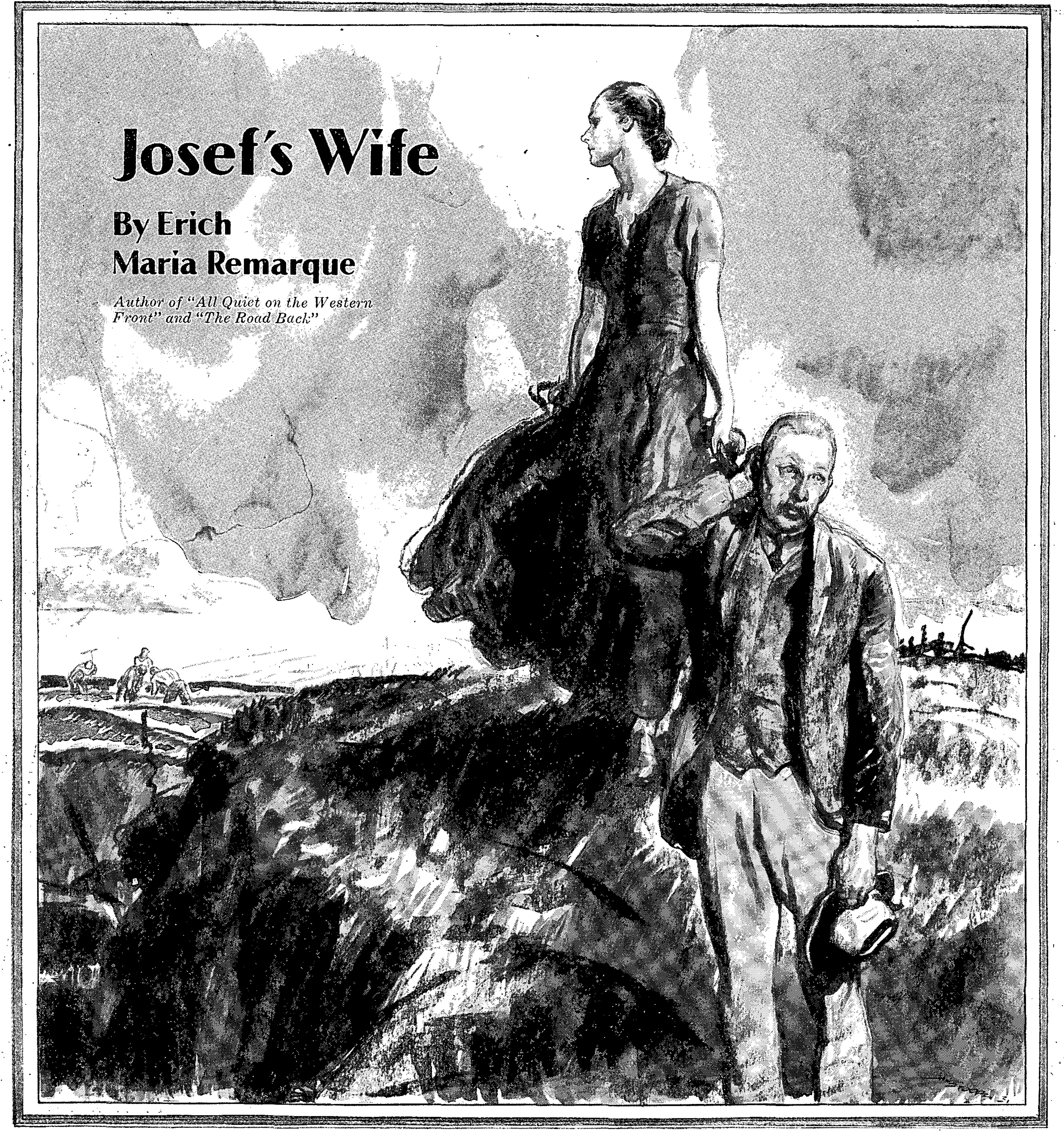
I was preparing to second the motion. But the tall gentleman merely smiled. "Keep your shirt on," he remarked, and opened his own waistcoat. From the inside pocket he drew a thick canvas envelope, and began counting big bills. "Here's your money," he said, "and an extra hundred for good measure. I've been working the race track in Omaha, and I've got twenty-two thousand dollars done up in this bundle. I bought the watch last night in a pawnshop. It isn't worth much, but you might slip it to Carrie as a souvenir."

The little man sat down heavily.

Josef's Wife

By Erich Maria Remarque

Author of "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "The Road Back"



Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

He walked listlessly along and no light quickened in his extinguished countenance

IT WAS 1919 and the elder tree was already in flower when Corporal Josef Thiedemann came home. Only his wife was with him. She had brought him away herself—she had not taken even the coachman with her.

The whole way the two sat side by side in silence. The gleaming brown backs of the horses before them rocked lightly to and fro. They entered the village street and passed slowly along it. Folk were standing before their houses in the evening sun and occasionally a woman would put her hand on the arm of her husband. But Thiedemann recognized no one—not even his wife or his horses.

He had been buried by a trench mortar in July, 1918, when he was sitting with a few pals in a dugout. It was only the merest chance—a piece of the broken wooden lining of the dugout thrusting obliquely across him—that saved him from being crushed. It was some hours before they could get to him and everyone believed that he must already have been suffocated; but two of the splintered beams had so interlocked that there remained a narrow chink between them through which he was still able to get a little air. That had saved his life.

THIEDEMANN was still conscious when they got him out, and to all outward appearance practically unhurt. He sat apathetically on the ground for a time at the edge of the trench, staring absently at the dead bodies of his comrades. A stretcher-bearer shook him by the shoulder and tried to press a coffee cup with some brandy between his teeth. Then he drew a deep sigh and collapsed.

It appeared that he had suffered a severe shock, and for almost a year he passed from one nerve hospital to another. Then at last his wife had managed to get permission to bring him home.

As the coach turned into the lane leading to the farm and jolted its way across to the shed, Thiedemann straightened himself up. His wife turned pale and held her breath. There were pigs grunting in the sty and the fragrance of the lime trees drifted across. Thiedemann turned his head first this way, now that, as if in search of something. But then he sank down again and continued listless, even when his mother came in as he sat at table. He ate what was set before him and afterward made a tour of the house. He found his way everywhere, knew exactly where the cattle were kept, and where the bedroom was. But he recognized nothing. The dog, which at first had sniffed him excitedly, afterward lay down by the stove and whimpered. It did not lick his hands or jump up upon him.

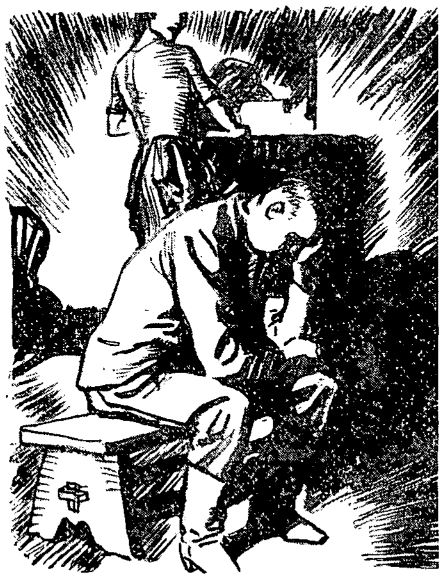
DURING the first few weeks Thiedemann sat much alone in the warm sun beside the barn. He paid no heed to anyone and was left to do as he liked. He often suffered at night from attacks of suffocation. Then he would leap up and strike out about him and scream. On one such occasion he almost bled to death as a result of having smashed the window and injured his wrist. So his wife had wire-mesh windows put in the bedroom.

Later on Thiedemann was very happy to play with the children. He would make them little paper boats and cut pipes for them from willow twigs. They were fond of him, and when huckleberry time came they took him with them to the woods to look for some. On the way home they wanted to take a short cut and go across a stretch of open country. But they had hardly left the cover of the last trees before he began to be restless. Frightened and excited, he shouted something to the children and flung himself on the ground. They looked at him in astonishment. He dragged the little one beside him down to the earth and could not be persuaded to go any farther over the open field in an upright position. He wanted to crawl and kept ducking continually. The children were at a loss to know what to do, so they set off to fetch his wife. And as they made off across the field Thiedemann cried after them in the utmost alarm and shut his eyes, as if something terrible were about to happen.

As time went on he grew fat and flabby—he did nothing and ate heedlessly and too much. He came gradually to know the people in the house; but he did not understand that he belonged to them. Their appearance was familiar to him, no more. He was almost always kindly and contented. Only now and then, if he happened to see a piece of newly split, white wood, he would cry and it was not easy to comfort him.

HIS wife managed the farm alone. She dismissed the foreman because at table he once mocked a certain helpless gesture of Thiedemann's. The fellow came back again a few days later to explain that he had not meant any harm, but she merely handed him his wages without listening to him and went out of the room. One evening when the miller's son had been making advances to her and had closed the door upon her, she seized a sporting gun which hung on the wall and stood there with it until he made off grinning sheepishly. Others also tried but none succeeded. The woman was thirty-five, and of a dark, grave beauty. She worked hard, but she remained alone.

During the first few months doctors often came to the farm. Thiedemann would hide from them and each time had to be searched for. Only when his wife called would he come willingly. One doctor remained at the farm almost a whole year to treat him. When he left, the woman had to sell a few head of cattle. The crops also were damaged that year by the summer rains and the potatoes had suffered as well. It was a difficult year.



But Thiedemann's condition did not change. The woman received the doctor's verdict unmoved, as if it were a matter of complete indifference to her. But at night, when Thiedemann would mutter some incomprehensible words in his sleep, tossing to and fro in his bed, she would press herself against him as if the warmth of her body must help him—and she would listen and ask and call to him. He would not answer but would become quieter and then fall quickly asleep.

So the years passed.

A COMRADE of Thiedemann's once came to visit them for a few days. He had brought with him a few photographs from those times, and on the last evening he showed them to the woman. Among these was one group picture of Thiedemann's section. In it the men, naked to the waist, were squatting about before a dugout and grinning as they searched their shirts for lice. Thiedemann was second from the right, and smiled as he held up one hand, the thumb and forefinger tightly pressed together.

The woman looked at the pictures one after another. While she was so engaged Thiedemann entered the room. With heavy tread he walked across to the stove and sat down on a chair. The woman took up the group picture and held it a long time in her hand. Her eyes moved from the faded snapshot to the apathetic figure by the stove.

"It was there?" she asked. The friend nodded.

The woman continued silent a while. Thiedemann's heavy breathing could be heard in the stillness. A moth flew in at the window and fluttered about the lamp. The quivering shadow of its wings flickered over the table and upon the photographs and lent them an illusion of movement and life. The woman pointed to the pictures of trenches and shattered villages.

"Is it still like that?"

"Sure to be," said the comrade. With a quick movement she offered him a pencil and smoothed out a sugar bag which lay at hand on the window ledge.

"Write the name of the place. And the way."

The friend lifted his head.

"Do you want to go there?"

THE woman studied the picture in which Thiedemann, still smiling and well, was seated in front of the dugout. Then she looked up calmly.

"Yes," she replied.

"We should all like to go there again, once," said the friend meditatively as he slowly spelled out the letters. "You will have to pass by way of Metz."

It was a long time before all was ready. Folk did not understand why she wanted to go, and tried to dissuade her. But she heeded no argument. She set about quietly and resolutely gathering together what was necessary for the journey. When people questioned her she answered them briefly. She said simply, "It must be."

The journey was difficult. The traveling gave Thiedemann pains in his head and the woman had no one with her to help her. Neither did she understand the language. But she would merely stand and look at the people until they understood what she meant.

On the afternoon of the third day they reached the place where Thiedemann's company had been. It was a stark, drab village with long rows of gray houses. Nothing was to be seen of the ruins in the photograph. The place had been entirely rebuilt.

A couple of *chars à bancs* with tourists drew up in front of the inn. An interpreter came toward the woman and addressed her. She asked if he could tell her anything of the sector where Thiedemann had been buried. He shrugged his shoulders—it was all fields again now; it had been under cultivation some time.

"Everywhere?" asked the woman.

"Oh, no!" The interpreter began to show signs of understanding and explained that near by, hardly a mile away, the region of trenches and shell holes still lay almost exactly as it had been before. Would she like him to conduct her there?

She nodded, and, hardly taking time to deposit her baggage at the inn, they set off.

The day was clear and fine. A breeze was blowing across the slopes, and tiny blue butterflies passed fluttering among the trenches and wire entanglements. Poppies and camomile were growing about the edges of the craters. The meadows which still intruded here and there into this landscape gradually fell behind, the village vanished and, as they passed over the summit of a ridge of hills, there rose up suddenly about them the wan silence of the battlefields, disturbed only by a few small groups of men at work here and there among the shell holes. They were the metal gatherers, explained the guide—looking for iron, copper and steel.

"Here?" asked the woman. The guide nodded.

"The soil is crammed full of munitions," said he. "So the whole area has been farmed out to a metal-salvage company. Any bodies they find are collected and buried in the various cemeteries around." He pointed away to the right where long rows of white crosses were to be seen gleaming in the sun.

THE woman stayed out there with Thiedemann until evening. She went with him through many trenches and craters, she stood with him before many collapsed and broken dugouts. Often she would look at him, then always went on again. But he walked listlessly along and no light quickened in his extinguished countenance.

Next morning the woman was out there again. She knew the way now, and day after day the two were to be seen wandering slowly over the clayed fields of craters—the weary, stooping man and the big, taciturn woman. At evening they would return to the inn and go to their room.

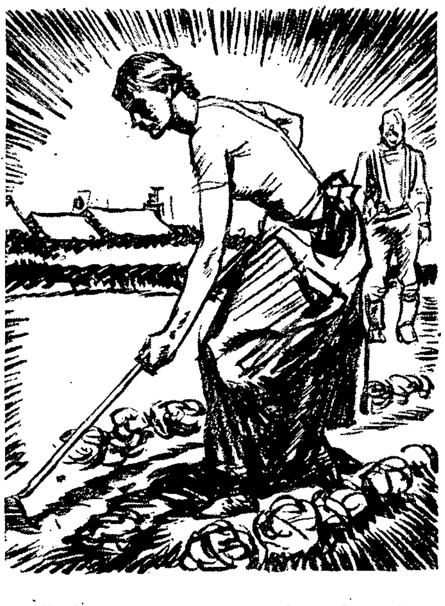
Sometimes the interpreter would join the two on the battlefield. Once he conducted them to a region where few tourists ever came. Not a soul was to be seen except a couple of squads of salvagers at their work.

At one place the maze of front-line trenches had been left practically undisturbed. Thiedemann stopped in front of a dugout and stooped down. He had often done so before, but now the woman halted and clutched the arm of the interpreter. A few rotten boards that had lined the dugout walls were protruding from the entrance. Thiedemann explored them with his hands, gropingly, cautiously.

At that moment there sounded suddenly a sharp hammering from some salvagers starting to dig a couple of hundred yards off. So intolerably loud did it seem that the woman made a gesture as if to hush it with her hand—but the next moment a heavy crash shook the ground and was followed by a whistling, howling, hissing, then a desperate, yelling cry from the group of salvagers.

"An explosion!" shouted the interpreter, running across. "They struck a shell when they were digging!"

The woman did not know how it had happened, but already she was kneeling beside a man whose leg was smashed to pieces. She had ripped the sleeve from a workman's jacket and was wrapping it round the thigh; she seized an iron staff from the ground, forced it into the knot and bound up the man who fainted as he propped on his elbows to see the wound. His mates carried him off to the huts. The woman stood up. The interpreter showered her with talk—this was the seventh explosion here in two weeks! She looked about her for a wisp of grass with which to wipe the blood from her hands. Then all at once she was alert and listening. The injured man was already out of earshot, but still a hollow, stifled crying could be heard. She ran back—



The cry was from Thiedemann. He was lying flat on the ground as if he had flung himself down madly under cover. His shoulders were heaving and he was shouting into the earth. The interpreter looked at him in astonishment and wanted to lift him up. But the woman warned him away.

A couple of workmen came running across from the hut. They imagined that Thiedemann had been wounded and wanted to carry him off. But the woman allowed no one to come near. She was suddenly transformed; she hardly moved and yet she compelled them all away, such power, and such imploring fear was in her eyes. Shaking their heads they at last went off, even the interpreter, and the woman watched them till they were lost in the maze of trenches. Then she sat down on the steps of the dugout and waited.

THE twilight fell and Thiedemann became still. He lay on the ground there now just as he had done then, and the notes of the Angelus bell floated over the night camp. But the woman continued to sit motionless.

At last Thiedemann stirred. He tried to lift himself on his elbows, but he sagged down again. After a while he attempted it a second time. The woman gave him no help. She only withdrew deeper into the shadows of the dugout.

Thiedemann groped over the ground. His hands loosed a fragment of the timber-lining. He tried to stand up, but he could not. Then he sat and passed his hands about continually over the grass. He lifted his head and turned it slowly this way and that. And so he continued a long time.

A bird began to sing above the heads of the two people. Thiedemann's hands became still. "Anna—" said he gently, amazed.

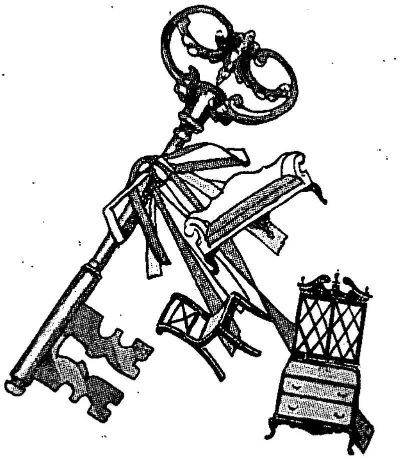
The woman still said nothing, but now, as she took Thiedemann's arm to lead him away, her face suddenly twitched as if it would break in pieces, and for an instant she staggered.

A few weeks later Thiedemann was able to take over the farm again. His wife had managed it well; for the stock had increased by fourteen heifers and she had been able also to purchase two meadows and a couple of fields.

A Key to the House

Are you an amateur decorator, stewing about periods and other decorating difficulties? Well, you needn't. Just try the theories you've worked out in choosing your clothes—you'll be surprised how well they fit your house

By Betty Thornley Stuart



DECORATION in America stands about where fashion did ten or fifteen years ago. Some houses in each community are marvelously well dressed, but the rank and file leave a lot to be desired. And this is so largely because the average woman thinks that there is something esoteric about decoration which has to be studied in connection with a lot of names and technicalities. The fact is that anyone who knows enough about clothes to have passed beyond the stage of copying what is smart into knowing *why* it's smart—and why it may or may not be smart in her particular case—already has every bit of information she needs.

Decorators who can run up the family tree of any period you choose never think of sticking slavishly to a single one in a single room, let alone in a whole house. They learn about such things only to forget them—or use them to impress clients who wouldn't be happy if they weren't treated to a few long words in advance of the bill. Being afraid to look below the technical jargon in search of the qualities that give each item character would be equivalent to having such an awe of Chanel that we thought a Chanel dress necessarily called for a Chanel bag, a Chanel hat and the same shoes worn by the Chanel mannequin at the opening. Decorators know, just as the clothes-conscious woman does, that certain things go together because they have the same feeling rather than the same origin.

The first thing we have to consider in either field is the question of suitability to ourselves and our mode of life. When a woman chooses an evening dress, she takes into account not only her physical characteristics and her temperament, but the occasion for which the dress is to be used. She doesn't buy something so elaborate that it seems to belong to the opening night of the opera, if she plans to dance in it at the country club. She won't get many evening dresses of any kind if she doesn't go out much—not even though Mrs. Jones has a closetful. She begins by analyzing her program—approximately such and such a proportion of her time she'll be wearing sports clothes; she plays a lot of bridge in the afternoon; she'll be in town so-and-so much, shopping or seeing her friends; she expects such-and-such a percentage of formal evening affairs as against those that are informal.

Trust in Your Instincts

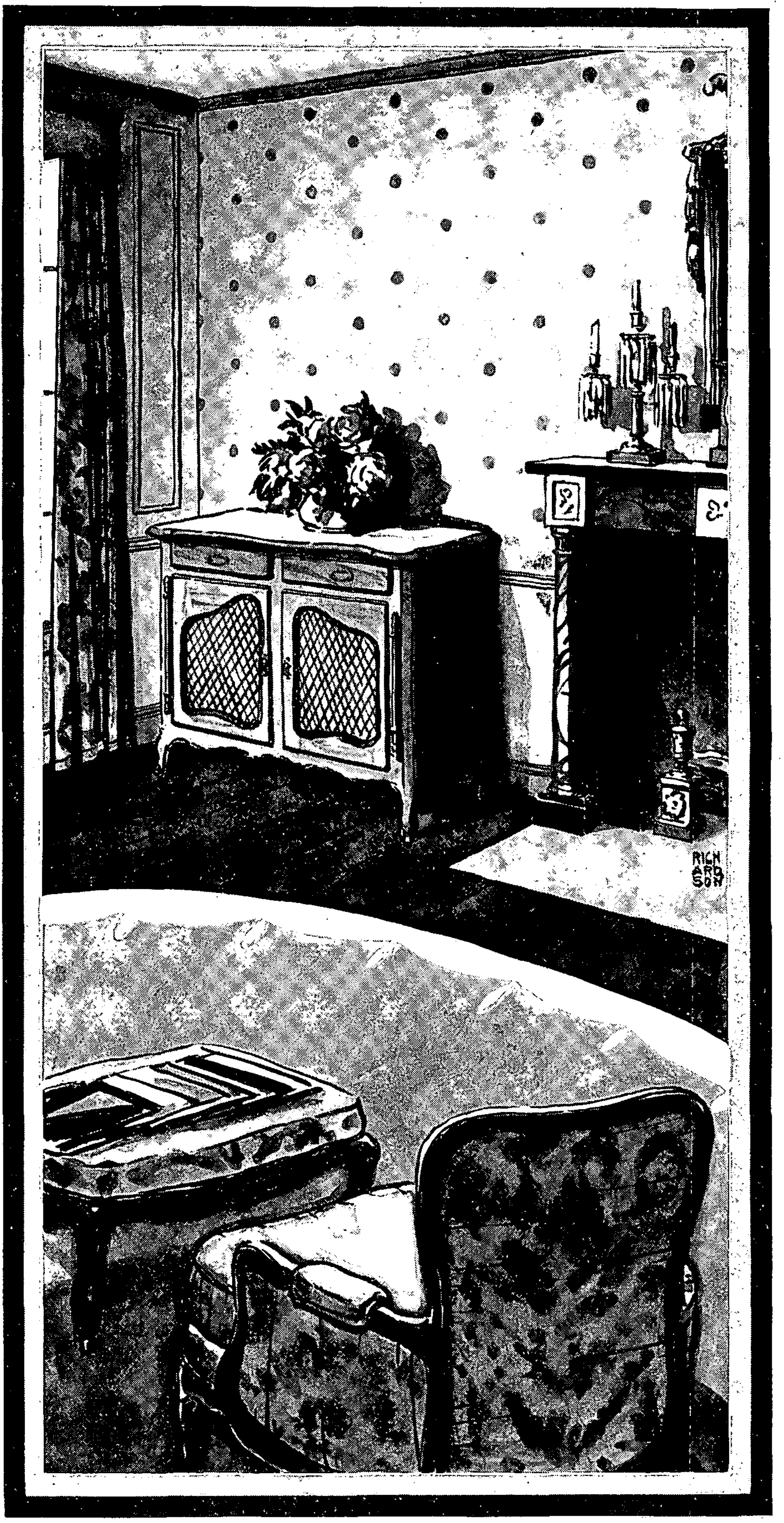
Then, perhaps, she says to herself, "After all, I know I'm a sports-clothes person (or an afternoon-clothes or a tailored-suit person, as the case may be). Therefore I'm willing to think and spend more proportionately at that point, because that's where I look and feel best."

Similarly, before thinking of lines and colors, let alone periods—even before considering the number and size of her rooms—the amateur decorator ought to follow clothes-procedure and think of the way she and her family live. Do they entertain a great deal, and is this planned and elaborate, or on the spur of the moment and casual? Are they precise and careful people, keeping rooms in order almost automatically, or does the whole place look like a whirlwind after a week-end at home? Do they and their friends sit up straight or sprawl? Are they at home in the summer, or is this mainly a winter house? Is it a daylight place, or one used largely by artificial light, because the family are out at school or business? What feeling do they have about the house themselves, and what do they want it to give to others?

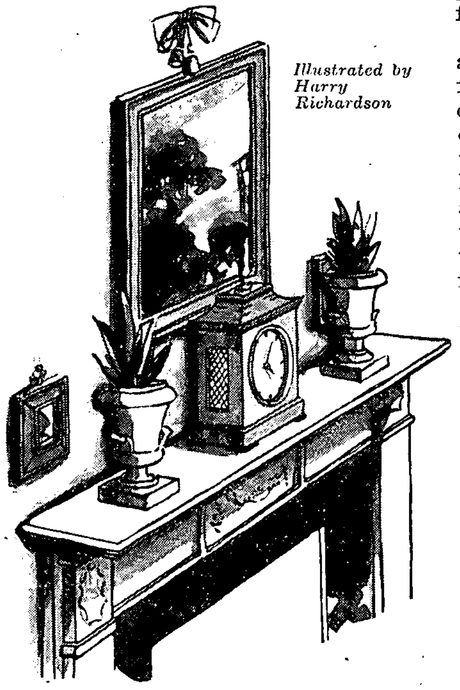
Suppose the woman in the stellar rôle diagnoses herself and her family as generally informal, only fairly tidy, hospitable in a free and easy way, doing practically all of their entertaining in this particular place at night and in the winter. Then let's go on to suppose that somebody tries to interest her in a beautiful Directoire console for the living room, adding the information that Directoire is being used in the best circles. She sees that the thing is truly lovely, and possibly a great bargain. But she also sees that it has an almost cold formality of balance, a statuesque quality—beautiful in the same way as a Vionnet evening dress. That sort of spirit demands perfection throughout—a perfectly dressed room perfectly groomed at all times. If she follows her instinct, rather than the salesperson's prattle, she knows she doesn't want that piece of furniture, no matter how smart; it doesn't fit into her picture. Similarly, here's a delicate little Louis XVI chair. She mayn't know any Louis but the famous "Spirit of Saint," but she realizes at once that John would never look, let alone feel, comfortable in it, or the sort of room into which it might conceivably fit.

Then she's shown two more chairs. Each has the comfort, the stability she has in her mind's eye. One is a Louis XV *bergère* and the other is an Eighteenth Century English wing chair—but she doesn't need to know either of these designations. The second is graver, more masculine than the first. If she thinks in terms of English versus French sports clothes, she can pick the nation that originated each chair. The French chair has more curve, more grace and lightness. The English chair may be no more dependable, but it has that appearance. Her choice, narrowed down

(*Continued on page 45*)



Several periods well combined in a setting for French country-house furniture



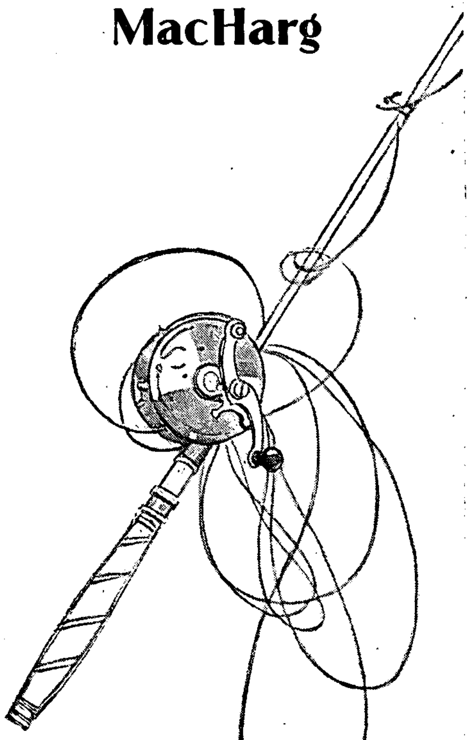
Illustrated by Harry Richardson

A mantel grouping in which the units express the same feeling of simplicity

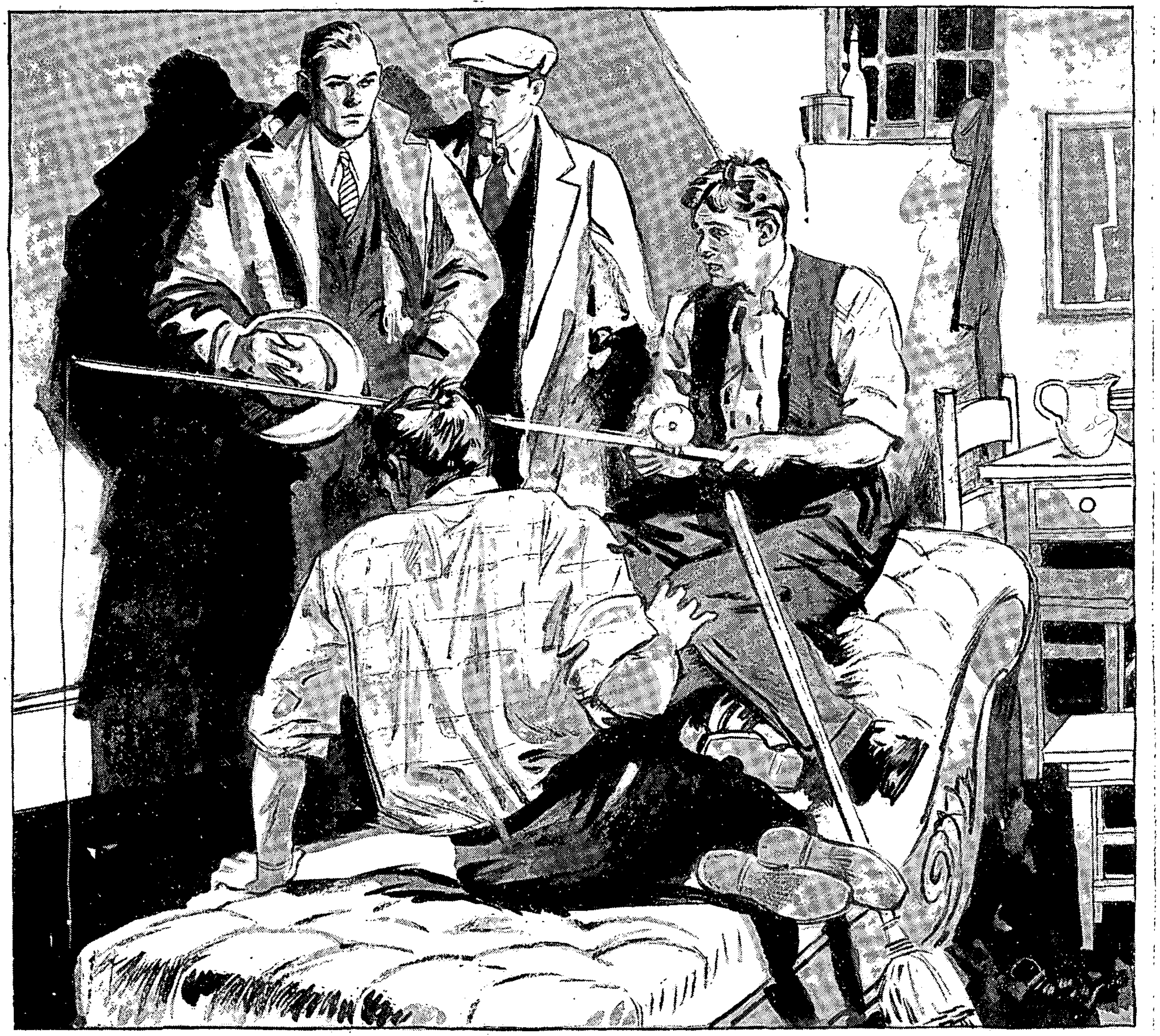
Fishermen's Luck

Detective O'Malley goes angling for a killer—and makes a surprising catch

By William MacHarg



Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins



They sat on the sofa as though it were a boat; Commachi reeled in the line with effort, and amazement and curiosity came into their faces

"IT SEEMS I don't never get put on a case," O'Malley said, "until after a lot of other cops have got it all mixed up. This is that case of a young doctor that got murdered. I suppose you seen it in the papers. His name was Randolph, and he got called out to see a patient at night. Well, he don't come back. This Randolph didn't have much dough, but he was a good-looking guy and he was engaged to a girl named Miss Phillips and she has plenty. So Miss Phillips offers a reward for any information. Then he got found. Two guys were fishing in the Sound and one of 'em gets his hook caught on something, so he pulls it up. It was the doctor with a weight hitched to him."

"Will the fishermen get the reward?" I asked.

"She says she'll pay it to 'em—the lucky stiffs!"

"Have they any idea who did it?"

"They got at least one idea. Before Miss Phillips got engaged to Randolph, she was engaged to a guy named Fleming. He's a wild kind of guy with plenty of money and he drinks a lot. When Miss Phillips broke off with him and got engaged to Randolph, he attacked Randolph in a café. These are society folks; so that was in the papers."

"I didn't see it. How was Randolph killed?"

"He simply was beat up; no weapon."

"Is there any evidence against Fleming?"

"He's got a motor yacht. Him and his chauffeur, who is a Frenchman, were on the Sound all that night. Besides, the doctor's car was found near where the yacht is kept. So they pinched Fleming and his chauffeur this morning. They got 'em at headquarters and I thought I'd talk with 'em."

We went to headquarters and found a very pretty young woman there, who proved to be Miss Phillips. She looked pale and distressed but she was self-possessed. O'Malley talked with her.

"You think Fleming done this, Miss Phillips?" he inquired.

"I—can't believe it, even though he was the only enemy George had. I can't think he would do a thing like that; but he admits he had been drinking."

Afterward we talked with Fleming and the Frenchman. Fleming had a satiated, weary face, but might have been good-looking if it had not been for his hollow eyes and look of dissipation.

"YOU kill this doctor?" O'Malley asked him.

"I did not. I might have done it, though. I'm right glad he's dead."

The chauffeur was less open in his statement. He did not look like an honest man to me; he had a hard, suspicious gaze and thought carefully before he spoke.

"What were you and the boss doing on the Sound that night?" O'Malley inquired of him.

"Nossing. It was lak thees: Meester Fleming had been drinking and want to sober up. I drive hees boat for him same lak I do hees car. We go around a while and then he fall asleep, so I tie up and we stay aboard all night."

"That all you did?"

"Yes; nossing else."

"Well, O'Malley," I said, when we had got outside, "I formed my opinion on this case when I saw that Frenchman."

"You think Fleming did it, then?"

"I'm quite sure of it. Any man who will keep a servant of that kind and, as Fleming seems to have done, make a pal of him, is capable of anything. Fleming is in love with Miss Phillips and she fell in love with Randolph, and Fleming's impulse was revenge. I'd guess that Fleming was spoiled as a child and given everything he wanted, and when he couldn't get it he flew into a tantrum. He's the same way now. It was easy for him to lure Randolph out, since Randolph was a doctor. Probably he didn't intend murder but meant merely to beat him up, but he had been drinking and went farther than he intended."

"Yeah, that sounds good. Maybe the Frenchman is keeping silent because he had a hand in it. Or else he might have told what he knows for the reward Miss Phillips offered, but Fleming has promised him more."

"That's it!" I agreed, enthusiastically. "And if Fleming is not convicted, the Frenchman will blackmail him forever after."

"You go upstairs," said O'Malley, "and tell that in the detective division and they'll pin a badge on you, because that's what they're thinking, too."

"Isn't it what you're thinking?" I inquired.

"I ain't got no thought about it yet. I'm just hoping I might get some."

We went and looked at the yacht. A police launch took us out to it, and there was a uniformed police officer in charge aboard. I talked with the officer while O'Malley searched the yacht. I could see him in the cabin, opening cupboards and cubbyholes and peering into them and searching the whole boat thoroughly. There were no signs of a struggle on the yacht and we found no blood, but I had not expected it. The Frenchman would have been smart enough to look out for that. Afterward the launch took us to the cove where the doctor had been found.

"THIS looks like a good place to fish," I commented. The tide was running strong outside but here we hardly felt it.

"It sure is. Two guys caught five thousand dollars here," O'Malley answered. "Well, we'll talk with those guys that were so lucky."

We went back to Manhattan and got the car and drove south on the East Side. One of the fishermen, O'Malley told me, was named Commachi and the other Olin. We called on Commachi, who had a single basement room.

"Where's your fishing pal?" O'Malley asked him.

Commachi went out and got Olin, who was small and dark and young and looked very like Commachi.

"You two guys," O'Malley directed them, "show us how you fished that fellow up."

They appeared proud of their exploit and rather glad to tell about it. There was a new fishing-rod in the corner of

(Continued on page 36)

The Heart of Danger

A story of love and courage put to the ultimate test

By Karl W. Detzer

Illustrated by Forrest C. Crooks

THE three-stick schooner Merry Lady, running wing-and-wing before the fresh westerly breeze, nodded once skittishly to the red skeleton of the pierhead light and rolled into the calm haven behind the breakwater. The inner harbor of French Landing opened before her like the bowl of a great spoon of which the long, straight handle might be the entrance channel between the piers.

Lowe Hadden, standing in dungarees on a wharf on the northern lip of the bowl, watched the inbound vessel critically, squinting his gray eyes against the cold wind. This was Captain Cars Carlson, winning port safely again.

The Merry Lady was dropping her mainsail while she trundled in. As the canvas fluttered down, a steamy whistle in the railroad slips on the other side of the harbor bowl drew Hadden's attention from the incoming schooner. One of the big cross-lake car ferries was pulling out. Hadden's eyes swept its long, empty promenade and came to rest instinctively upon the pilot house, where a stiff figure stood on the starboard wing of the flying bridge.

That was young Jim Ransom, Captain James Ransom for official purposes, who commanded the car ferry Michigan Number Nine on its eight-hour run from French Landing across the lake to Wisconsin. Hadden's eyes narrowed as he watched. He did not like Jim Ransom. Only this morning they had quarreled.

A plank creaked, pulling at rusty nails, and Hadden turned to discover that Elsa Carlson was approaching quietly up the dock. Sight of her filled him with confusion for the moment. Last night he had asked her to marry him in the spring. And she had refused. Not unkindly. He could have borne unkindness better than the calamitous discovery that between himself and Jim Ransom she felt not a hair's breadth of preference.

"Oh, hello," he called, and remembered with dismay his spotted dungarees and thought immediately of Jim Ransom's neat uniform and gold braid. The comparison nettled him.

"Morning to you," she responded. "I knew I'd see you somewhere in the neighborhood this time of day."

Hadden, remembering last night, could not speak for another minute, merely stood absorbing her clean loveliness. She wore no hat, and the wind caught at her unruly hair and piled it gently in shining cataracts about her well-shaped head.

Her blue eyes were measuring the distance to her father's inbound schooner. "Come down to welcome the captain home?"

SHE always spoke thus of her father, Lowe remembered. A dozen car ferries with masters in gold braid sailed in and out of this port every day, but in spite of them Cars Carlson remained "the captain" to his daughter. It was her pride, Lowe supposed, reflecting Cars' own. Only a proud man would persist now with sail. On the whole Great Lakes the Merry Lady was the sole survivor.

"I sighted him a couple of hours ago," Lowe admitted. "I just came off shift." He motioned toward the wireless house high on the dune, its antenna masts climbing heavenward ambitiously.

"Took a walk to clear the cobwebs and encountered me again!" Elsa said, adding: "The Merry Lady is in just for a few hours. She is going on over to Wisconsin after pulpwood as soon as they stock the galley."

"Out again?" Lowe exclaimed.

"The so-called last trip," Elsa said.

"But it's the middle of November!"

"November doesn't worry the captain."

SHE stepped forward from the shadow of the warehouse, and the sun, striking her hair, spilled its glitter lavishly, so that Lowe did not observe at once the change in her eyes. Then he realized that she had not spied Ransom's ferry until this moment, and the quick flash of her interest in it annoyed Lowe.

"It's Jim!" she exclaimed, and she smiled at the figure on the bridge, almost as if he were there beside her. "He does look capable," she said challengingly. "I don't wonder they made him a master at thirty-four."

"I don't either," Hadden answered, "not at all, knowing his family connections."

He saw the disapproval in her glance, so he plunged on recklessly: "Experience doesn't count. Of course he knows more about the business than any of those old-timers, and besides . . ."

"Lowe!" she protested.

". . . it was just a coincidence," he added stubbornly, "that his father happened to own half the line. A happy coincidence."

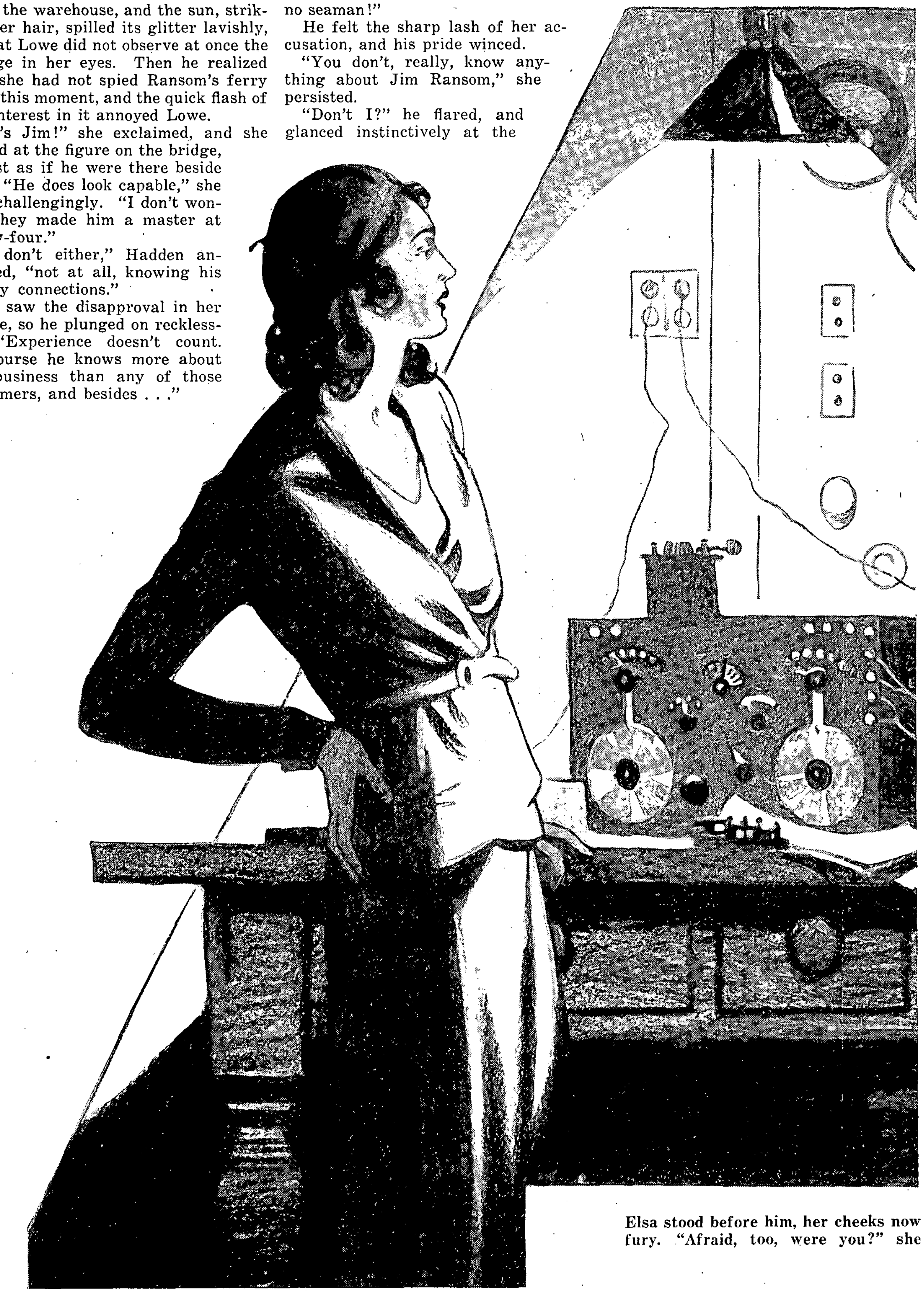
"That's not fair, Lowe," she chided. "What do you know about it? You're no seaman!"

He felt the sharp lash of her accusation, and his pride winced.

"You don't, really, know anything about Jim Ransom," she persisted.

"Don't I?" he flared, and glanced instinctively at the wireless house that stood atop the dune.

His tongue ached to tell what he knew. But she had said truthfully that he was not a seaman; he was a radio operator, and there was the oath of silence that every operator must take. He dared not tell. Dared not expose Jim Ransom, strutting in gold braid, as a timid master, who sat out many a night snugly ashore when every other bottom on the line was fighting weather. Dared not repeat those crisp messages calling Jim a coward, which old Captain McCarthy, the brawly port superintendent, dictated and insisted on Lowe's sending across the stormy air. Mc-



Elsa stood before him, her cheeks now fury. "Afraid, too, were you?" she

Carthy did not care if Jim's father owned half the line.

He allowed himself a prolonged look into the deep blue of her eyes and then amended: "Ransom's all right. Only I like him better when he's across the lake from you."

"And I like you better, Lowe, when you manage to hold your sense of humor. You've rather a good one, but it needs cultivating."

"It needs coaching," he corrected, "by a permanent teacher. You didn't mean *it last night*, Elsa. . . ."

"Lowe!" she warned.

"I do love you, Elsa!"

She slipped back from his eager hands.

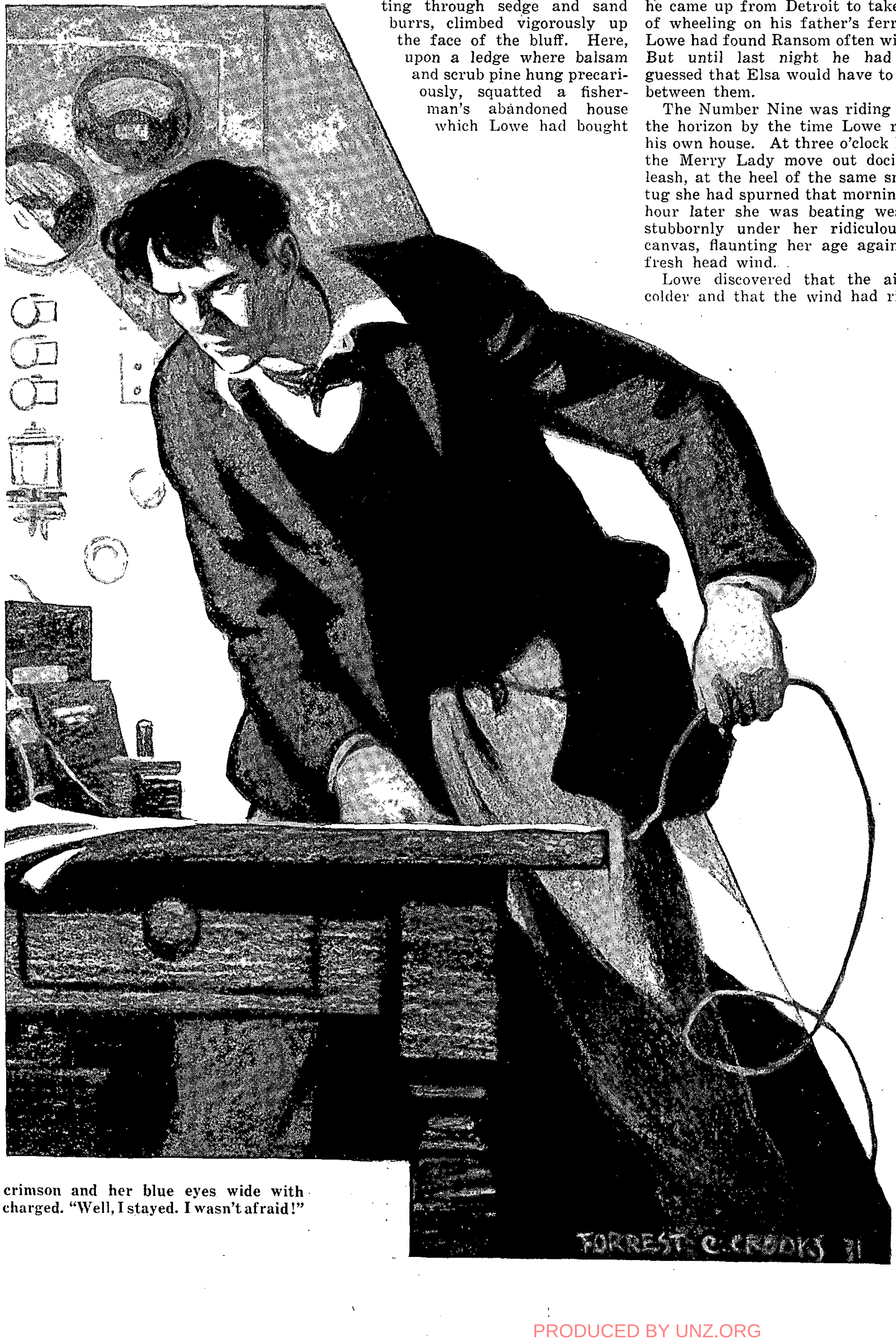
"Here is the schooner, Lowe!"

The Merry Lady was nearing dock, trundling slowly in under bare spars, save for the raffee stays'l. When the winches had warped her in, Captain Carlson stepped ashore at once. Lowe stood aside while Elsa greeted him. The captain was taller than his daughter by a full hand, yet the height which gave her litheness was lost in the father, and he appeared short, so broad his shoulders were.

HE NODDED offhandedly in reply to Lowe's respectful: "How are you, sir?" but he did not stop to chat, Lowe noticed, as he would have with Jim Ransom *or any other seaman*. Only Elsa, departing, smiled and called to him:

"I'm not sending you to exile, anyway, Lowe."

Lowe smiled too, then, and crossing the bridge above the harbor circled the tall dune where the wireless station stood.



crimson and her blue eyes wide with charged. "Well, I stayed. I wasn't afraid!"

Lakeward of the dune a path angled abruptly from the beach and, cutting through sedge and sand burrs, climbed vigorously up the face of the bluff. Here, upon a ledge where balsam and scrub pine hung precariously, squatted a fisherman's abandoned house which Lowe had bought when he came here, two years before, and fitted out as his living quarters and personal experiment station.

Directly above it on the hilltop perched the shore wireless station of the Michigan car-ferry line. There Lowe served a daily eight-hour trick, and when that duty was done, spent whatever he wished of the remaining day or night at experiments in his own laboratory. It was this chance to explore farther into the mysteries of the air which had brought him here to French *Landing, after his graduation from the* radio school. Only when, one summer day, he discovered Elsa Carlson did his devotion to his studies lose its singlemindness.

She had spent four years at school downstate, and returned to French Landing with thoughts foreign to the place, so that she welcomed Lowe as she had welcomed Jim Ransom when first he came up from Detroit to take a job of wheeling on his father's ferry line. Lowe had found Ransom often with her. *But until last night he had never* guessed that Elsa would have to choose between them.

The Number Nine was riding tall on the horizon by the time Lowe reached his own house. At three o'clock he saw the Merry Lady move out docilely in leash, at the heel of the same snorting tug she had spurned that morning. An hour later she was beating westward stubbornly under her ridiculous new canvas, flaunting her age against the fresh head wind.

Lowe discovered that the air was colder and that the wind had risen to a whole gale as he emerged from the house to tighten the guys on his own short radio masts at five o'clock, but for six hours, then, he slept, so that when he awakened the strength of the new wind thrashing his small antenna surprised him. At midnight, when he climbed to the wireless room, the path was glazed with ice. It conspired with the yelling storm to hurl him downward, and he flattened against the dune, gripping clumps of frozen weeds, until he reached the top.

BELOW at the coast-guard station two red lanterns glowed ominously on the storm-signal mast, a somber warning for all craft to seek shelter, and Selfridge, the operator he relieved, said:

"Coast guard went out about five. Some fish tug broke her shaft. They towed her into Benson, but the harbor there's so narrow they can't get out in this wind. Won't be back tonight."

Lowe asked: "Any of our line out?"

"Just the Nine," Selfridge answered. "Ransom's getting some ice in his shoes for a change."

Lowe sat back, observing that ice was forming on the west window, and wondered, then, where the Merry Lady was. She carried no wireless, so she could not have heard the storm-signal warnings. . . .

At a quarter past one, the outer door slapped open with a blast of cold, and Elsa Carlson stepped in. Fear added color to her blue eyes but her cheeks were white, and Lowe's heart pounded at the unexpected sight of her.

"Elsa!" he cried.

"Thought I'd drop in," she said. "You might need amusement on the dog-watch."

"Sit down," he commanded. "We call this the graveyard watch. Just a matter of preference." His tone was lighter, for he saw that she intended that they both should play parts.

He picked up a jug and started to pour her some coffee, when he halted. With hands tense he listened to the eccentric whining accents of his horn.

"That's for me," he apologized, and quickly set down the jug and faced the tall back panel of his transmitter.

He performed half a dozen motions mechanically, his ear tuned to the call which was stuttering in. The signature was K—F—C—A—, three times repeated. Ransom's operator was calling.

LOWE glanced at Elsa. She was leaning forward listening, but from her face he realized that she did not comprehend the code. His left hand twisted a dial rapidly; with his right thumb and forefinger closing upon the flat black key of the bug, he replied. Then, as the horn sent out its next crackling signals, he drew a pad toward him, scrawled briefly on it, and without looking at Elsa he folded it quickly into his log.

"What was that?" she asked curiously.

"Number Nine. Ransom," he said. Their eyes met, and she held his questioningly, so he explained, trying to make his voice easy: "His operator gave me a list of car numbers, loaded freight cars he's bringing over."

"What else?" she demanded.

"Said they were having weather."

"What did he say about ice?"

"Nothing."

"Has he seen . . . anything?" she persisted.

Lowe shook his head, then amended: "Nothing much. A bit ago he thought he saw a flare."

"A flare?" she cried, and stood up. Lowe added quickly:

"I asked him to investigate."

He avoided her eyes this time and kept his hands busy on the dials. He could not repeat Ransom's curt refusal.

(Continued on page 41)

Left, Peck, Pittsburgh's 175-pound offensive whirlwind and Warner's choice as most dependable passer

International News

U. & U.

Right, Thorpe, Carlisle, the Indian who stands without a peer for physical equipment combined with natural skill

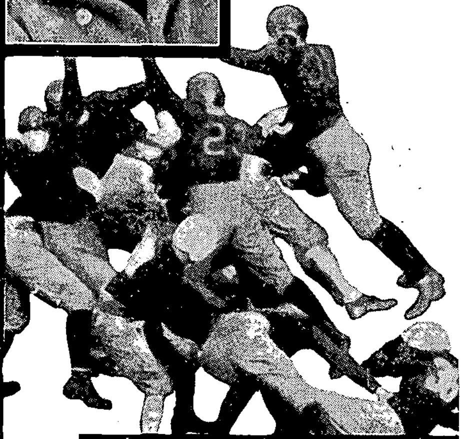
U. & U.

Muller, California's "tower of strength," ranks high among America's football great

Keystone

Heffelfinger, Yale, whose prowess has become an American tradition. At his left is Nevers, Stanford, chosen by Warner as the greatest football player he has ever seen

Bain News Service



International News

Above, Hinkey, Yale, was football's first "ghost"

Right, Heston, the "Michigan thunderbolt," whose speed, drive and courage made football history

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U. & U.

Eckersall, Chicago, who set a new standard of all-around perfection for quarterbacks

By Glenn S. Warner

Here come the Giants!

Out of his vast experience as a maker of football players and teams, Pop Warner, dean of coaches, produces his version of that most popular American brainstorm—the all-time, all-inclusive all-America team. But Pop should know his stuff. It's a great team and it has an element of surprise. But there goes the whistle!

SEVERAL years ago, in an unguarded moment, I made the public statement that Ernie Nevers, Stanford fullback, was the greatest football player it had been my privilege to gaze upon during some forty-odd years in the game.

At once a cry went up, "How do you get that way?" And ever since, I have been bombarded with letters asking me by what right I put Nevers above such men as Jim Thorpe, Walter Eckersall, Red Grange, Ted Coy, the Four Horsemen, George Gipp, Benny Friedman and Chris Cagle.

I do not deny that these men were stars, doing one or two things superbly, but my test of a great player is that he must be able to do all things, and do them equally well. Judged by this standard, the only man entitled to rank with Nevers is Thorpe, the most marvelous all-around athlete that the world has ever seen.

Thorpe, in physical equipment, stands without a peer in football annals. He could do a hundred yards in close to ten seconds, and this speed, backed by one hundred and eighty pounds of bone and muscle, made him almost unstoppable. In addition, he had a change of pace, a deceptive pivot; and his high knee-lift and powerful straight-arm worked havoc with tacklers. Even when they piled on him like wolves, I have seen Jim carry the pack for five and ten yards before being dragged down.

He was both a long and sure passer, his big right hand cuddling the oval as though it were a baseball. And when it came to kicking, not only was he deadly on field goals as far back as the fifty-yard line, but his punts averaged sixty yards. Moreover, his kicking, like his passing, was remarkable for its consistency and accuracy. He could come pretty close to calling his shots.

In many respects, Ernie Nevers was as much a physical marvel as Thorpe. He stood six feet, one inch, weighed 195 pounds and had sufficient speed to be a star both in baseball and basketball. The Indian was much the faster, excelling in end runs and long journeys down the field, but Nevers was just as good at passing. Jim had it on him in kicking, although Ernie was far more than an average punter and also place-kicked beautifully. When it came to line bucking, however, the blond giant was the Indian's superior. In fact, I do not believe that any player since Heffelfinger has equaled Nevers for sheer projectile force.

A One-Man Football Team

Knute Rockne bore me out in this, for in the game between Notre Dame and Stanford in the Pasadena Rose Bowl on January 1, 1925, Ernie smashed the Seven Mules for gains on every buck, and slowed the Four Horsemen to a walk. It is not often that I wolf over losing a game, but if I sit back on my haunches now and split the air with a wail it is because Nevers deserved a victory that afternoon.

Time after time he carried the ball the length of the field, alternating terrific bucks with savage end runs, only to have his efforts brought to naught by poor field generalship. Twice, for instance, when Notre Dame's goal was menaced, the quarterback called for a pass out into the flat zone, where it could not be covered, and twice Layden intercepted and raced away for touchdowns.

Nevers' great advantages, however, and my chief reason for putting him above Thorpe, were mental and temperamental. The Indian, for all his amiable, happy disposition, had his stubborn streak. For instance, it was not until his third year in football that I could induce him to hit the line. "Oh, hell, Pop," he would grin, "what's the use of going through 'em when I can run around 'em?"

In a game with Syracuse, the field was muddy and the Indians failed to make any headway with end runs and open plays, the first half ending in a scoreless tie. During the intermission, I lashed into them, insisting that they must try some line plunging if they wanted to win the game.

"Where's your sense, Jim?" I exclaimed, turning to Thorpe. "Don't you see that speed isn't getting you anything on this slippery ground? For heaven's sake, use your weight."

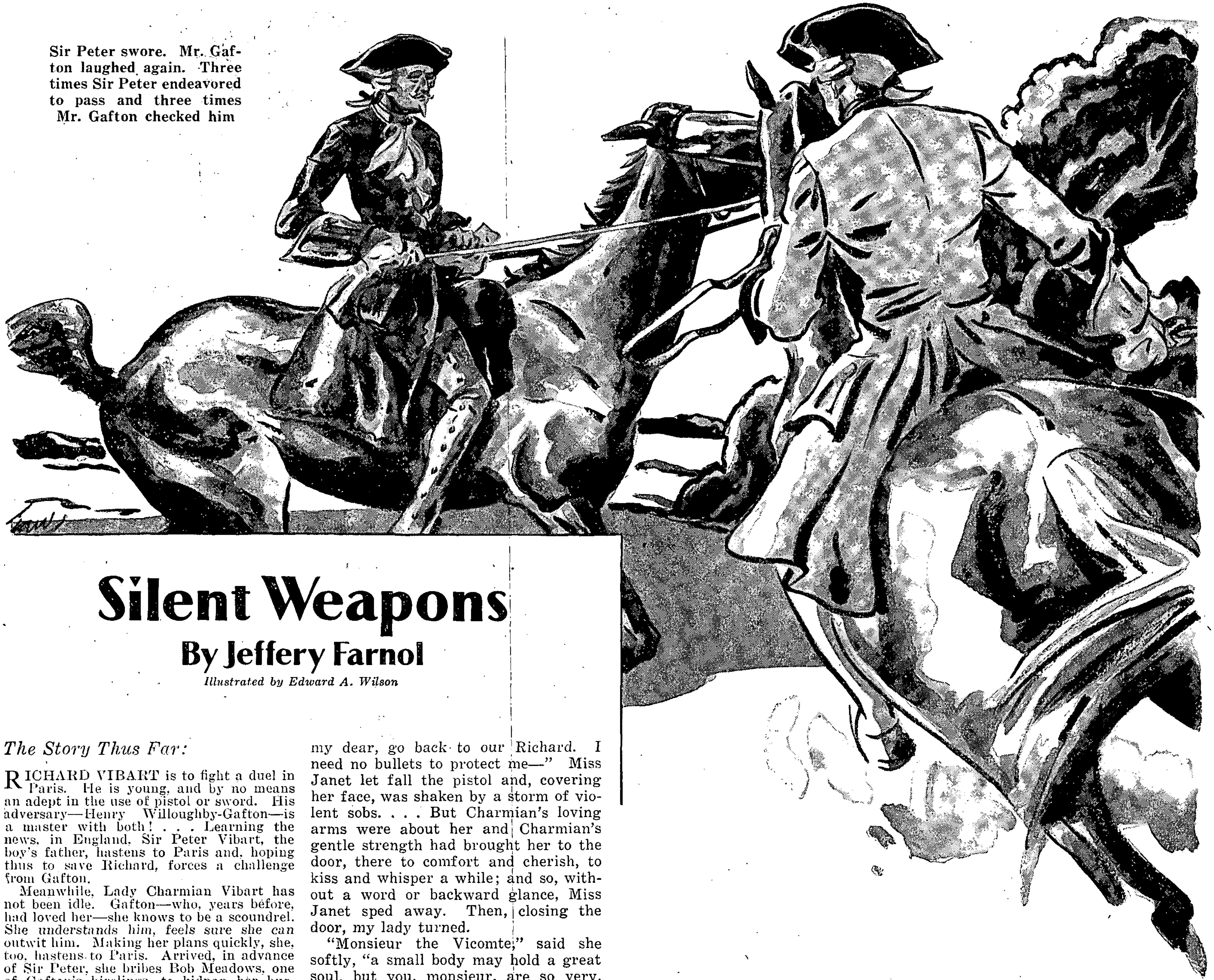
Out on the field for the second half, the quarterback took my advice and began feeding the ball to Thorpe for straight bucks and slants off tackle. The big Indian tore the Syracuse line into shreds on every play and we won the game handily. Evidently he got quite a thrill from plunging, for from that time on he liked line plays almost as much as he did end runs.

Carelessness was another of Thorpe's great faults. There was a game with Pennsylvania that we lost in the last quarter, the Quakers completing a long forward pass for a touchdown. It seemed to me that Thorpe could have made the interception easily, and after the game I asked him about it.

"Sure," he answered blithely. "I could have batted it down easy. I didn't try because I never thought the receiver had any chance to reach the ball."

In all the years that Nevers played for Stanford, I never saw him guilty of an act of carelessness. Like Thorpe, he

(Continued on page 34)



Sir Peter swore. Mr. Gafton laughed again. Three times Sir Peter endeavored to pass and three times Mr. Gafton checked him

Silent Weapons

By Jeffery Farnol

Illustrated by Edward A. Wilson

The Story Thus Far:

RICHARD VIBART is to fight a duel in Paris. He is young, and by no means an adept in the use of pistol or sword. His adversary—Henry Willoughby-Gafton—is a master with both! . . . Learning the news, in England, Sir Peter Vibart, the boy's father, hastens to Paris and, hoping thus to save Richard, forces a challenge from Gafton.

Meanwhile, Lady Charmian Vibart has not been idle. Gafton—who, years before, had loved her—she knows to be a scoundrel. She *understands him, feels sure she can* outwit him. Making her plans quickly, she, too, hastens to Paris. Arrived, in advance of Sir Peter, she bribes Bob Meadows, one of Gafton's hirelings, to kidnap her husband—which Meadows promptly does. Then, her husband safe, she interviews Gafton. His intentions—his most outrageous intentions—are obvious. Charmian must—she *will*—save her boy. But not in the manner Gafton so calmly suggests. There must be another way. *There is!*

In Gafton's apartment, Lady Charmian meets two of his dissolute companions: the Vicomte de Villebois, a conceited dandy, and the swaggering but cowardly Colonel Santerre. Both, she quickly realizes, admire her. Cleverly—her Richard's life at stake—she makes her plans. . . . First, with *Janet, her companion, she takes a luxurious* apartment, to which she summons both Gafton and de Villebois.

The vicomte arrives, declares his love for Charmian. "Why, oh, why," whispers Charmian, "does Fate ordain that you—so clever a duelist, so *charming* a man—should be of a stature so small! If you were only like Gafton—the *tall, commanding* Gafton—"

But the raging vicomte listens no longer. Impetuously, he takes her in his arms.

Janet enters the room. In her hand is a pistol. Slowly she raises the weapon, points it straight at de Villebois; the vicomte gasps, blinks, turns pale—and Miss Janet, eyes closed, pulls the trigger!

Conclusion

MISS JANET pulled the trigger but no explosion followed; instead, came a faint click and, opening her eyes, Miss Janet stared at the useless pistol in speechless dismay . . . then, hand on bosom, the vicomte bowed and Charmian spoke:

"No, Janet, it won't go off because, you see, I had the charge drawn; a loaded pistol is so unsafe! . . . Go now, my dear, go back to our Richard. I need no bullets to protect me—" Miss Janet let fall the pistol and, covering her face, was shaken by a storm of violent sobs. . . . But Charmian's loving arms were about her and Charmian's gentle strength had brought her to the door, there to comfort and cherish, to kiss and whisper a while; and so, without a word or backward glance, Miss Janet sped away. Then, closing the door, my lady turned.

"Monsieur the Vicomte," said she softly, "a small body may hold a great soul, but you, monsieur, are so very, pitifully small! Be good enough to leave me."

"My so-beautiful one," he murmured, smiling and radiantly unabashed, "myself I am Victor and soon—ah, my faith yes, this Victor shall teach thee how—" He checked and turned swiftly as the demure young footman presented himself once more and, bowing, spoke in tone discreetly modulated:

"Will madame see Monsieur Henri Gafton?"

"NO—YES, when I ring!" she answered breathlessly; no sooner was the door shut than, her stately dignity forgotten, she became a shaken, timid, imploring creature:

"This terrible man!" she gasped, "so cold and merciless! Yet I . . . I must see him—" The vicomte smiled and swaggered. "Courage, my most adorable, courage!" said he, posturing. "For behold I, Victor, am beside thee!"

"Ah, pray, Vicomte, do not let him find you here . . . wait—wait in this room, I beg—he shall not stay long. Wait—here!" And with agitated gesture she opened the little cherub door.

"My goddess," cried the vicomte, soaring from passion of anger to ecstasy of triumph, "I comprehend—oh, perfectly! I am ravished—to the soul! I will wait, ah yes, in a rapture transporting. See, I but kiss thy so-lovely hand—now my hat, my cane—behold, I am gone, to return when you will!" And with a graceful pirouette he vanished behind the soft-closing cherub door.

Alone thus, my lady stood quick-breathing, hands clenched and eyes wide in terrified stare like one who stands upon the very brink of horror; suddenly she glanced up and around as though seeking some avenue of escape; then, crossing to the mantel, she rang the bell with fingers that twitched and quivered upon the silken cord.

And yet—when Mr. Gafton entered he found her demurely busied with needle and tambour frame, seated upon an ottoman at wide distance from the cherub door. Laying by his hat, he stood drawing off his gloves with quick, pettish motions, his thick brows knit darkly, while she, head bowed above her embroidery, watched him furtively ere she rose to greet him, placid and serene as usual.

"This is kind of you, Henry," said she.

"Indeed, I think it is," he retorted, and turned to view her with the same dark look. "Yes, Charmian, all things considered, it is more than kind, for I come to advise you as a friend."

"Then," said she, taking up her embroidery again, "you may sit down, Henry." But instead of so doing, he paced restlessly to and fro while she stitched placidly with dexterous needle.

"First of all," said he, pausing suddenly, "you asked me here, I imagine, to apologize for your son's wild conduct—"

"No, Henry. But I do apologize."

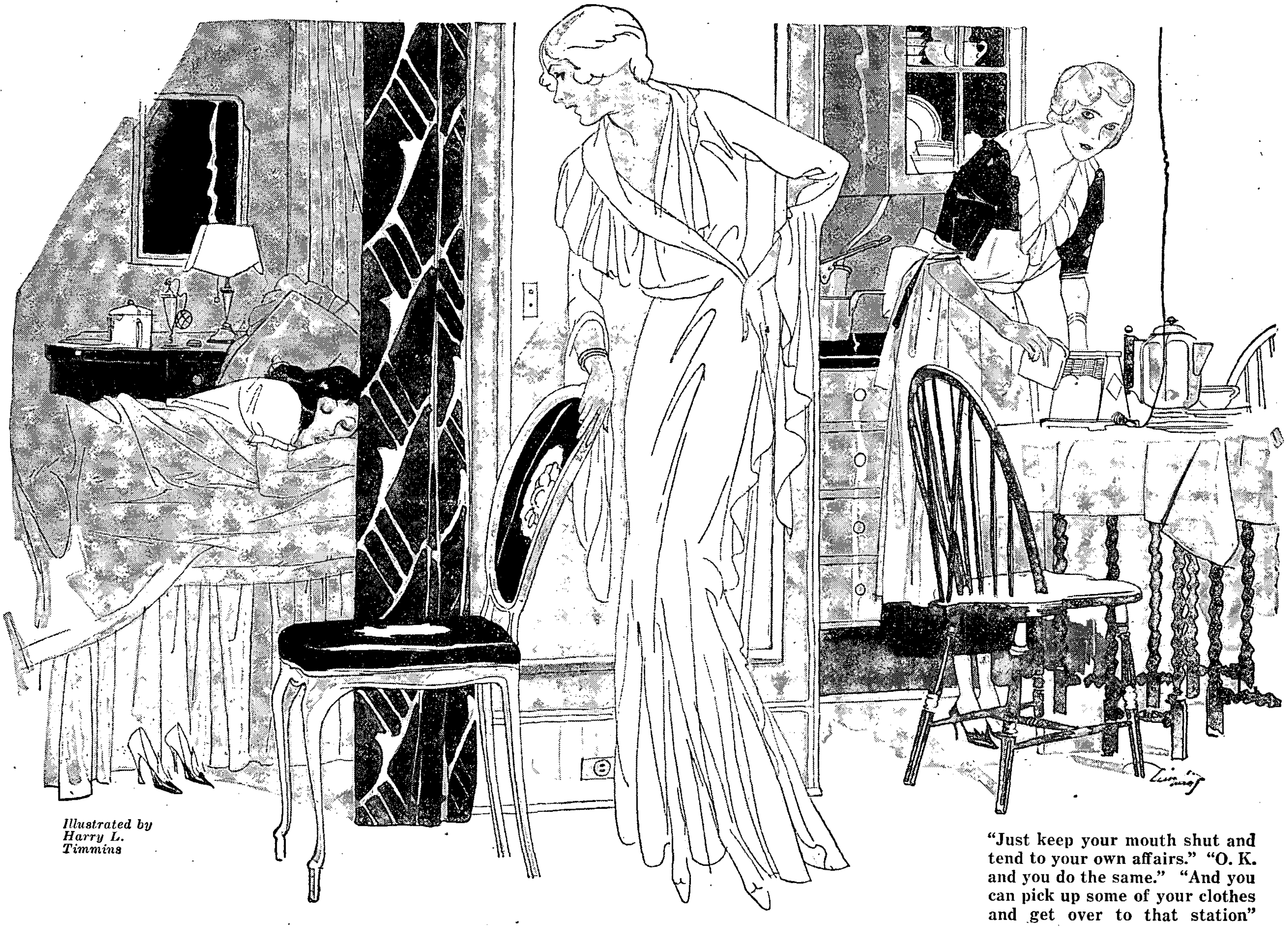
"Pray spare yourself. Tell me rather—why you wished to see me again." My lady's busy hands grew still and, looking up into the dark face above her, she spoke in voice scarcely above a whisper:

"To beg you . . . for the last time, Henry, to be your noblest self. Forego your cruel vengeance, give up this duel—forgive, pray forgive me any hurt I may have caused you in the past . . . do not harm those I love more than life. . . . Make me grateful, be the man I can remember in my prayers, the man I can most truly honor and—"

THE soft, pleading voice faltered, died upon a gasping sob, for Mr. Willoughby-Gafton was laughing gently and, laughing, spoke:

"Oh, Charmian, you do it admirably, voice, tone, look and gesture all are perfect, yes, you play your rôle extremely well. But, my dear soul, you are out of place, *the setting is entirely wrong* and jars confoundedly! Those smiling cherubs jeer you, the roguish cupids mock, Dame Venus up yonder flouts—and Victor—our pink and passionate vicomte would—giggle, I fear. And,

(*Continued on page 54*)



Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

"Just keep your mouth shut and tend to your own affairs." "O. K. and you do the same." "And you can pick up some of your clothes and get over to that station"

Are You Listening?

By J. P. McEvoy

The Story Thus Far:

OVER at Station WBLA they hold a weekly National Public Forum (through the courtesy of Hot-Spot Spark Plugs). Judge George Lawrence Considine of the Court of General Sessions is the regular speaker. That's where he met the three O'Neal girls, Laura, Sally and Honey. They work at the station and they live together in a one-room apartment. The judge likes them—especially Sally—and he's been taking them out on parties. Sally and Honey go because they like the excitement. Laura goes in an attempt to forget Bill Grimes.

Bill used to be in the Continuity Department at WBLA. He and Laura have been in love with each other for ten years. But Bill is married and can't get a divorce. Laura decides not to see him any more. Bill loses his job and takes to drink.

Laura sticks to her resolve for three months. Then she telephones Mrs. Grimes in an attempt to make her release Bill. Mrs. Grimes knows about Laura. She's been waiting for just this chance. When she gets through talking, Laura tries to kill herself by drinking a bottle of iodine. She almost succeeds.

Now she is getting better. Her throat is healing slowly. Her voice doesn't sound the same. But she's been seeing Bill again.

Jack Logan, a rich young man whom Honey met at one of Judge Considine's parties, has given Bill the job of running a radio hour for Clayton and Logan, Investment Bankers. Bill devises a program to be called Twin Bed Lectures.

Sally is running around with one of Judge Considine's protégés, Danny O'Malley, a "reformed" gangster.

VI

1. In-a-dor Apartment: Sally, Laura and Honey O'Neal.

Now ain't th' sky a lovely blue?
An' ain't th' meadows green?
An' ain't th' hills an' woods an' creeks
Th' slickest things you've seen?
An' then compare 'em with th' mutts
That walk along th' street.
Why, after you've seen th' average guy
A mountain is a treat!
Be thankful then that this is thus
An' do not rail ag'in' it.
Th' world's all right—
(Ain't nothin' th' matter with th' world)
Th' world's all right—
It's th' people who are in it!

Cheerio, everybody!

A happy Thanksgiving Day to you all—and good-by until tomorrow morning at this same hour.

8:30 A. M. *Mor-i-son Watch Time.*

Eight-thirty and that radio going full blast next door. Doesn't that Peters woman ever sleep!

She's all right, Sally. Let the poor woman alone.

Well, why doesn't she let us alone? It's bad enough to have to get up in the middle of the night to go to work. And Thanksgiving too. A lot I've got to be thankful for!

All you deserve, I suppose. You wouldn't get up anyway if you weren't dragged out. You're going to be late as it is.

You worry a lot about it, don't you? I'll pay my share of the rent.

I don't worry. I don't care. Lose your job. See how much I'll help you to get another one.

Say, you'll be lucky to hold your own job.

I'll hold it.

Not with the kind of singing you're doing now, you won't.

What's the matter with it? Who's been talking to you?

Nobody.

Well, what do you mean? What are you talking about?

Never mind.

But, Sally, listen. Honestly, has anybody said anything? Don't you think my voice is just the same?

Of course it isn't. Don't be a sap. How could it be the same? You go and burn your throat raw and then lay up for a couple of weeks—how do you expect it to be the same?

Bill said he listened in yesterday and it sounded fine. Anyway, since he got me the part of Mrs. Doveleigh in the Twin Bed Lectures, I don't have to worry too much.

As long as you're mixed up with Bill, you'll always have plenty to worry about.

I've had enough from you about Bill. You should talk—running around with a dirty little gangster like that Danny O'Malley.

He's not a dirty little gangster. He's got personality. What has Bill got? Nothing. Weak, sniveling, whining.

You're a liar.

Well, what else? If he was a man, he'd have done something about his own affairs long ago. Lives with a wife who hates him and stalls you along while he cries about her.

Mind your own business.

Say, I'm willing to mind my own business. I don't go butting into your affairs. You butt out of mine.

I don't butt into your affairs.

Oh, no, you don't. What is it to you who I go out with? I pay my share here. You're not my keeper. If you were so smart, you wouldn't be in the mess you are.

Is that so?

You wait until I try to bump myself off for some poor boob like Bill. Or anybody else.

No, Danny, or one of those gorillas he runs around with, will save you the trouble.

Well, at least I don't have to listen to him whining how mean his wife is or what a terrible life he leads. Can you imagine it! Can you imagine Danny saying, "My wife is running around with another man and I don't know what to do about it"? Can you imagine it! Say, Danny would do something about it if he were in Bill's place.

Nobody asked you for your advice.

Well, why do you pour all this out on me, then—what Bill said to you and what Alice said to Bill? Why should he care if his wife starts running around? He's been doing it long enough—hasn't he?

Just keep your mouth shut and tend to your own affairs.

O. K. and you do the same.

And you can pick up some of your clothes and get over to that station.

I'll get over when I get ready.

THE · ONE · MINUTE · COUGH · DROP

CARRY THE COUGH DROP THAT HAS SPEED!

10:26 A.M.
10:27 A.M.
10:28 A.M.

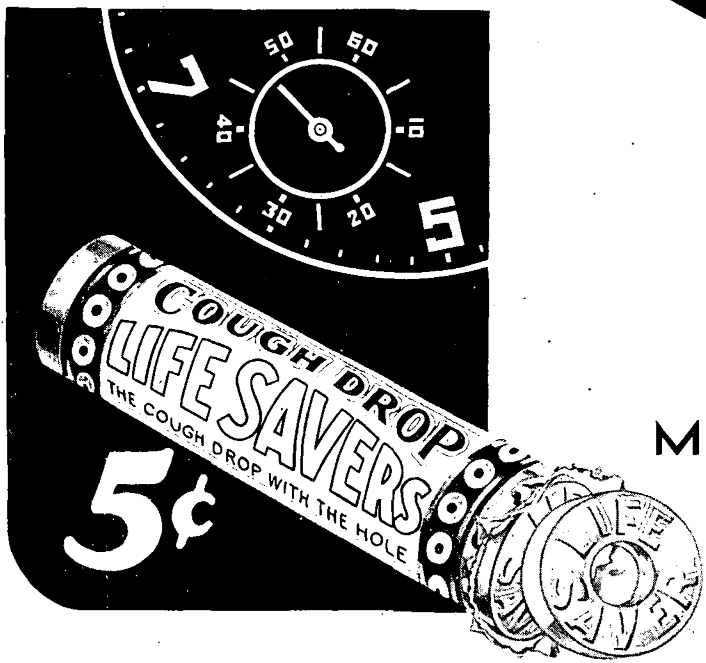
TIME IT! PROVE IT!

HOLD your watch on a Cough Drop Life Saver! When the minute is up see if there is any cough—or any desire to cough!

The first thing you notice is a flavor you never hoped to find in a cough drop. The next thing you notice is that *your cough is checked.* The lively medicinal action starts the moment it touches your tongue. It spreads as thoroughly as if you had sprayed your throat.

Old-fashioned cough drops were good enough for the horse and buggy age. Today, you want quicker action. And you get it, in Cough Drop Life Savers, made to modern formula. A nickel buys a self-sealing roll that can't rattle or spill. At more than 300,000 Life Savers stations.

Tune in—every night
—radio's most unique broadcast—the
LIFE SAVERS SUCCESS REPORTER



MENTHOL *Cough Drop* **LIFE SAVERS**

IN THE HANDY ROLL PACKAGE

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

All right then. Show up late and lose your job.

Laura, you nag like an old woman. You're worse than Ma. I thought when she went back home we'd get a little rest. But no chance. When you couldn't talk she was here to talk. Now that she's gone, you can talk. Talk and talk and talk—I'm sick of it! Or if it isn't you, it's Mrs. Peters and her radio. Sometimes I think I'll go crazy in this place.

You're going crazy, all right, but it isn't this place.

It's the place and you and Mrs. Peters and the radio and Bill—how he loves you and you hate him and how you love him and he hates you and Alice hates both of you and—

Oh, shut up.

I WON'T SHUT UP.

Sh-h-h, quiet. You'll wake Honey. Let the poor kid sleep.

How do you expect me to sleep? Been trying to.

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO PUT IN YOUR TWO CENTS NOW!

SHUT UP. STOP YOUR YELLING, SALLY. I'M TRYING TO SLEEP.

If you're so wide awake, Honey, you can get up and have breakfast instead of lolling around all morning.

DAMN BREAKFAST. I DON'T WANT ANY.

DON'T YOU START DAMNING THINGS AROUND HERE. SALLY'S ENOUGH.

YOU BETTER LAY OFFA ME, LAURA. I CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE FROM YOU, OR FROM HONEY EITHER!

SHUT UP. SHUT UP. BOTH OF YOU!

2. Station WBLA: Mr. Barnes' Office: Larry Barnes and Laura O'Neal.

10 A. M. *Mor-i-son Watch Time.*

Tan-tan-tara . . . tan-tara . . . tan-tara. . . .

Cyranose salutes you!

And tuning his lute, brings once more, through the courtesy of Cyranose Adjuster (YOUR NOSE TELLS ALL) a true love ballad. On this Thanksgiving Day, we will hear retold once more that tender, brave and beautiful story of the courtship of Miles Standish. But, hark! 'Tis Cyranose himself and his lilting lute. . . .

Wouldst thou hear of Miles Standish
And the girl he loved—Priscilla?
And his stalwart friend, John Alden?
Listen then, and I will tell thee . . .

Did you want to see me, Larry?

Oh, yes, Laura. I didn't hear you come in. Let me see. . . .

I was rehearsing in D and Sally sent a boy up to say that you were looking for me.

Oh, here it is. The Twin Bed Lecture for tonight. I thought we might read it through this morning so we won't have to come back so early this evening.

Is it a good one? I haven't had a chance to look at it.

Swell. And the way they're catching on! Boy!

Why shouldn't they?

Why should they?

That's easy—Mrs. Doveleigh gives her husband a bawling out. Other husbands like it because it makes them happier to think they have companions in misery. Other wives like to hear it so they can say, "See how lucky you are that you haven't a wife like Mrs. Doveleigh."

Well, maybe you're right, but—

Sure I'm right.

I give up. When Twin Bed Lectures is five times as popular as Great Lovers—well, I don't know. Certainly shoots holes in my theory that love is what the radio audience craves.

You're young, Larry. You don't know anything about love.

No? Well, a few months ago I'd have given you an argument about that, Laura. I knew all about love then.

And now you're not so sure? What's her name?

Don't rub it in, Laura. You know I'm crazy about Honey. Gee, I didn't know what it was all about until I met her. And now—well—

And now we'd better read this Twin Bed Lecture. Maybe it'll cure you.

I don't want to get well.

Save that for the theme-song department. "I'm sick with love and don't want to get well, is bringing you once more a new program of . . ."

All right. All right. That's the way Honey talks when I try to tell her something—and Sally—and now you. Haven't you girls ever been in love?

Luuuvvve . . . listen to him say it . . . lllluuuuvvve. A person would think you invented it. Come on, let's go to work. You can go on crooning like this all day, but I've got another rehearsal.

All right. There's no use in talking to you anyway. I don't think you know anything about love. And your sisters don't either. You O'Neal girls are a hard lot.

On the contrary, we bruise very easily. Let's get to work. Is this my copy?

Yes. I'll read the introduction and try and see if you can't get a little more kindness into the wife when you read her. I think you make her too hard.

Too hard for whom? For you?

No. She can nag, but it seems to me that you have a tendency with each performance to make her more bitter.

That's only because you're in love, Larry, and all this sounds like sacrilege or something. Poor boy. Well, let's go. Never mind the introduction. I'll start it.

So you're lending money to that Thompson person again, are you, Mr. Doveleigh? Seem to have a lot of money to strew around these days. You might try tossing a little bit around the house here. But you wouldn't get any soft soap for that. You wouldn't get a lot of cheers. You wouldn't be told what a great fellow you are. That's what you want to hear. That's why you lend money to spongers like Thompson. If you have so much money you don't know what to do with it, why don't you give some to your wife? Why don't you spend some on your children? Or why don't you put some in the bank? At least you'd have something to show for it. And what have you got to show for it now? Nothing. And when do you think Thompson will pay you back the money he's borrowed from you? Never.

Aw, forget it.

Forget it? Do you think I could forget it, even if I tried? You might forget and Thompson certainly will, but I can't. To think that you are such an easy mark. That's what you are, an easy mark. I wish your family could get money from you as easily as those loafers like Thompson. The only way I can get money from you is by using a local anesthetic. But Thompson can walk up to you and say, "Lend me five or ten dollars," and you break your arm reaching for it. You're a boob, that's what you are. Do you hear me? A boob, that's what you are. Do you hear me?

I hear you.

Yes, you hear me, but little good it does me. If that Thompson came around again tomorrow and . . .

Just a minute, Laura. Wait a minute. Don't you think the tone of voice could be just a little angrier? A little louder and more violent?

No, Larry. I don't think so. Visualize Mrs. Doveleigh, lying there in bed. It's eleven o'clock at night. She has all this talk bottled up—been bottled up all day—just waiting for a chance to pour it out on somebody. Anything will start her off. It just happens that in this instance Mr. Doveleigh mentions that he loaned five dollars to a friend. He could just as well have said that he stopped at the drug store and had a soda. That starts Mrs. Doveleigh talking and she keeps on talking. She's really not mad, so it wouldn't be natural to have her storming and ranting around. She's just talking.

How do you know so much about it? I don't think there are any women like Mrs. Doveleigh. I really don't. I think Bill made her all up out of his head.

Really, Larry, you are sweet. Poor darling! Let's go on with it.

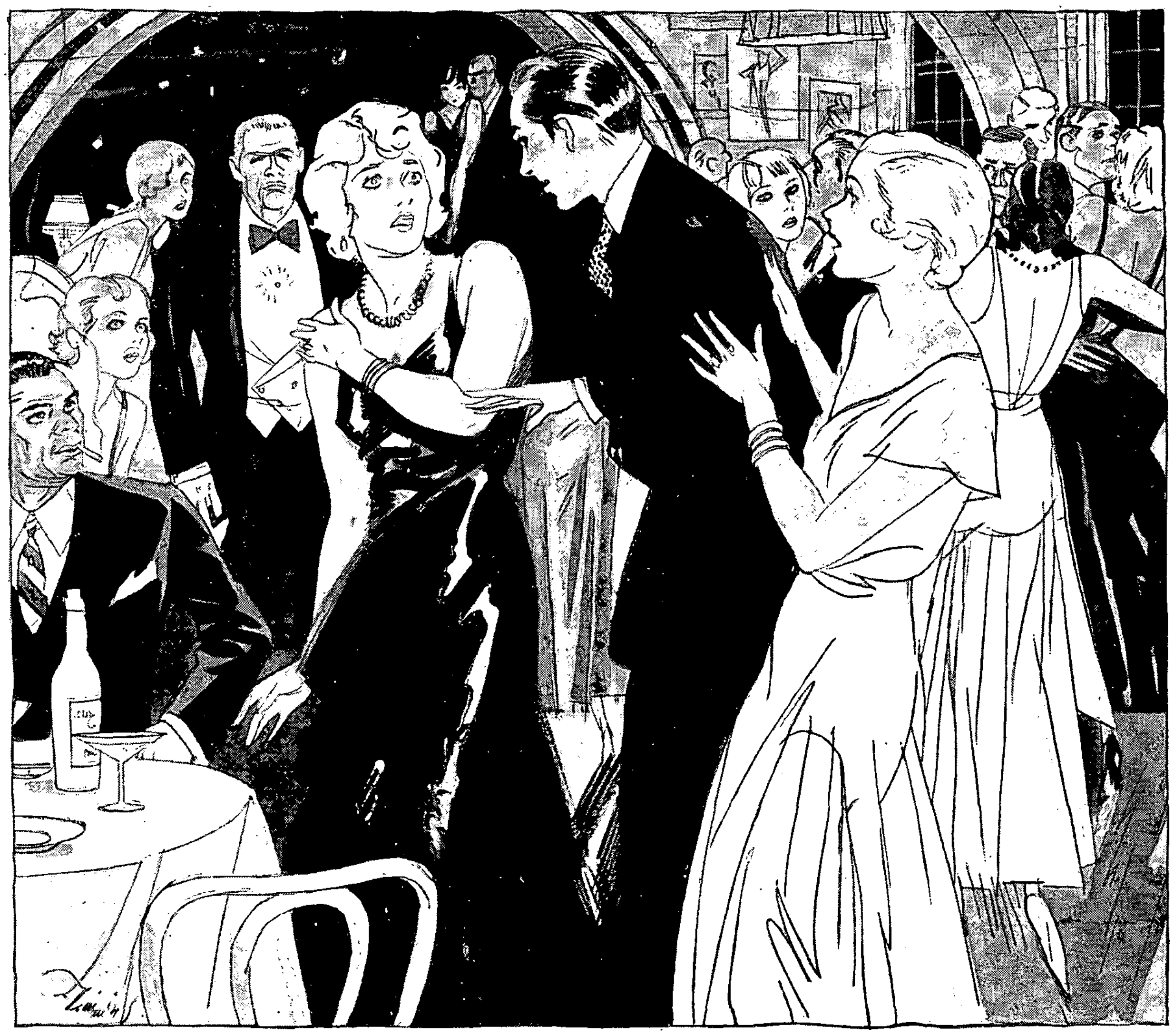
If you had any sense you'd spend your money on your family instead of throwing it away on . . .

3. Mrs. Peters' Apartment: Mrs. Peters and Honey O'Neal.

Then Priscilla looked at Alden
And she said with girlish wonder,
But your nose—your nose is comely
And before 'twas bent and homely,
And he answered and he told her,
And he spake to her and answered,
Yes, Priscilla, my proboscis,
Or my nose, if you prefer it,
It was bent and it was homely,
That's the reason Miles Standish
Sent me as his emissary,
Sent me here to beg your promise,
Plead his suit and ask your promise,
Ask your promise you would marry,
You would marry Miles Standish.
But your nose, cried prim Priscilla,
You have made it straight, John Alden,
And I don't mind saying so, sir,
I prefer it to Miles Standish's.
Then John Alden, he was happy.
Thank you, Cyranose, he murmured,
Thank you, Cyranose Adjuster,
Thank you for my nose so comely,
Thank you for my sweet Priscilla
And for love forever after.

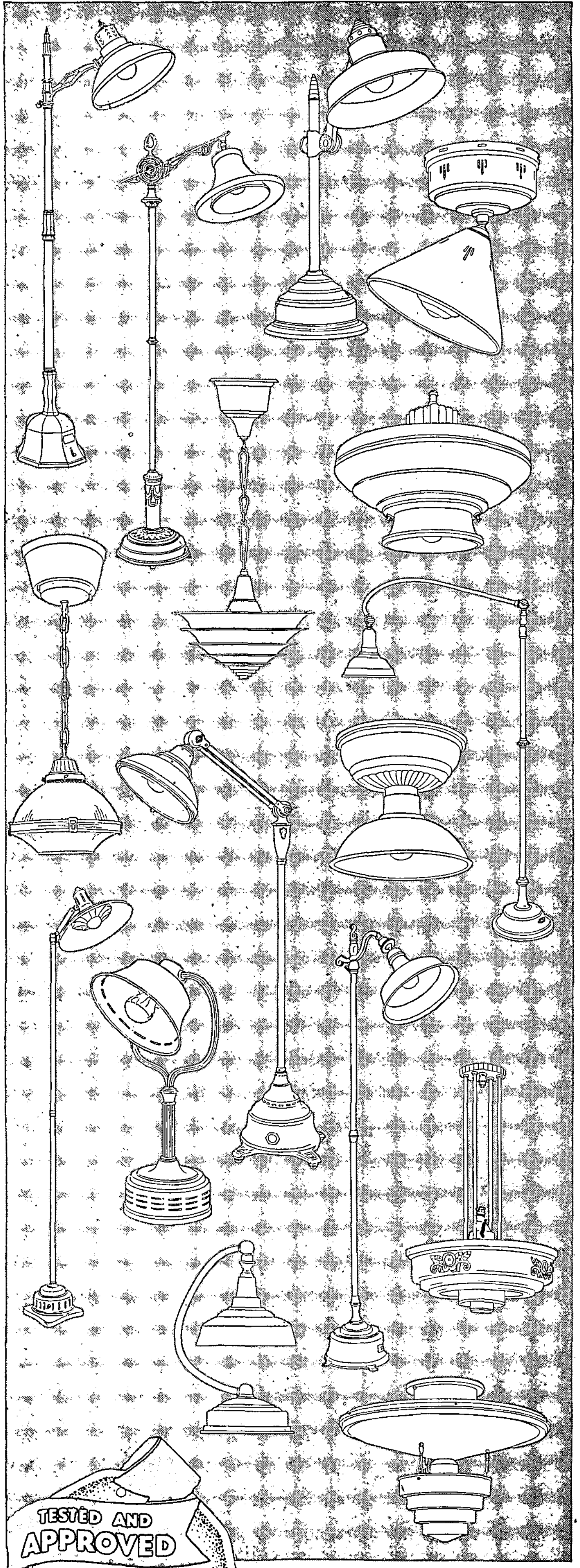
Next week at this same hour Cyranose will sing you another True-Story Ballad of how the Cyranose Adjuster played the part of . . .

Why don't you sit down, Honey? Stop pacing around the room.


"Want a sock on the jaw, Nutsie? Keep talking"

(Continued on page 47)

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri



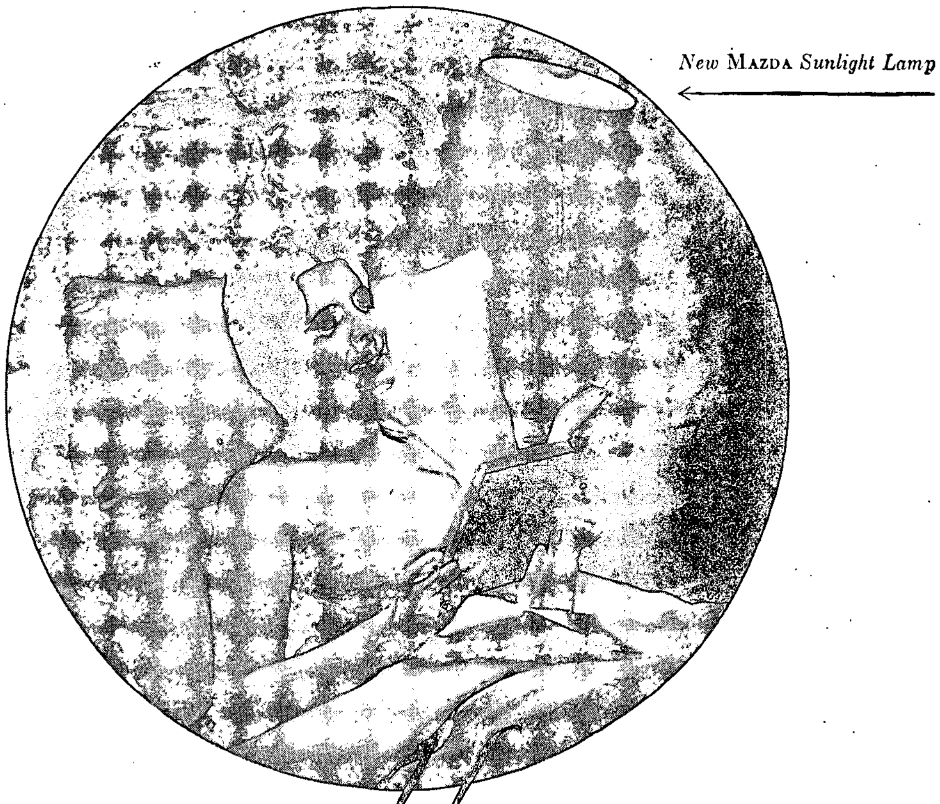
TESTED AND APPROVED

We have submitted one of these fixtures to the laboratories of the MAZDA lamp manufacturers. It has been tested and approved by them for illumination and ultra-violet effectiveness when used with the MAZDA Sunlight lamp.

LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM

This emblem is attached to sunlamp fixtures made by the manufacturers listed here. It is your guarantee of tested effectiveness for illumination and ultra-violet radiation when used with the Mazda Sunlight Lamp.

Installation of these new Mazda Sunlight Lamp fixtures is simple. They include ultra-violet equipment for homes, offices, hotels, hospitals, sanitariums, swimming pools, gymnasiums, and indoor playgrounds. For full information, fill out and mail the coupon, or write to any of the manufacturers listed here.



New Mazda *Sunlight Lamp*

Have ULTRA-VIOLET *Everywhere*

The production of attractive low-priced fixtures for the use of the Mazda Sunlight Lamp (Type S-2) has made the cost of ultra-violet radiation so small that its benefits are now available everywhere.

At a distance of 30 inches and 24 inches respectively, the Mazda Sunlight Lamps (Type S-1 and Type S-2) radiate ultra-violet equivalent to that of bright sunshine. You can have this equivalent of the best midday midsummer sunshine in your home at little more than the cost of ordinary light.

Bask in health-protecting ultra-violet rays while you read, play bridge, or bathe. Give children ultra-violet radiation in their playrooms. It helps to promote the growth of strong bones and teeth. Men may now enjoy ultra-violet radiation while they shave or are busy at their office desks.

BEARDSLEE CHANDELIER MANUFACTURING CO.,
216 South Jefferson Street, Chicago, Illinois
BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO.,
Des Plaines, Illinois
BRADY MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
565 East Larned Street, Detroit, Michigan
CURTIS LIGHTING, INCORPORATED,
1123 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois
DOMINION ELECTRICAL MFG. CO.,
712 Ontario Avenue, W., Minneapolis, Minn.
THE FRINK CORPORATION,
23-10 Bridge Plaza South, Long Island City, N.Y.
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY,
Merchandise Department, Bridgeport, Conn.
THE EDWIN F. GUTH COMPANY,
Jefferson and Washington Aves., St. Louis, Mo.
HEALTHMASTER SUN RAY LAMP DIVISION, LIBERTY ELECTRIC CO.,
50 West North Street, Indianapolis, Indiana
HOLOPHANE COMPANY, INC.,
342 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
THE KAYLINE COMPANY,
600 Huron Road, Cleveland, Ohio
LIGHTOLIER COMPANY,
569-575 Broadway, New York, N.Y.
LUMINATOR, INC.,
851 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
THE MILLER COMPANY,
Meriden, Connecticut
MOE-BRIDGES COMPANY,
220 North Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.
S. ROBERT SCHWARTZ & BRO.,
160 Varick Street, New York, N.Y.
THE F. W. WAKEFIELD BRASS CO.,
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WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC AND MANUFACTURING CO.,
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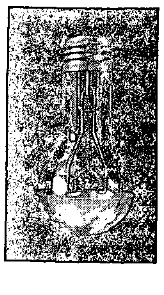
THE NEW MAZDA SUNLIGHT LAMP (Type S-2)



This new Mazda Sunlight Lamp yields an ample intensity of ultra-violet rays, at a small cost for current. Special glass in the bulb filters out harsh short waves.

Note: The Mazda Sunlight Lamp (Type S-1), of which thousands are in use, is also available in new fixtures, and for renewal purposes.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

"Ultra-Violet for Everyone" describes the Mazda Sunlight Lamps (Type S-1 and Type S-2) and illustrates some of the new inexpensive fixtures now available.

You may obtain this booklet by mailing the coupon to Ultra-Violet, 2124 Keith Building, Cleveland, Ohio. Any manufacturer listed here will gladly send you detailed information regarding the fixtures made by him.

ULTRA-VIOLET for Everyone

ULTRA-VIOLET,
2124 Keith Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

Kindly send me, without charge, a copy of "Ultra-Violet for Everyone." (Please print name and address legibly.)

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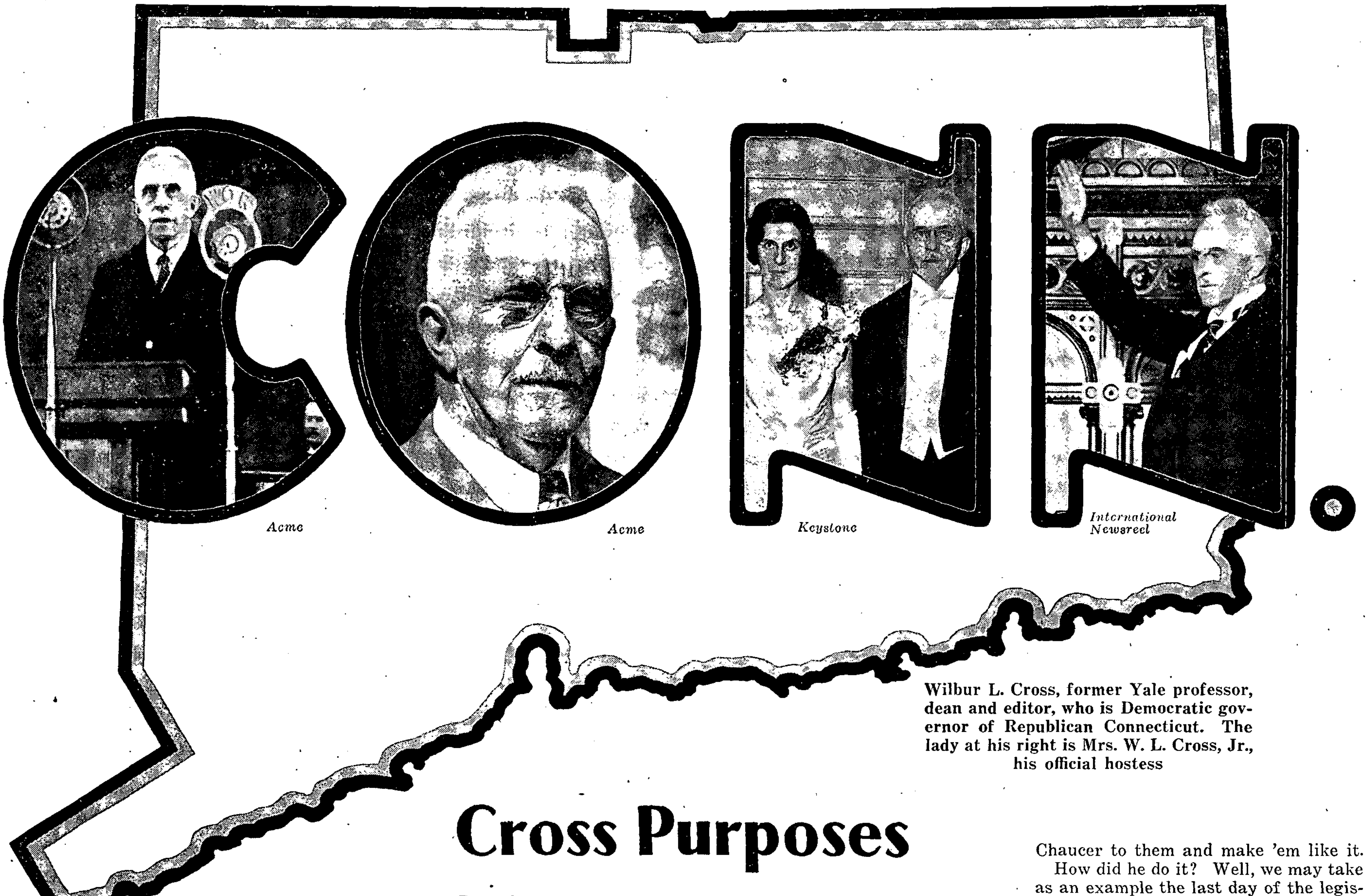


Acme

Acme

Keystone

International Newsreel

Wilbur L. Cross, former Yale professor, dean and editor, who is Democratic governor of Republican Connecticut. The lady at his right is Mrs. W. L. Cross, Jr., his official hostess

Cross Purposes

Here's a Democratic governor in a Republican state who, with no help from the legislature, is upsetting the political plum baskets of the Big Boss. Even more remarkably, Dr. Cross, a former Yale dean and a rookie in politics, has formed partnerships with his political enemies and made them like it

By Silas Bent

BENEATH the gold dome of the capitol at Hartford sits Wilbur L. Cross, Connecticut's first Democratic governor in eighteen years and the second in some two-score years. He is an iron-gray gentleman with spectacles, a close-cropped mustache and the urbane manner of the campus, for he is a scholar in the cockpit of politics.

Directly beneath the governor, until last July 1, sat Harry E. MacKenzie, officially commissioner of labor and factory inspection, but unofficially the real "governor," by virtue of being right-hand man of the Republican state boss. His office was one leg of the tripod upholding the power whereby the state was ruled and ridden; the other legs were control of the minor courts and what is known as the "rotten borough system."

That Dr. Cross, this "kindly old gentleman from Yale," as Boss Roraback derisively dubbed him, should have developed bantam qualities and an ability to take care of himself after more than a third of a century in teaching at the university, was sufficiently surprising; that his knowledge of the human heart, his understanding of the game of give-and-take, his tolerant good humor and unruffled poise should have made the first year of his administration notably successful was as though an academic David had tackled a political Goliath.

That you may understand what he was up against let me tell you something about Connecticut as it was and is.

To begin with, neither Faneuil Hall nor the Virginia House of Burgesses was the original cradle of liberty in this land; the cradle was rocked beside the Connecticut River by colonist pioneers. The constitution adopted there in 1818, which, swelled by thirty-seven amendments, is still in force, was based upon the state's Fundamental Orders adopted in 1639, almost a century and a half before the United States Constitution was adopted.

And what has Connecticut done with her democracy? Ask J. Henry Roraback, who has been picking the state's governors, legislators, commissioners and judges for more than thirty years. He knows. He has been a member of the Connecticut Republican State Central Committee thirty-two years, its chairman eighteen; he is on the executive committee of the national organization and is a frequent visitor at the White House.

A Daniel from Yale

Not only Connecticut politics but its public utilities have been in the palm of Mr. Roraback's hand. He dictated until recently the personnel of the state's public utilities commission, thus washing one hand with the other; and the "rotten borough system," whereby a town with 200 voters may have two representatives in the lower house while cities like New Haven and Bridgeport and Waterbury, with populations around 200,000, have only two, has made fast the hold of bossism.

In Connecticut the state senate is the representative body, not the lower house, as intended under democratic processes; and since Mr. Roraback controls the legislatures, which choose the judges of lower courts without nomination by the governor, he had a further possible strangle hold on the rank and file.

Such was the situation which confronted an academic David when he took his lonely post as the sole Democratic official and challenged the state's Goliath.

To thousands of Yale undergraduates Dr. Cross had been known for years as "Uncle Toby." If you have read Laurence Sterne's nine-volume Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent., you may recall that in the first volume you made the acquaintance of Tristram's captious and opinionated father and of his brother, the Captain, whom Tristram knew as "Uncle Toby." That was where the nickname came from, for Dr. Cross is the greatest living authority on Sterne. Yet he managed to win the favor of Nutmeg voters, both urban and rural. He could quote Chaucer to them and make 'em like it.

How did he do it? Well, we may take as an example the last day of the legislative session, on May 27. Assembled as a committee of the whole, the legislators invited the governor to make a speech to them. This had always been a formal and momentous occasion and the tradition was that the governor should read a prepared congratulation to Mr. Roraback's satellites.

Dr. Cross, that formidable highbrow, did nothing of the sort. He spoke extemporaneously, he wore a soft blue collar and a brown suit, which would have stood a little pressing, and he spoofed the legislature gently on certain differences of opinion between him and its members. Happily a transcript was made of the speech so I can quote a little of it, that you may have a sample of his manner.

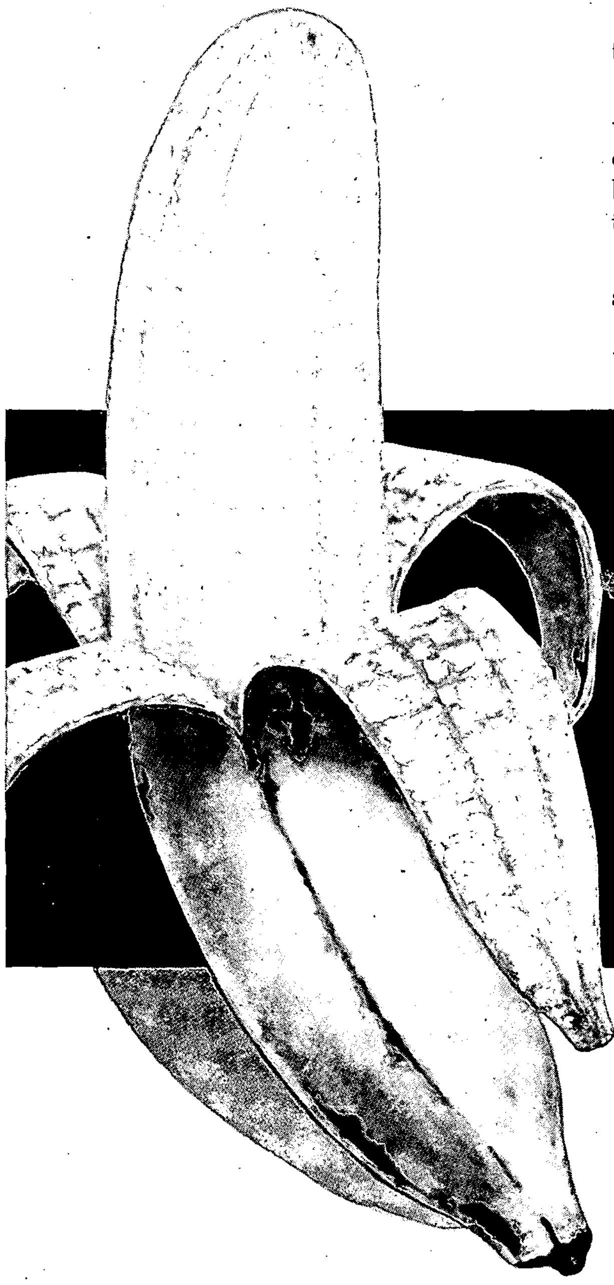
Kidding the Boys Along

The governor conceded that the legislature had done some good things, which I'll summarize later, and he twitted his audience on what it hadn't done. Omitting the half-dozen notations of "laughter" in this paragraph, I find: "I notice that the salary of the governor, about which I have nothing to say, has come up in various ways. I think that there was a bill introduced to the effect that his salary should be increased from $5,000 to $10,000. Of course if that bill had come to me I should have signed it, although it would have affected only my successors. But there are ways of getting around this sort of thing. You know that executives of very large corporations have large allowances for personal expenses. I see there is an item in the governor's budget for his expenses—it doesn't appear to be as large this year as it has been sometimes, but I am a man of abstemious habits, and I shall be able to worry along. Nevertheless, I think it would be better to cut down the item

(Continued on page 59)

The children of the midnight sun aren't cheated of bananas. For now even far within the Arctic Circle are banana ripening plants!

EVERY ROMPING CHILD *needs these* VITAL FOOD VALUES



FAR within the Arctic Circle you will now find bananas — shipped thousands of miles from the tropics to the children of the frozen north.

Children there *require* those vital food values which bananas help to furnish. But your children don't have to play in a wintry climate to benefit by bananas. Every youngster with ambition enough to get *tired* needs these packets of quick energy.

Doctors say that *no* child should be cheated of a food like bananas. They have proved that ripe bananas are perfectly digestible even for children too young to have teeth.

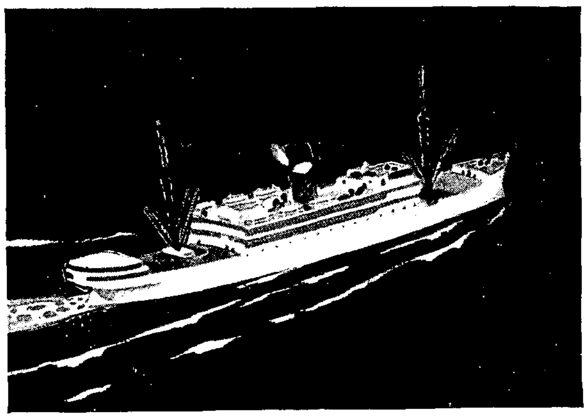
Bananas are chock-full of the best behaved vitamins and important mineral salts. They seal within their yellow skin vital food values to stoke those fires of energy you want your child to have.

They're good—cooked or raw! And for all their strength-building richness, they're just about the biggest food *bargain* you ever pack in your market basket. Order them today.

★ IN WINTER CHILDREN ESPECIALLY NEED THIS ENERGY FOOD

ADVENTURE IN THE CARIBBEAN

Wouldn't you like to laze along in the blue Caribbean . . . to explore tropical isles . . . to make new friends, see new places, dip into romance and adventure? Then board one of the spotless, roomy liners of the Great White Fleet. The all-expense feature enables you to budget your trip to the penny . . . mail the coupon for cruise information.



NEW BOOKLET FOR MOTHERS

Prepared with the help of specialists, this booklet carries the distinguished Seal of Approval of the American Medical Association. Special recipes for infants, pre-school, and school children. An authoritative presentation of facts concerning the banana as a health food. Readable, practical—an everyday help. Send coupon for *your* copy today.

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Please send me, free, your newest booklet, "Bananas—a Food Children Need." ☐

Please send CRUISE information, too. ☐

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"HOPE MY MOTOR ISN'T FREEZING UP???"

THERE'S PEACE-OF-MIND with RADIATOR GLYCERINE

Why spend a winter of worry? Why risk uncertain anti-freeze protection?

G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine ends freeze-up worries once and for all. Puts an end to troubled nights and doubtful days.

G. P. A. is a permanent anti-freeze that really is *permanent*. As much a part of your car as your carburetor.

Volatile anti-freezes evaporate between cold spells and when *too much* evaporates it's just *too bad*. Glycerine won't evaporate—can't evaporate.

Let the hot sun shine or the freezing winds blow—Glycerine stays right on the job. One filling lasts all winter.

THE ECONOMICAL *ANTI-FREEZE*

No need to worry about freeze-ups; no need to run the risk of a cracked cylinder block and a big repair bill. Although the first cost of G. P. A. is a little higher, it is least expensive in the long run. Because: (1) One filling lasts all winter—no replacements, no refillings. (2) Gives complete protection—no danger of freeze-up expense.

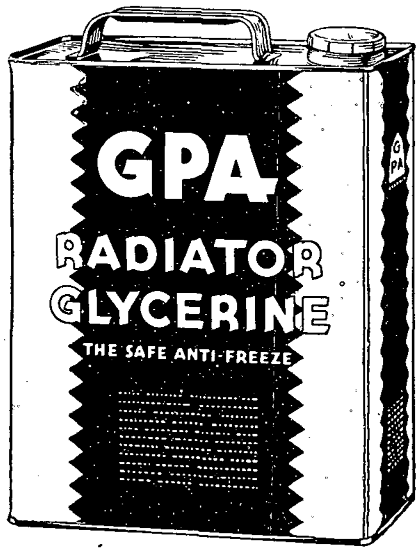
Other advantages of G. P. A.: No unpleasant or dangerous fumes — Glycerine has no odor. Does not corrode or clog the cooling system in any way. Does not interfere with efficient motor temperature. Does not injure Duco or other finishes. Non-poisonous, non-inflammable.

In short G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine is the *modern* anti-freeze. Meets U. S. Bureau of Standards' requirements...Approved by the American Automobile Association.

But even more convincing than its medals and awards is the silent testimony of 1,600,000 motorists who last year used Radiator Glycerine.

Don't wait for colder weather. Have your garage man service your car with G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine *now*, so sudden cold weather won't catch you off-guard.

> > > ONE FILLING LASTS ALL WINTER



Fill NOW with G.P.A.

PRODUCED ONLY BY MEMBERS OF GLYCERINE PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION, 45 E. 17TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

CONTEST BOARD AAA CERTIFIED TEST

G. P. A. is a uniform, standard anti-freeze produced *only* by members of Glycerine Producers' Association and guaranteed by them...Tested and approved by Contest Board, American Automobile Association.

Fair Weather

Continued from page 11

"Of course I do! Somebody will come along some day and want this. But the main thing is for you to get back on your feet. I've got to be going now. If there's anything you want—"

"Thanks," said Johnny, "I've got everything. But if you might be riding by sometime. . . ."

"Of course I'll be," said the girl. "I'll come by tomorrow."

THE months sped. Months that had heretofore dragged now put on wings. There came a day when Johnny Herndon and Jane Hawley, in the girl's car, went over to the nine-hole golf course of the little town, and in that hour, the course—short, rough, with lumpy greens and a two-by-four clubhouse—became the finest golf course in the world.

Followed other afternoons. Of golf; of work at the Hawley orange grove. Then, one morning, Jane Hawley on a lathered horse, her eyes ablaze with excitement, was calling to him in his tent-house.

"Have they come?"

"Have . . . who come?" Swiftly Johnny stepped out.

"Then I'm in time," said the girl. "Listen. Never mind how I found out. I did. Two or three men are coming, representing a huge winter resort proposition, to ask you the price of all your land. They've got the money to pay. *Make* 'em pay—two hundred and fifty an acre. Not a cent less."

"*What?* Why that's—"

"Not a cent less!" said the girl, and was gone.

She was scarcely out of sight before an automobile was heard coming in the distance, among sahuaro and ironwood and paloverde.

An hour later, three grim-mouthed men got back into their car after a protracted interview with the most obdurate, mulish young man they had ever tried to high-pressure. Into the car the righteously outraged three got, vowing never to return—to return that afternoon, and the next.

And the price at which they took the thousand acres was at two hundred and fifty an acre, and not a cent less. Contingent, however, upon one thing: the hotel company would drill for water; if sweet water of sufficient flow were found to take care of all that the company planned—hotel, golf course, residential home sites—then the sale was made. If not, there was nothing.

Upon which John Herndon, owner of a thousand acres, made a counter proposal. The drilling suited him fine. But if sweet water came in, he would reserve forty acres for himself on the lower fringe of the property, for oranges. Take it or leave it, gentlemen.

The gentlemen, acting as though they had swallowed ground glass, took it.

BACK again. Johnny Herndon, back at the great hotel of the golf courses once more, where he had come years ago with his father.

Two days before, he had been standing with Jane Hawley watching the well being drilled. Weeks had passed since the signing of the agreement papers; weeks which heretofore had sped on wings now dragging leaden feet. The getting ready to drill, the drilling, had seemed interminable. And summer had opened its desert oven door even wider.

"See here," Jane Hawley had said, "they aren't going to get that drill down any faster just by your standing and looking at it. And you aren't going to help yourself any, staying around here in this heat."

"How about yourself?" Johnny countered.

"I'm used to it," said the girl. "Besides, I'll be going up to the mountains any day now." She could have added that she would already have been there, were it not for one young man who might need looking after.

"Well, maybe I'll go," said Johnny.

"You're going to need all the practice you can get," Jane told him, "if you're going to win back that state title and show them that you're not through. Besides, I read today where the man who put you out in last year's National has come out to be in the tournament, and I thought—"

"He has?" said Johnny, and a fighting look came into his eyes. "But I thought if I waited a few days more maybe the well . . ."

"Hoping won't put this well down," said Jane. "If it would, I'd have had it drilled to China by now."

"Say," Johnny suddenly demanded, as though puzzling over something, "where'd you ever hear about this big-time golfer putting me out?"

"Why, you told me." Jane Hawley might have added that he had told her many, many things, and what he hadn't told her she had guessed.

"That's right," said Johnny. "I must have forgotten."

"Yes," said the girl. "Uh . . . I may stay less time in the mountains and take a swing around to the tournament myself, toward the end of it."

"Gee!" cried Johnny. "Say, that would be fine! Say!" He started to say more, but Jane Hawley had swung aboard her horse, swiftly, unaccountably, and was gone.

The scene faded.

"Why, hello, Mister Johnny!" It was the hotel doorman, helping the guests descend. "Mighty glad to see you back home again!"

Home again, Johnny Herndon! It swept him up and carried him away, until the past year was a thing distant and almost forgotten. Like something dreamed and vanishing in the dawn. . . .

IN THE finals of the championship that year, Johnny Herndon faced the golfer who had put him out in the National. So he had come to his desire; but now that he had come, he had little left to carry it to complete fulfillment. It was a weary Johnny Herndon who would battle in the finals on the morrow. He had been doing more than play in a withering tournament; his other self, struggle against it though he tried, had been far distant, standing in the desert, watching a drill go down—the well, and all that it held.

It was mid-evening. Johnny started for his room. He was going to need the sleep—if he slept.

"Mr. Herndon!" A youth handed him a telegram.

The well!

He gasped, and braced himself. He opened the message, and read:

SWEET WATER BIG FLOW.

The corridor spun before him.

"You . . . you all right?" said the youth.

"Yes," said Johnny Herndon. "I'm . . . I'm all right!"

The well! Not salt . . . not dry. Sweet water—big flow. A fortune.

He plunged hand into pocket and gave the bearer of the tidings a bill. He tried to think. Where . . . where had he been going? Oh, yes; to bed.

(*Continued on page 30*)

Ingram's to the Rescue of all Blazing Cheeks!

I
THINK ABOUT YOUR FACE
Ingram's
SHAVING
INGRAM'S
Ingram's
BRISTOL

THE 2 INGRAM BARBERS • TERRY TUBE OR JERRY JAR

IF shaving makes your cheek blaze like a nine-alarm fire, you're a man who ought to answer this advertisement.

For Ingram's will cool your blazing cheek. It will put out of your life all those "hot nicks." It will be old Extinguisher No. 1 for all the scratches and stings of shaving!

Don't forget, shavers, big and little, that Ingram's Shaving Cream is

cool! Cool!! COOL!!!

Ingram's comes in jars as well as tubes. The jar may be more economical but the tube is more convenient.

Both contain the same fine cream. With the tube or with the jar you're assured of the coolest beard-subduing cream that ever touched the long-suffering face of man. And there isn't a hot spot in a truckload of either!

Because Ingram's is the one cream that was planned with the object of absolute coolness. Coolness was written into its formula. And into every tube and every jar we put three special elements. Secret ingredients that give Ingram's the qualities of a shaving cream, a lotion and a skin tonic combined. It's economical!

Pick the jar or choose the tube. Each has hundreds of thousands of supporters. Each frees the face of the smarts and burns that made shaving so unpleasant. There's no other shaving preparation so marvelously cool and comfortable as Ingram's.

Ask your druggist for Ingram's jar or Ingram's tube, whichever you prefer. Or, if you want to try Ingram's before you buy, just mail in the attached coupon for 10 cool shaves—FREE. You're going to like Ingram's!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream
IN TUBES OR JARS!

10 COOL SHAVES—FREE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. C-111
110 Washington St.
New York, N. Y.

I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*____________ *State*________

the Listerine people now make a

salve

for the quicker relief of . . .

croup

colds

coughs

● It is called Listerine Rub and it's indeed worthy of the Listerine name.

It comes in a tidy tube instead of a messy jar. And—what a blessing!—it leaves no permanent stain.

Listerine Rub penetrates *deeper* and therefore relieves *quicker*. The eight rubefacients it contains give the skin an immediate warmth and glow that stimulate circulation.

You've never seen anything like the way it relieves muscular pain and congestion accompanying croup, colds, and coughs.

Don't forget the stainless feature. Don't forget either that it is 25¢—important saving.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

it's Stainless

and it's 25¢

LISTERINE

RUB

(*Continued from page 29*)

Bed? He could stay up all night now and win tomorrow. He could do anything. He could . . . telegraph Jane Hawley! . . . But . . . she wouldn't be at the ranch. . . . At the mountains. . . . No, she was to have come to the tournament. . . . Only she hadn't. Why hadn't she come?

But he must do something. He must tell somebody.

And along the corridor came one of the old crowd. A very drunk, a very high-stepping one of the old crowd.

"Hey!" cried Johnny. "Where's the crowd? I've got something to tell 'em!"

The other regarded Johnny owlishly. "Something to tell 'em? The telling's already been told. Engagement party, old Wes and Sara."

Johnny Herndon looked at him; continued to look at him.

"Say," said the other, suddenly, "you were once engaged to her yourself, weren't you? Well, you *would* lose all your money! Huh!"

Along the corridor now sounded other voices. Familiar voices. . . . Big Wes and several men companions. They came up to Johnny and the other, and stopped. They smiled at Johnny.

Mechanically, he put out a hand.

"Congratulations, Wes," he said.

Big Wes Griffin looked down at Johnny Herndon; looked down, and the housebreakers that had dwelt so long behind the curtained windows of his eyes were out in the open now. They, and alcohol. What else had Johnny Herndon left to give? (Johnny Herndon standing there, with his quarter-million telegram tucked away in his pocket!)

"Sure!" said big Wes Griffin, and twisted Johnny's hand. "When a man doesn't know enough to keep his money, how can he keep his woman?" He laughed and bulldozing triumph came bubbling out. "Who were you, anyhow? Just a sap. Yeah, and you're going to get the heck beat out of you tomorrow!" He cast Johnny's hand aside.

In a silence that held long past ordinary enduring Johnny Herndon regarded Wes Griffin. And it was as though the man had been stripped bare, leaving nothing but his soul—only there was no soul to see.

"You're right," said Johnny Herndon. He almost whispered the words, and it was as though someone else were doing the whispering for him. "You're right, in every respect, save one. I shall win tomorrow."

"Yeah?" said Wes. "I'll just bet you—"

"Oh, I don't doubt that you'll bet," said Johnny. The utterly detached, cold way in which he was taking all this startled him. "You, or any of the rest of you," and he nodded at the others. "Tomorrow morning I'll have made arrangements at the desk," and he felt of the telegram in his pocket, "to cover any bets you may want to make, of any size." He saw their eyes widen. "Yes, any size."

He wheeled. He got to his room—and his legs gave way. Friends. These had been his friends!

AT NOON, the halfway mark of the next day, Johnny Herndon was eight down. Never had he tried harder in his life to win . . . and his game was not there. Each time that he looked around the great gallery and saw Wes Griffin and his group, he shut his jaw and tried the harder. . . . And all to no use.

Once he had met the eyes of Sara Devereaux—Sara Devereaux of the small, tight mouth—and the eyes had said: "You lost your money. What did you expect?"

Eight down at noon.

And nine down at the first hole after lunch. The hour's respite had brought no change. The gallery, there to see a real fight, threw up its hands and snorted. No use following the match any further. Match? A slaughter. Some finish to a championship! Come on, let's get back to the hotel and pack up. False-alarm Herndon. Always had curled up when it came to a real contest, anyway.

THE prospective champion drove, long and straight down the fairway, as a champion should. Johnny Herndon stepped up to the markers. . . . Nine down.

And then Johnny Herndon saw her. Saw her, standing in the front row of the gallery, tanned, in white sports dress, in pulled-down white hat and white sports shoes.

Jane Hawley.

For a moment he stared at her as though he were dreaming; as though his mind were playing him strange tricks. As though he were not there on the championship course, but back in the desert.

He put up his hand and rubbed his eyes. It was she! Jane Hawley, standing there looking at him, and her deep blue eyes were saying: "Hello! Here I am. Here we are."

The look went through and through him; it filled his whole being; it lifted him and carried him up; it bore him away as though to cool and distant mountain meadows—and on that instant a new Johnny Herndon was born.

His look went back to her. It cried aloud: "You've come . . . you've come. Oh, you've come! What else matters?"

Swiftly he teed up his ball. He drove, and for the first time that day, after his drive, a rising, gasping sigh went over the gallery. . . . Lord, what a drive! Twenty . . . fifty yards beyond the other. Maybe he'd snapped into it. Of course, there was no chance for a real match, but it could be followed to the turn, at the fifth, and then they could cut back. . . .

Johnny Herndon won that hole. He won the next three in a row, playing like something wound up and now let loose, ruthless, certain, implacable.

His opponent, seeing in all this the desperate, dying attack flaring high before the collapse and the end, strove to hold him . . . to hold him . . . knowing that such fury could not last.

Couldn't it? Johnny Herndon won the next and the next. And the other, finding himself like the prize fighter who is being smashed and smashed by long-range blows, closed in with counter attack—and Johnny Herndon tore him to pieces.

And Johnny, tearing him, had something left to give the gallery. That was the sort of golf that was upon Johnny Herndon; he could play and watch the gallery—fatal at any other time, but not fatal now; he could watch one group in the gallery, centered about a tall, heavy man with out-thrust under lip and housebreaker eyes. All through the morning and up to the second hole of the afternoon the group had been full of noisy rollic and happy swagger. . . . Money coming in—huge money—from the dim-wit Herndon's bets—money scraped up by Herndon somehow. Came the second hole of the afternoon. . . . A look of contempt. . . . The third, fourth and fifth holes. . . . A shade of concern. . . . And then, fast-growing as an avalanche, alarm and panic.

Panic, and seething rage at the player who carried their money—the rage of those who live by another's effort!—calling him all that they could think of. . . . Big Wes Griffin with under lip now twisted, his little gray eyes like felons far abroad in the daylight and somehow impossibly swooped down upon by the law.

Johnny Herndon chuckled—how soon before they would hear of the land sale? Of the land that had been slipped over onto him, and at such a price!—and went on, and on. . . .

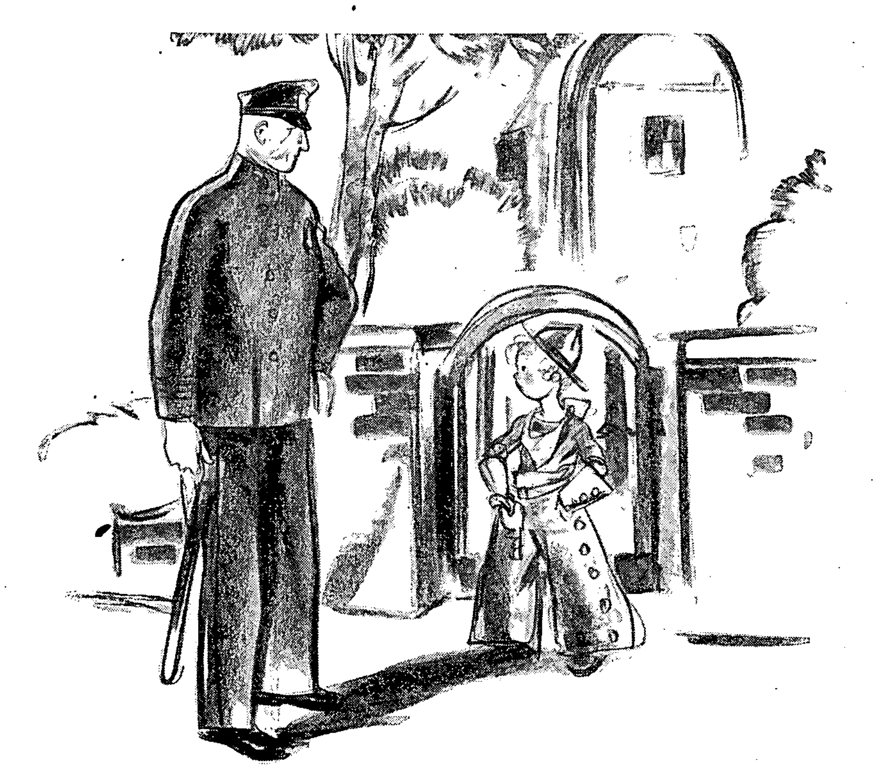
On to the match. Victory!

COME-THROUGH JOHNNY! A hundred hands were thrust at him; the press photographers elbowed up; through the tumult rose the faint voices of the gallery marshals, "Keep off the green, please; keep off the green, please!"

Johnny Herndon accepted it as one far away. When he could—when the crush about him had lessened—he broke through and began to look, to search. . . .

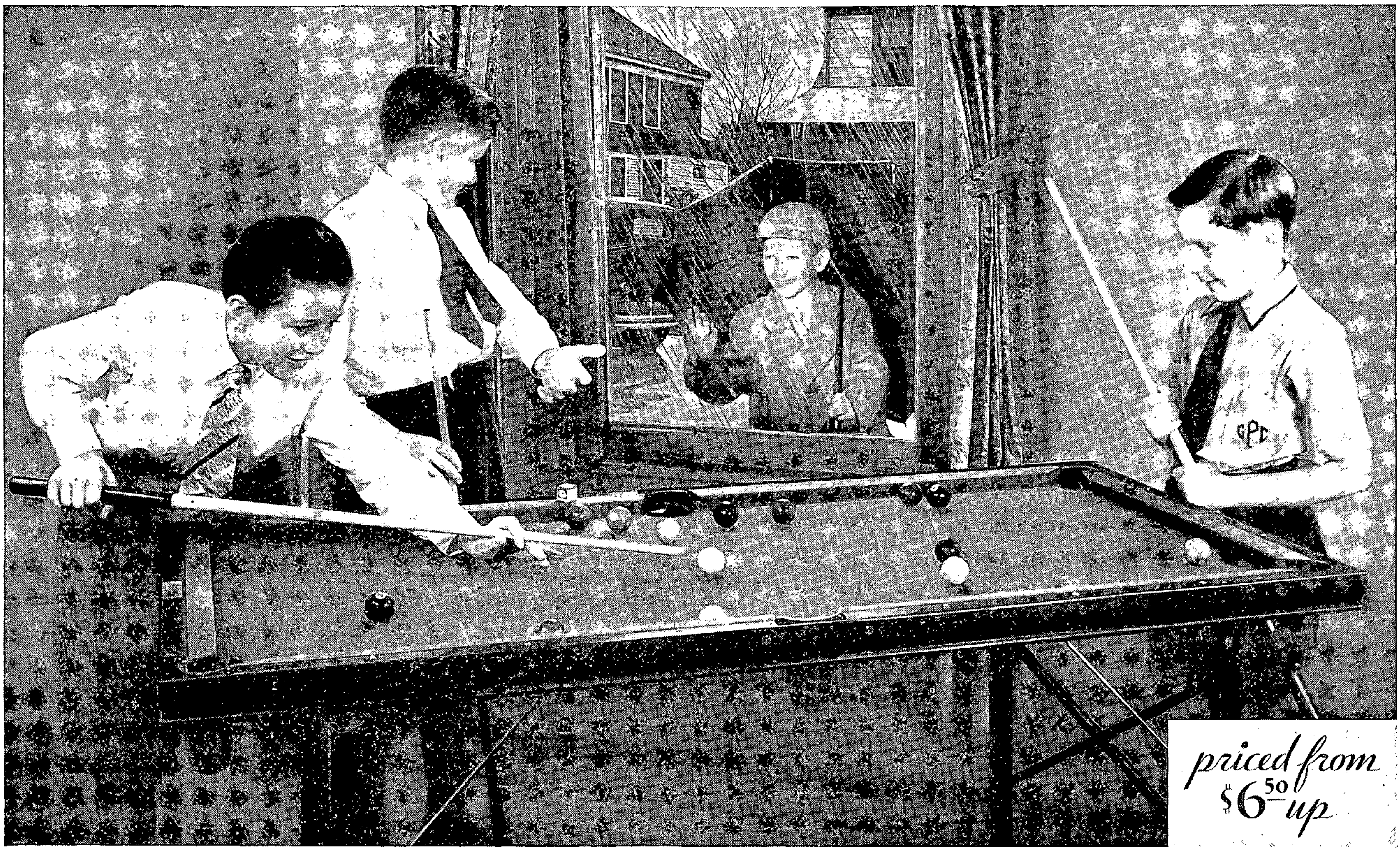
He found her—found Jane Hawley—standing at one side, beneath a tree. He came up to her and, putting hands upon her shoulders and looking full into the blue eyes, said:

"My dear. . . . My dear. . . . You came! You came! . . . Could I do anything else but win?"



"The next gangster you shoot can I have the skeleton?"

W. K. Starrett



BILLIARDS *is* BEST *when the* WEATHER *is* WORST

WHEN it seems it will never stop raining, or it looks as though it would snow and storm for days on end, or when it is too damp, too cold for your young ones to play outdoors, the mother of average, healthy children certainly has her hands full. The boy or girl during inclement weather, which averages about three and one-half months to the year, must have indoor amusement and entertainment.

It is then that Billiards in the home presents its greatest attraction. For youngsters love the game. They don't require coaxing to play it. Indeed, you can't keep them away from the Table. They take to Billiards naturally and never tire of solving, in their own way, the ever-changing, interesting situations it presents.

Billiards is not only a *good game* for both boys and girls, but it is a *good influence.* It doesn't merely engross them, but it cultivates traits you are glad to have them possess—*unselfishness, sportsmanship, fairness, mental* and *physical alertness.*

And you'll find, before you know it, that you also will be playing Billiards with the children, and that's good, too, for both of you. Billiards fascinates adults—just as it does youngsters—whether it is played in the home, at the club, or in one of the modern recreation centers. It is the most interesting and healthful of indoor games and provides enough but not too much exercise for those of us who lead, by inclination or necessity, somewhat inactive lives physically.

Brunswick has developed a number of models of Billiard Tables, specially designed for juvenile purposes—strong, sturdy, lasting Tables, built to the same rigid specifications as the regular Brunswick Home and Championship Tables. Each item of playing equipment is built with the utmost care and with the same regard for quality as the Table itself.

Not toys, but real Billiard Tables, reduced in size, they are almost essential to any home where there is one child or more. Brunswick Junior Playmate Billiard Tables are available in six sizes at **$6.50, $12.50, $17.50, $25.00, $60.00 and $100.00.**

Leading department, hardware, furniture and sporting goods stores sell them. Look for the gold and black Brunswick trademark on the rail (shown below). It's your guarantee that your money is buying, not a cheap imitation, but the genuine Brunswick JUNIOR PLAYMATE Billiard Table, built and backed by Brunswick, the world's oldest and largest manufacturers of Billiard Tables for children and adults.

Mail the coupon for "The Home Magnet," a book with complete information, sizes, prices and illustrations of Brunswick Tables. *Also the name and address of the nearest authorized Brunswick dealer.*

Brunswick
JUNIOR PLAYMATE
MF'D BY
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

THIS CATALOG IS FREE! MAIL YOUR COUPON TODAY!

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
623-633 So. Wabash Avenue, Dept. 5-F, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send your "Home Magnet," a booklet giving descriptions, sizes, prices and your easy-payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

Name ....

Address ....

City.. State..................

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., 623-633 South Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

The New Buick introduces

the Wizard control

Greatest Achievement since the Self-Starter

$50,000 IN AWARDS

for the best answers to this question:

"Why does the new Buick Eight, at its new low prices, again confirm the Buick pledge: When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

First Prize, $25,000

Second Prize, $10,000

Third Prize, $5,000

Forty-six other prizes ranging from $1500 to $100. Contest starts Saturday, Nov. 14th. Ends Midnight, Monday, Dec. 14th. See your Buick Dealer for literature containing full information on the new Buick Eight as well as complete rules of the contest—Saturday, Nov. 14th.

Saturday, November 14th . . .

THE NEW BUICK EIGHT

Four Brilliant New Eights (26 models) at new low prices . . . Newly-Styled, Newly-Beautified Bodies by Fisher . . . THE WIZARD CONTROL, resulting from New Automatic Clutch, New Free Wheeling and New Silent-Second Syncro-Mesh Transmission . . . New Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine (High Compression optional without extra cost) . . . New Ride Regulator . . . plus many other important improvements.

THE year 1931-32 is destined to be the most significant in Buick's twenty-eight year history of building outstandingly better automobiles and giving outstandingly greater value.

For the new Buick Eight to be unveiled Saturday, Nov. 14th—successor to the fine Buick which has won *four to one sales leadership over all Eights* in its price range—marks the widest advance Buick has ever achieved in beauty, luxury and performance during a single year.

All of the skill and experience of Buick and General Motors, all of their combined resources, have been mobilized to increase still further Buick leadership.

The merits of these new Eights, at new low prices, may be measured by the fact that Buick is offering $50,000 for descriptions which will do justice to them and to their fine confirmation of the Buick pledge: When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them.

The Wizard Control—Major Automotive Development for 1932

The outstanding feature of the new creations is an entirely new system of car operation and management—*Wizard Control.* The new Buicks not only have Conventional Drive. . . . They not only have new and advanced Free Wheeling. . . . They not only have new Silent-Second Syncro-Mesh Transmission. . . . They have still another vitally important engineering development — the Automatic Clutch — making possible smooth shifting of *all* gears without use of the clutch pedal, as well as instantaneous change from Free Wheeling to Conventional Drive or vice versa at the driver's will.

This remarkable new Wizard Control, embodying principles never before employed in automotive engineering, brings entirely new comfort—new convenience—new pleasure and exhilaration to motoring.

And yet, important as is this new system of control, it forms but one of many vital advancements in this finest of all Buick creations.

New Beauty—New Performance Leadership—New Comfort and Convenience

A still longer wheelbase; newly-styled Bodies by Fisher—achieving an entirely new effect of length, lowness, luxury; a fleet, slim front featuring newly designed radiator, lamps, fenders and hood doors—all combine to lend surpassing smartness and modernity of appearance.

An even greater Buick Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine—with optional high compression head, improved fuel system and improved engine-oil temperature regulator—places this new Buick still farther ahead of any car at or near its price in fleet, virile performance.

New Ride Regulator, permitting such *precise* adjustment of shock absorbers that you virtually design your springs as you ride! (Available on models 32-56 and 32-57 at extra cost.) A new, more artistic instrument board with complete visibility for all instruments and an attractive built-in convenience compartment! New electric gas gauge; new vacuum pump assuring positive windshield wiper action at all engine speeds; new and improved starting and cooling! These are but a few of many other improvements in a Buick which provides the new maximum of comfort and convenience as well as beauty and performance.

All of these advancements, all of these striking new motor car developments, are soundly and skillfully *built into* the sturdy Buick foundation chassis, and add still further to Buick's traditional staunchness and reliability.

See These Great New Eights at Your Buick Dealer's Saturday, November 14th

The motorists of America have long looked to Buick for the new and better thing in motor cars. And Buick has repaid this confidence year after year. But never quite so dramatically and decisively as in these forthcoming Buicks at their surprisingly new low prices.

We cordially invite you to see and study the new Buick Bodies by Fisher—the many engineering advancements—and particularly the Wizard Control including Automatic Clutch, Free Wheeling and Silent-Second Syncro-Mesh Transmission—in this Buick which excels all Buicks, and which adds so greatly to motoring enjoyment.

We invite you, further, to drive this car and thereby obtain renewed confirmation of the Buick pledge: *when better automobiles are built, Buick will build them.*

The OUTSTANDING **BUICK** OF ALL TIME

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

No guesswork here!

Johnston offers

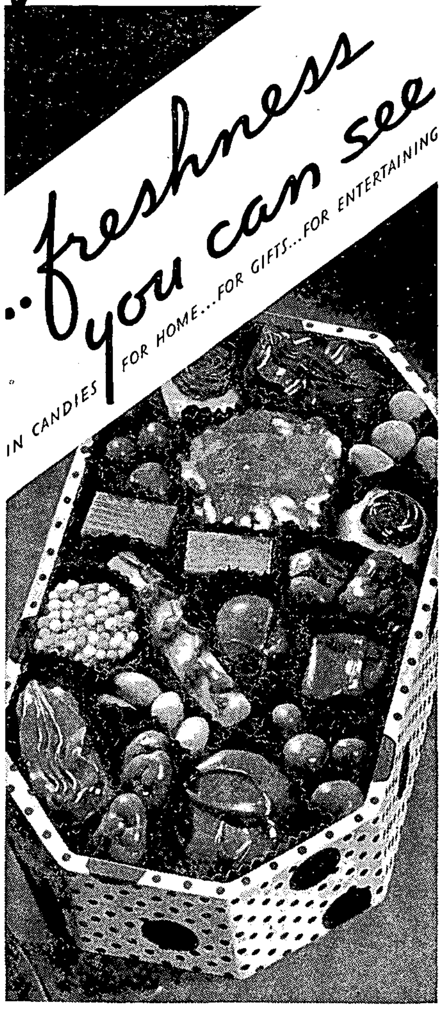


TABLEAU by Johnston is a totally new idea in candy packaging! Wherever you live, you now can buy candy from a famous maker—and be sure of perfect, glowing freshness every time!

The package is smart, sparkling, modern. A package you can give with pride . . . but amazingly uncostly. And there's an assortment for every taste and purse!

For gifts, for personal enjoyment, why risk inferior candies *ever?* . . . now that Johnston offers *freshness you can see.*

Johnston's

"My 3 Nicest Parties" is a fascinating booklet compiled by the Johnston Party Bureau, for women who like to entertain charmingly. The booklet is free—write for it.

2-11-21

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON CO., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Please send me free booklet "My 3 Nicest Parties."

Name..

Address..

City..............................State..............

Here come the Giants!

Continued from page 20

was a natural athlete, but while Jim rested content with his gift for games, Ernie worked hard to develop his aptitude to the fullest extent. He was always the first man to reach the practice field and the last to leave it. Many a time when he was at the peak of his game, I have seen him sweating away with the scrubs as though his selection for the varsity was still a matter of doubt.

Regardless of which was the greater, however, both Thorpe and Nevers, in my opinion, are neck-and-neck first choice when it comes to picking an outstanding eleven from the hundreds of stars who have blazed in the firmament of football. Nothing is more futile than picking the "greatest greats," and yet nothing is more fascinating, and having named Nevers and Thorpe, I may as well go the rest of the way, even though it means the risk of reputation, limb and life.

A Coach's Dream of Heaven

Here, then, are my choices for the All-Time All-America team, made after forty years of observation, a period that virtually covers the adult life of the game:

Hinkey, Yale	Right End
Henry, Washington & Jefferson	Right Tackle
Heffelfinger, Yale	Right Guard
Peck, Pittsburgh	Center
Hare, Pennsylvania	Left Guard
Slater, Iowa	Left Tackle
Muller, California	Left End
Eckersall, Chicago	Quarterback
Thorpe, Carlisle	Right Halfback
Heston, Michigan	Left Halfback
Nevers, Stanford	Fullback

As I have said already in speaking of Thorpe and Nevers, my test of a truly great player is not brilliant specialization, but an ability to do all things well. It is by such a test that I have measured these selections, and a study of the records will prove that every man was an all-around performer. The giants among them had speed, the lightweights a dynamic force that took the place of poundage. All were as powerful on defense as in offense; all could punt and drop-kick. And just to round out a coach's dream of heaven, there wasn't a slow wit in the lot. Any one of them would have made a marvelous field general.

Frank Hinkey, whose fame is legend, was on Walter Camp's All-America three years in succession, and the "father of football" never tired of singing his praises. The Yale star weighed only one hundred and sixty pounds, and with his drawn face and melancholy air, looked always as if a poke would break him in two. But rarely was appearance more deceptive. He ran with amazing power; he tackled with such sureness and force that Harvard protested his "savagery" in 1894, although a cleaner player never lived.

Hinkey was the first "ghost," drifting through a broken field like so much vapor. There was something almost uncanny in the way he diagnosed the play of the opponents.

Harold Muller, California's tower of strength, was almost as much an all-around athlete as Thorpe and Nevers. Standing six feet and weighing two hundred, he was both a champion high jumper and a javelin thrower, two separate accomplishments that proved agility as well as strength. Trying to make a gain around Brick's end wasted many an afternoon for ambitious backs. And he went down the field under punts at a speed that made safety men signal hastily for a fair catch.

Taking up the tackles, Fat Henry of Washington and Jefferson was the fastest big man that I ever saw. He weighed two hundred and forty pounds and handled himself with all the grace of a dancing girl.

I could never understand why Walter Camp failed to recognize Slater, Iowa's famous Negro tackle. Built like a gorilla, his long arms ended in hands like grappling hooks, and he used them with rare effectiveness. He struck as hard as Hinkey, and such was his speed that if an end missed his man, Slater was always right behind, and *he* never missed.

Coming now to Heffelfinger, I can pause to draw a comfortable breath, confident of agreement; for, like Frank Hinkey, Pudge has become a football tradition. Standing six feet four, and built proportionately, he had the charge of a buffalo bull, and a train could have gone through the holes he made. Until Pudge's advent, all interfering was done by the backs, a guard's duty being merely to push and shove. But he changed this theory of play entirely, getting out of position fast enough to open a broad way down the field for the ball carrier.

He played in the day when there were no rules against pulling and hauling, and many a time after tearing a hole in the adversary's line he reached back to drag the runner through the opening, and then plunged ahead to make a clear way for him down the field. Twenty-five years after graduation he returned to Yale to help with the coaching and, although then in his middle forties, manhandled the varsity so unmercifully that they had to beg him to quit in order to save the team for Saturday's game.

T. Truxton Hare of Pennsylvania was another giant who combined speed and dynamic drive with his two hundred pounds of bone and muscle. When George Woodruff invented his guards-back play, Hare carried the ball, and it was due to him, more than anyone else, that the formation proved such a ground-gainer. Like Heffelfinger, he was fast enough to leave his position and block end runs, and his interference was a thing of beauty.

Three Years in a Row

Kicking was another of Hare's accomplishments. His punts were long, high, lazy affairs that gave his ends plenty of time to get down the field, and when it came to kicking a goal after a touchdown, he was deadly. Along with Heffelfinger and Hinkey, Hare achieved the distinction of winning a place on the All-America three years in succession and that, mind you, was in a day when Princeton, Yale and Harvard dominated the game.

Curiously enough, Bob Peck, my choice for center, would have seemed small between Hare and Heffelfinger, for he weighed only 175 pounds. He was, however, the most accurate and dependable passer that I have ever known. In spite of his light weight, Bob was a power on the offense, while his defensive play was something to marvel at, for he possessed Hinkey's uncanny ability to anticipate the strategy of opponents.

The selection of a quarterback for the All-Time All-America team comes hard, for it has been my good fortune to aid in the development of four or five that rank with the very best. Hudson, Mount Pleasant, Johnson and Gus Welch, Indians all, did about everything that a coach could expect, and turning away from them is not easy by any means.

Walter Eckersall, however, rates as greatest of them all, for I do not think that his playing had a flaw. A high type mentally, his mind working best and quickest under stress, he was a field general who never made a blunder, while his own individual playing came close to absolute perfection in every department.

As a safety man he did not know what it was to muff a punt, and such was the speed of his start, his elusiveness, that his returns were usually half the distance of the kick. A very daring man, yet saved from recklessness by as cool a judgment as I have ever known. Once in a game with Michigan the ball was on Chicago's eight-yard line but, although a kick was seemingly commanded by every rule of common sense, Eckersall elected to run, skirting the end for a twenty-yard gain.

The goal posts were in his way, a high, strong wind blew in his face, and he figured quickly and properly that a punt might well prove disastrous, while an end run had surprise as an element of advantage.

Eckersall's tackling was hard and true, and like Hinkey and Peck, he seemed to possess the gift of divination. It was told me, and I believe it, that never once was Eckersall fooled on a fake kick, always meeting the ball carrier before he could round the end.

Perfect Players Make Poor Teams

With Thorpe and Nevers already considered, the one remaining backfield man is Heston. Here again, as in the case of Hinkey, Heffelfinger and Eckersall, I am confident of agreement, for coaches and critics alike have approved the Michigan thunderbolt as one of the enduring great. Heston had the speed of Thorpe, the drive of Heffelfinger, the courage of Hinkey.

So much for the gridiron's Hall of Fame, the All-Time All-America list of football's immortals! A great team, each man a miracle of physical perfection and football genius. And yet I have my doubts whether it would prove the best team if put in competition. It has always been my contention that the thing that counts in football is not individual brilliance half so much as *team* play, and I have said time and again that any first-class college team could beat any All-America ever selected.

Great players do not necessarily make a great team. As a matter of fact, the best eleven I ever saw had only one All-America man on it. And yet it went through the season undefeated, calmly extinguishing stars who were expected to dazzle by their end runs, field goals and line bucks. The team was the Pittsburgh Panthers of 1916, the finest I ever coached and the finest I ever watched.

Rockne's Four Horsemen and Seven Mules were a triumph of rhythm, but the 1916 Panthers fitted each other so perfectly that the effect was an almost unbelievable synchronization. A machine, perhaps, but a thinking machine, for not even the All-Time All-America that I have picked had it on the Pittsburgh bunch when it came to brains.

Pitted against each other, which team would have won: the All-Time All-America or the 1916 Panthers? I know what I think. What do you think?

Popular faces are *shaved with* BARBASOL

Here are the names that will live at Notre Dame (left to right)—LEW AYRES, *famous movie star and favorite of the films,* FRANK CARIDEO, *All-American Quarterback,* JIM CROWLEY *and* DON MILLER *of the deathless Four Horsemen—all appearing in "The Spirit of Notre Dame"*

* "Football a few years ago was harder on the physique," said Crowley.

"Just as old-fashioned shaving is harder on the face," said Don Miller.

"Why should we get in a lather?" groused Lew Ayres.

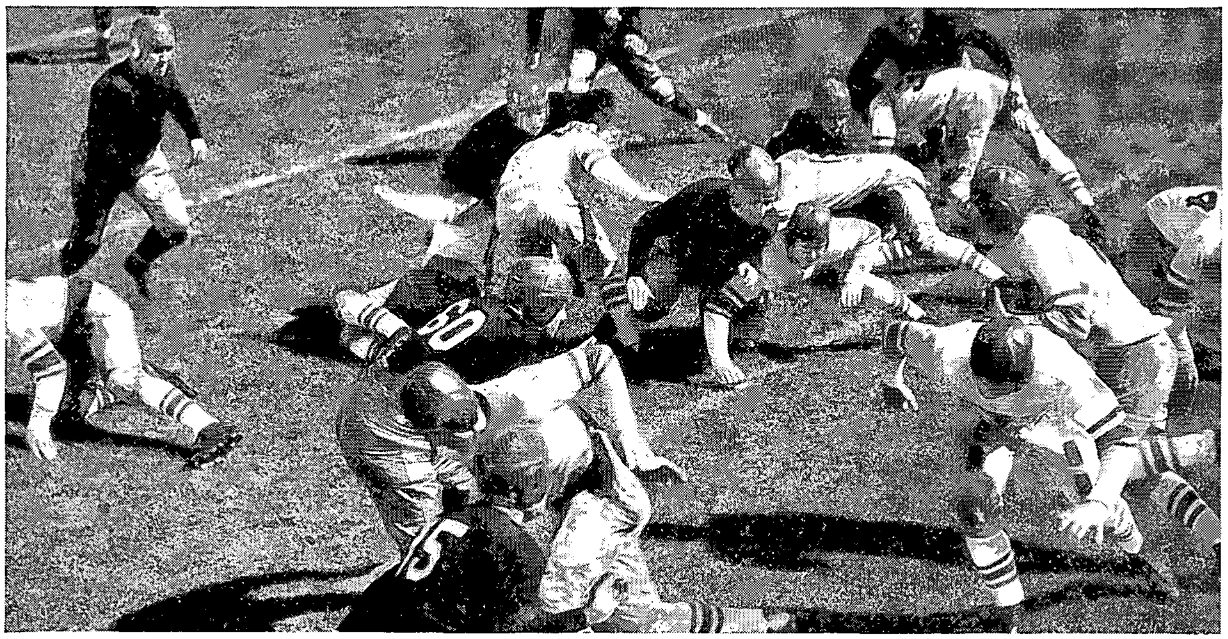
"Not with the smooth, quick, easy shave that you get with Barbasol," said Frank Carideo, and once more there was perfect Notre Dame unison, as the boys said, "O. K., Frank."

JUST because your face has whiskers on it, there's no need to use old-fashioned shaving methods—torturing a tender skin by rubbing soap into it.

There's Barbasol. The modern shaving cream. And you can ask your wife if a cream isn't easier on the skin than a soap!

There's no use getting all lathered up just to remove some surplus scenery. Barbasol will take it off without brush, without lather or rub-in. Even if you have the world's toughest beard parked on a skin like a baby's, Barbasol will do the job without a pull or a scrape. Because it softens the roots *while* it holds the hairs straight up to the blade, so the razor can slice 'em off clean and quick and easy.

Try it next time your whiskers need trimming. It's so quick, so smooth, so easy! Leaves your face so smooth and refreshed! It's no wonder Barbasol Believers have made it the fastest-selling shaving cream in America!



A stirring scene from "The Spirit of Notre Dame," Universal's great new film showing the unconquerable spirit of Notre Dame in the days of the unforgettable Four Horsemen—those valiant football players who led their team to victory so often

Now use Barbasol right. Follow these directions and you'll follow the crowd

1. Wet your face and leave it wet . . . 2. Spread on Barbasol. Rubbing is not necessary . . . 3. Wet a good blade and—SHAVE.

That's all you have to do to get the finest shave in the world. It's simple, easy, quick. Try it today. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, also large jar 75¢, will quickly make YOU a Barbasol Believer, too.

FREE A refillable Tefra Toothbrush, value 75¢, with your first name or initial on handle. Finest quality. Mail entire empty Barbasol carton (35¢ or 65¢ size, or jar) with your name and address. We will mail toothbrush absolutely free. The Barbasol Company, Department 58, Indianapolis, Ind.

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No Brush No Lather No Rub-In

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* Barbasol testimonials are not paid for

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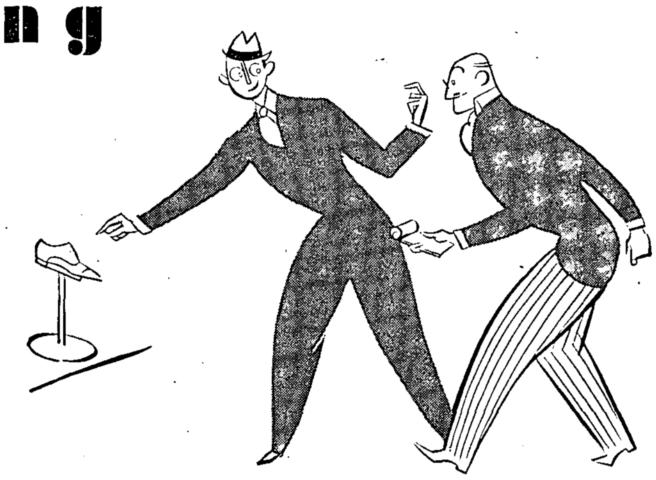


When we first announced the DUNCAN—"the shoe that needs no breaking in"—new faces immediately appeared in all our stores. These were skeptics—men who had been looking in vain for a style shoe that gave comfort from the first step. They put their feet into Duncans—they walked around the store—they grinned and said "wrap up the old ones". Talk about a shoemaker sticking to his last. These men have been coming back for Duncans regularly and bringing their friends. We couldn't stop making shoes on this last, even if we wanted to. And now we're able to offer the Duncan in black calf, as illustrated, at only $7. Ask your Walk-Over dealer for a Duncan demonstration.

WALK·OVER

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

Fishermen's Luck

Continued from page 17

the room, with a new reel and line, and Commachi went and got it; then they sat on the sofa as though it were a boat and Olin rowed while Commachi sat intently fishing. Something caught Commachi's hook; he reeled the line in with effort, and amazement and curiosity came into their faces as they peered at what was coming up, and then horror replaced this expression as they investigated their find.

"Like that we catch him!" Commachi said triumphantly.

"Now we get the money?" Olin asked.

"Not yet you don't get the money," O'Malley told them, "because the case ain't solved yet. There's too many things that we don't know. Where was the doctor killed? It don't look like it was on the yacht. What become of the things he had with him? A doctor going on a case takes instruments and medicines with him. Was they sunk in the Sound too? When we find out some of them things, Miss Phillips says she'll give you the money. You two guys do much fishing?"

"Not before," Commachi answered. "Lately. Because we think him fun."

"You're right; it's great sport. You get a good fighting fluke on your hook and you have trouble landing him; but a bluefish ain't no fun because he don't fight."

They nodded violent assent.

"THOSE fellows may be lucky," I stated later, "but they don't know much about fishing. They agreed with you that it's hard to land a fluke, and it comes in with no more struggle than a doormat; and they think bluefish don't fight and it's one of the greatest fighting fish there are."

"Plenty guys go fishing around New York," O'Malley answered, "that don't know the name of what they catch."

We parted and I met him in the morning. "Have you learned yet where the doctor was killed?" I asked.

"Right beside his own car," he answered. "They found scratches like he was fighting somebody and trying to get back into the car to get away from them."

"From Fleming and the Frenchman!" I declared. "And then they carried him aboard the yacht. That works out, doesn't it?"

"Then we'd ought to find some sign aboard the yacht. I might search that again and see if I missed anything."

We went out to the yacht, and this time there was no police officer aboard.

I helped in the search. The second cubbyhole I opened in the cabin contained a crumpled canvas. I pulled it out and behind it was the doctor's case of instruments. I was amused.

O'Malley seemed chagrined. "Was I that dumb to miss that?" he said.

We went back to headquarters and they had Commachi and Olin there, and a third young man whose name, it appeared, was Pallio.

"This the guy that put the instruments aboard the yacht?" O'Malley asked one of the officers.

"That's him."

"You are dumb guys," O'Malley said.

THEY locked them up.

I was perplexed. "I see through part of this, O'Malley," I said, "but certainly not all of it. I see you set a trap for these three boys. You told them they wouldn't get the reward until the crime was solved and that it might be solved by finding the instruments. Then you took the guard off the yacht to give them a chance, and they were foolish enough to put the instruments aboard to make the case against Fleming. You'd had the yacht watched and when one of them went aboard it in the night he was arrested."

"Sure; when he come ashore."

"But," I said, "what reason had they for killing Randolph?"

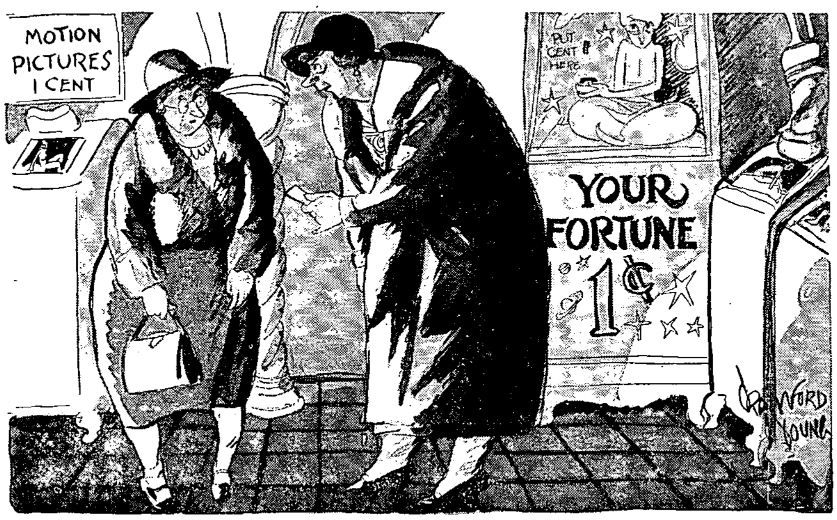
"Well," O'Malley said, "these boys read in the paper, when Fleming attacked Randolph in the café, that the doctor was engaged to Miss Phillips, who has a lot of dough. She'd pay a ransom, wouldn't she? But the doctor wasn't the kind that could be kidnapped. He put up so big a fight they had to kill him. Then they stole a boat and sunk him in the Sound. Afterward Miss Phillips offered a reward for information. They thought they could get that safely, and so they fished him up. They'd took him to the Sound in his own car, which was why the car was found near where Fleming kept his yacht."

"So you suspected the fishermen of the murder from the start?"

"Why not?" he asked. "Would somebody else be more likely to find the doctor than the guys that put him there?"

"I wonder what they say about you in tomorrow's paper."

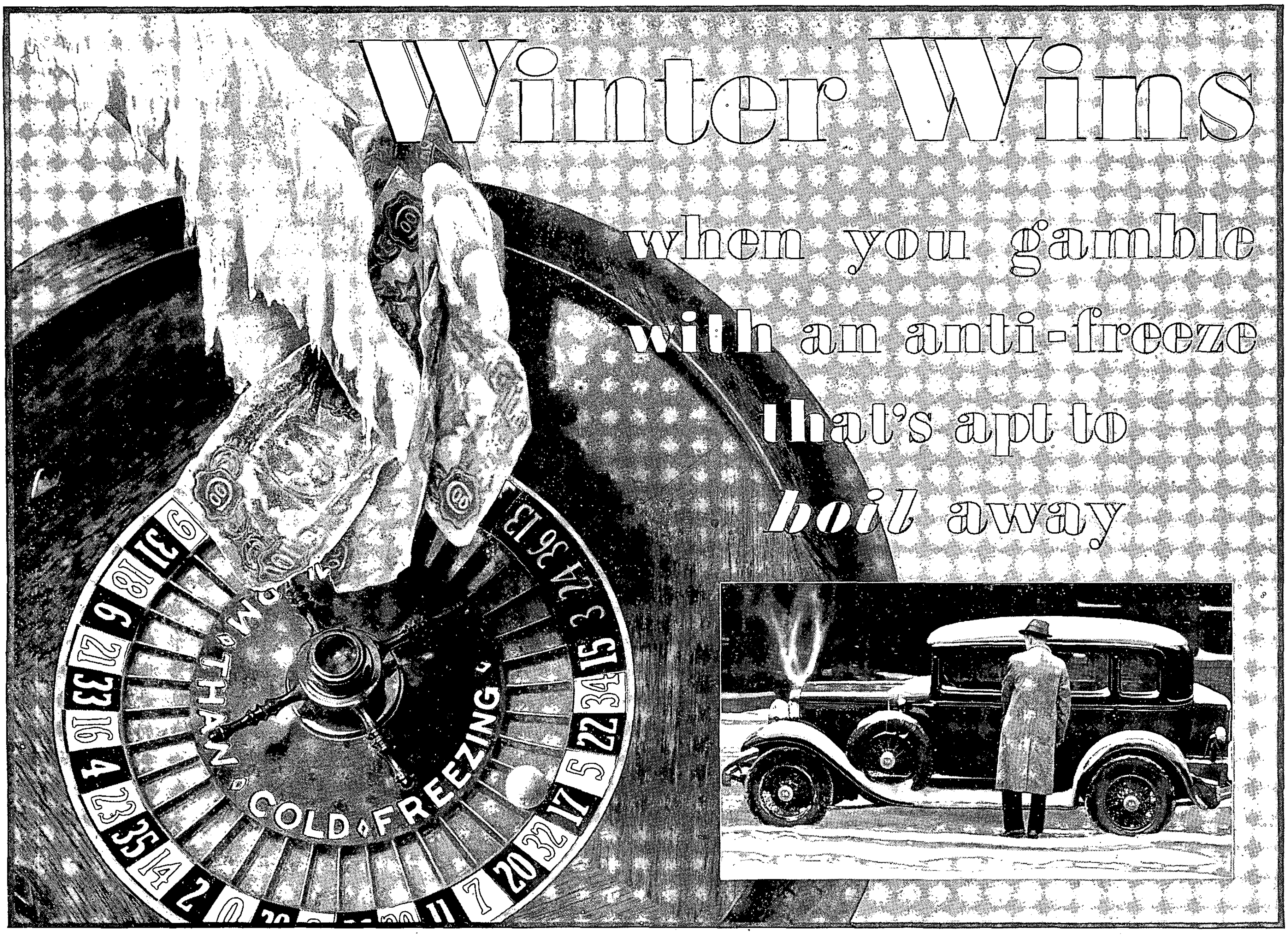
"Say, listen! You got on an old hat; I'll buy you a new one if you see my name gets even mentioned."



"There! Mrs. Hickey, now do you believe? I got exactly the same fortune I got yesterday!"

Crawford Young

DON'T GAMBLE WITH WEATHER • • • USE EVEREADY PRESTONE



GAMBLING with makeshift anti-freezes is a dangerous game. You can't outguess Old Man Winter. Even the Weather Bureau doesn't know what he's going to do. But there's one thing you can be very sure of. There will be mild days this winter, and there will be cold ones. If you use an anti-freeze that's apt to boil away on the mild days, you're risking a frozen automobile—and a heavy bill for engine repairs—when the cold snaps come!

There's one anti-freeze that won't boil away. That's Eveready Prestone, the product that was *scientifically developed* to keep automobile-engines from freezing. Eveready Prestone is not a makeshift. It has none of the harmful characteristics of makeshift products. It flows freely at zero, yet it will not overheat your engine. It will not ruin the expensive finish of your automobile. It has no disagreeable odor. It does not decompose at high engine-temperatures, and gum up your cooling-system. It has *less* tendency to leak than water.

Always supreme, Eveready Prestone is this year still further improved. It actually forms a protective film over the rough metals of your radiator, retards the formation of rust, and keeps the whole cooling-system unclogged and free-flowing. It is accepted by leading car manufacturers and automotive engineers. Famous explorers depend on it in their polar expeditions. Last year more than a million and a half motorists used it to end winter-worry!

Consider the cost *per season*, not *per gallon*, and you will know why Eveready Prestone is economical. It is concentrated, and only a relatively small quantity is needed. With it there is no worrying, no constant testing, no danger of a frozen engine. Don't gamble with old-fashioned, makeshift products. Don't wait for winter to pounce on your car. Have your radiator cleaned, tightened and filled with the proper amount of Eveready Prestone.

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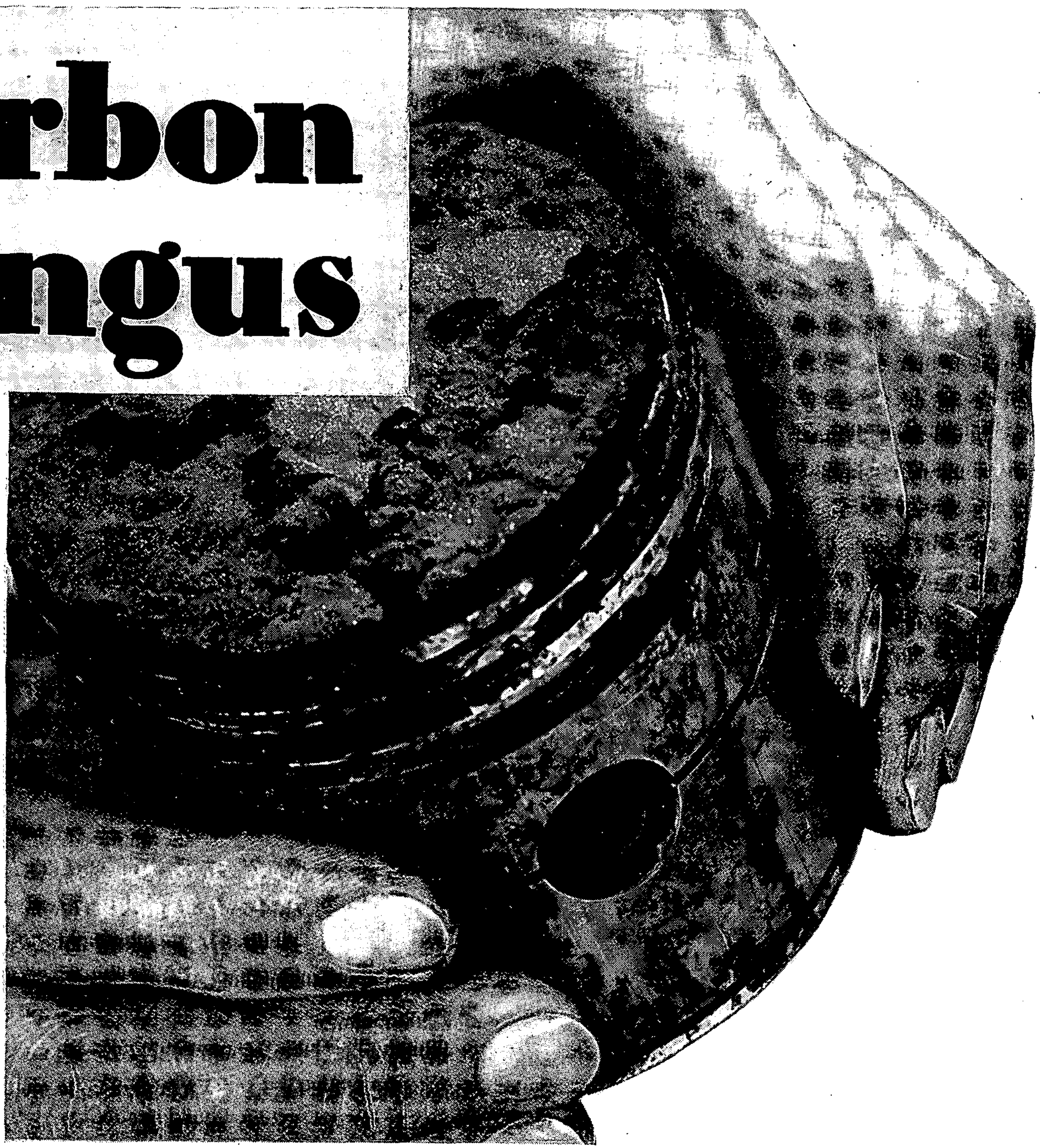
EVEREADY PRESTONE

NOTE: *When you drain your cooling-system of Eveready Prestone in the spring, put in Eveready* RUSTONE, *for all-summer protection against rust, clogging and overheating. Then your car will always be free of rust.*

Carbon Fungus



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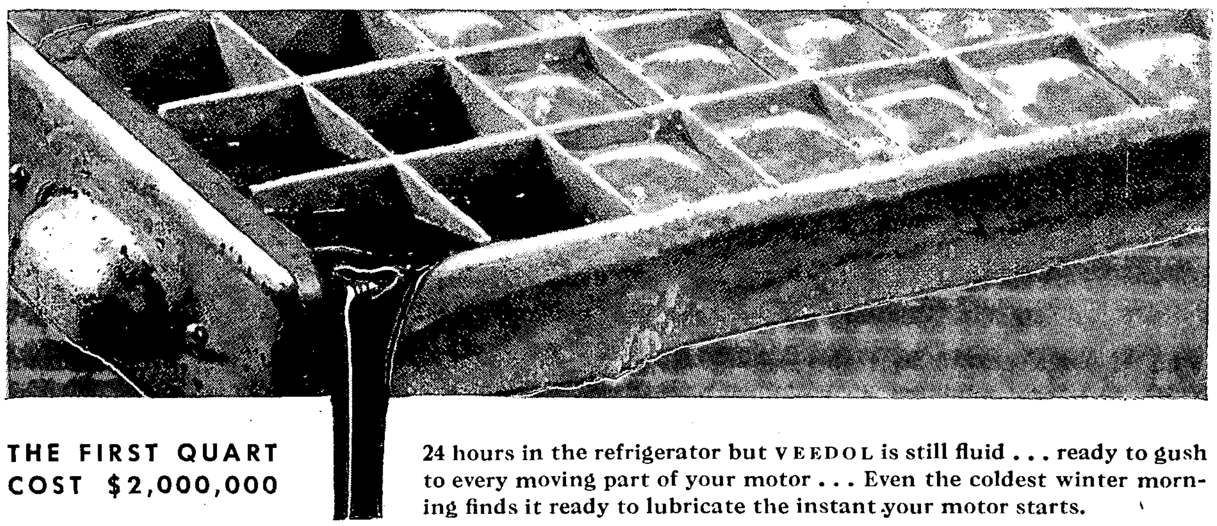

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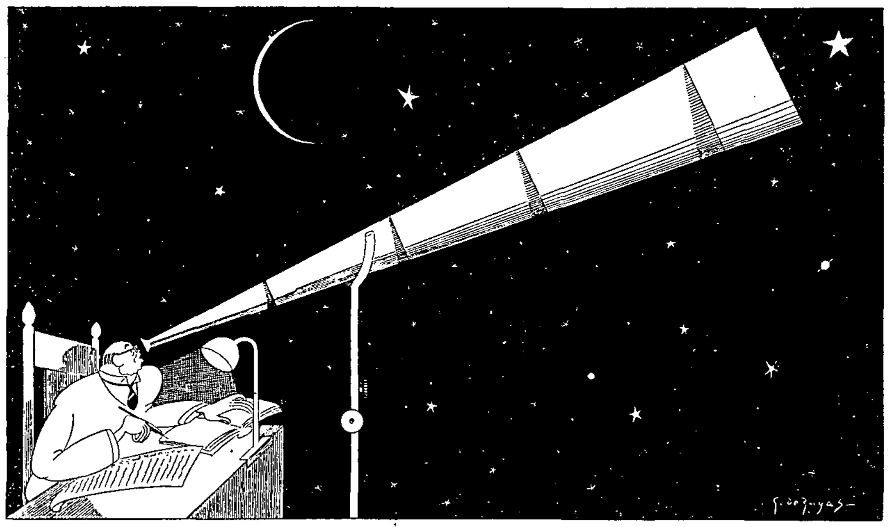


Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

From the dawn of history to 1930, astronomers charted 1,200 little planets and concluded that the job was about finished. But in 1930, a lone Heidelberg professor, during his spare time, found 99 new ones, thereby upsetting a number of heavenly ideas.

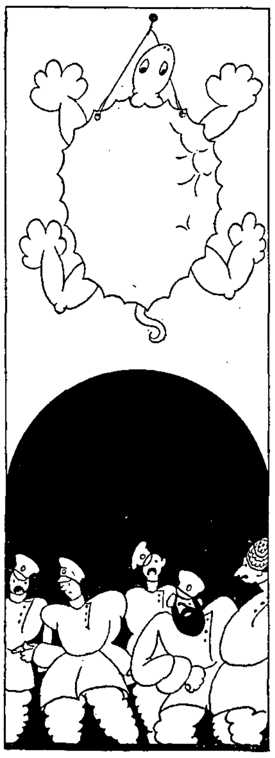
In India, goats are usually skinned alive—when the authorities are not looking—because "fresh" hides can be stretched into bigger sizes and bigger prices.—*By C. W. Nichols, Philadelphia.*

Half of the desert land of the world is governed today by France.

Metallurgists estimate that it is possible to produce about 8,000,000 precious alloys—combining gold, silver, palladium and platinum with the baser metals—each having its own unique characteristics.

The 102-story Empire State Building in New York is equipped with special mail-chutes which automatically retard the speed of letters at the 65th and 28th floors to prevent them from being scorched by the friction which would be set up by a continuous fall.—*By J. W. Robertson, New York.*

The piranha, the smallest man-eating fish in existence, is found in the Amazon River in South America. It is only from 6 to 9 inches long but a hungry gang of them can reduce a man to a skeleton within a few minutes.



The U. S. S. R. thinks of the cutest ideas. Today when a factory does not accomplish its scheduled production, the Soviet inspection officials hang a huge turtle over the entrance of the building to degrade the organization.—*By Mrs. Else Weiske, Brownsville, Texas.*

England's latest automobile innovations: A compass on the instrument board, a personal wash-stand built into the trunk on the rear, and tires colored to match the shade of the car.

During the past decade, 48 per cent of all patents applied for have been "turned down" by the U. S. Patent Office.

Mathematically, it is possible for the repeal of the prohibition amendment to be blocked by less than 3 per cent of our voters—51 per cent of those in our 13 least populous states.—*By Blanche H. Watson, Bernard, Maine.*

Grief has been known to kill only one kind of animal—the ape mother. Many of them under observation have died of sorrow following the deaths of their babies.

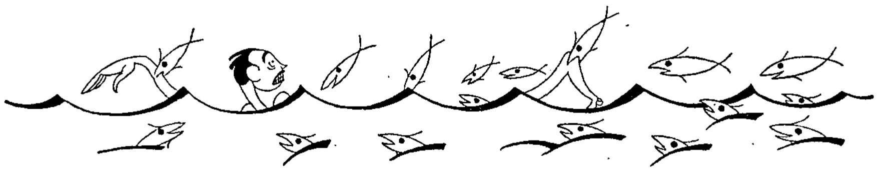
In the great city of London today, more than 1,200 miles of streets still are illuminated at night by gaslight.

In Colombia, South America, an extremely mountainous country, the roads are so bad and the rail transportation facilities so inadequate that pack animals are used exclusively to carry freight—even small automobiles—between some of the cities.

Latest scientific developments: An artificial leather made of raw wool; colored cement coatings in 250 different shades, and a fruit spray 30 times stronger than usual, which is harmless to humans but very deadly to insects.

Railroad officials state that at least 90 out of every 100 persons in the United States today have never ridden in a Pullman car.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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The Heart of Danger

Continued from page 19

"The coast guard's out," Lowe confessed to Elsa, and her quick cry was in contrast to Ransom's reported unconcern.

"What if they are needed?" she demanded.

"They won't be."

Their conversation dragged, finally it must halt entirely. It was fifteen minutes before the horn spoke, and then its whining voice cut with all the effect of alarm into the still room.

Lowe jerked forward to his instruments. He plied the bug vigorously, and in spite of his control the expression on his face changed at what he heard. Without releasing the thumb key, he turned to Elsa.

"Call Manistee," he ordered crisply. "Get the coast guard."

SHE jumped to the wall telephone to obey, and now while she could not see what he wrote, he set down the messages quickly and shoved them into his book. Twice and a third time he spoke to the operator on the Nine and, refusing to accept the answer that flashed back to him, persisted doggedly with his demands. And still Elsa was ringing.

He knew even before she admitted it: "The telephone's dead, Lowe! Do you think . . . could the line be down . . .?"

"Might be."

Their eyes met, and in the meeting all sham departed, and Lowe knew that pretense, at least about the Merry Lady, would avail him nothing more.

"There's a schooner in trouble."

"Schooner? There is only one schooner, Lowe!" Her voice failed. He saw moisture come quickly to her lashes and her lips tremble, so that he stepped away from the instrument and took her in his arms.

"I've been afraid. All night, Lowe. That's why I came to you."

She did not resist, but clung to him, as if trying to absorb some of his steadiness.

"Your father's a seaman," Lowe tried to comfort her.

"But he's old, Lowe, and so is the Lady. There's ice piling up out there. She can't stand ice!"

Lowe stepped back to his instruments, and started his generators. He sent three X's, the urgent signal.

"All vessels attention," and he told briefly of the Merry Lady's plight.

That done, he waited, while Elsa leaned close over him, until his horn replied. When its chatter had finished, he disclosed: "Steamer Missouri. She's off Chicago."

"Two hundred miles!"

"There's nothing closer, except the Nine."

The hopeless terror in her eyes appalled him, and he caught her again and was holding her firmly, speaking rapidly, trying to give more comfort, when the door snapped open and the roaring night spat a man into the room. It was McCarthy, port superintendent. The smoky lantern in his fist shone on the gold braid, a commander's four broad stripes, on his sleeve.

"What's this?" he screamed. "This what you're up to? This why you don't answer your phone?"

Lowe released Elsa. He stepped forward, and the roar that swept in the open door protected his voice, so that Elsa could not hear what he told the superintendent.

McCarthy looked at her once while he listened, then fiercely into Lowe's crimson face.

"What you done about it?" he bellowed.

"Told the Nine to stay out till they found her," Lowe replied.

"And what's he say?" McCarthy roared. "Ransom . . . what's he say?"

"Careful!" Lowe whispered. "For God's sake, sir, don't let her hear!"

He snapped open his log book, and between the pages disclosed furtively the penciled sheets that he had kept Elsa from seeing. McCarthy's face bulged and turned purple as he read: "Won't turn back?" he howled. "Did he say that?"

Lowe glanced at Elsa. But McCarthy, too moved for thought of delicacy, champed on: "Carlson's drownin' two miles away and Ransom talks cargo? Oh, I know what's in his mind! The yellow belly . . . him and his inheritance! Get on the air! Call him! God help me, I'll tell him!"

"Lowe!" Elsa cried.

He swung about to see her standing horrified against the wall, the white hand now grasping her throat as the truth fell upon her. "You don't mean . . . what about Jim, Lowe? Lowe . . . did Jim. . . ."

But he silenced her bluntly, to cover his anxiety, saying: "Don't talk," and threw the switch on the black panel. His fingers touched the bug and he called the Number Nine.

McCarthy commanded: "Send what I say! Send it straight, understand? To Ransom," he dictated. "Turn about. Find that schooner. Bring Carlson in . . . safe . . . with all his crew."

Lowe's dots and dashes reflected by their own violence the sharpness of the message.

"Tell him I'll get his papers!" McCarthy swore. "I'll have him up before a board soon's he sticks his nose into port! He'll not command a garbage scow if Carlson drowns! Tell him that!"

And when Lowe had transmitted it, McCarthy demanded: "What does he say?"

LOWE waited, puzzled, ear tuned to the silent horn.

"He doesn't answer," he replied. "Operator's probably taken his head phones off while he telephones the bridge."

McCarthy's eyes snapped.

"To hell with Ransom. I'll go find Carlson myself."

"You?" Elsa exclaimed, and the look the superintendent turned on her was so full of surprise that Lowe knew that until this second McCarthy had forgotten her presence here.

"Sure, me," he said. "The old Number Two's in port, ain't she? I'll take her out myself, rout up a rescue crew in three minutes. There are men around the yard office, steam's in the boilers."

"But you can't!" Elsa persisted. "The Number Two's no sea boat! You'd never get there!"

"Ugh? Me? Never get there?" He pursed his lips. "I'll get there, miss."

He turned abruptly and went out into the crashing night.

"He can't!" Elsa cried. Lowe slammed the door and returned to her. "There isn't time," she pleaded. "Call the Nine! Jim's surely turned!"

Lowe hesitated. He was loath to speak to the ferry again. Ransom's refusal had been plain enough before, and Lowe feared to have Elsa know the other's reply now, if he replied at all. There was a chance, of course, that Ransom might feel impelled to go, after McCarthy's message. It might anger him, to the point of perversity, for a mere wireless operator to beg him again. Elsa caught Lowe's hands.

(Continued on page 42)

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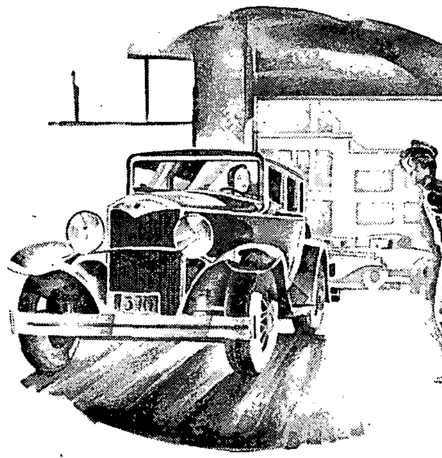

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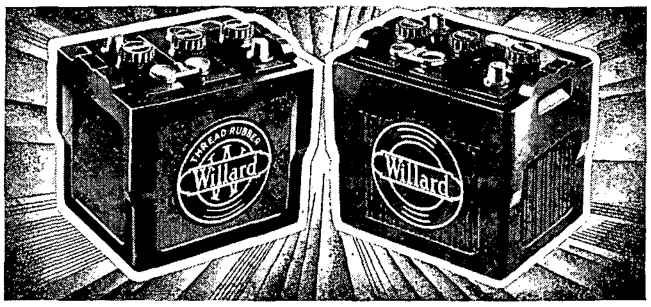

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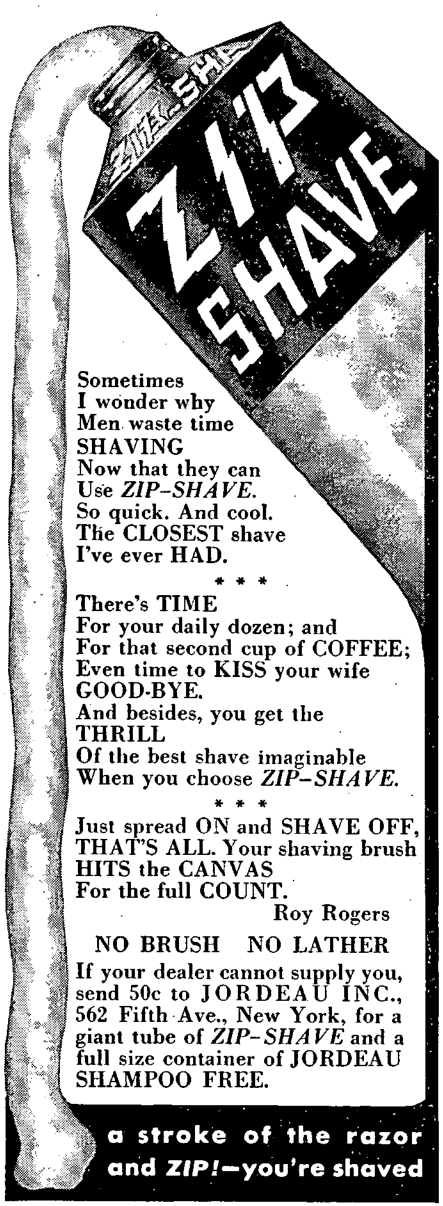

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I wonder why
Men waste time
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Now that they can
Use *ZIP-SHAVE.*
So quick. And cool.
The CLOSEST shave
I've ever HAD.

* * *

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For that second cup of COFFEE;
Even time to KISS your wife
GOOD-BYE.
And besides, you get the
THRILL
Of the best shave imaginable
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(Continued from page 41)

And although she pleaded he held adamant, so that time crawled by, so slowly that he leaned close to the clock once, to make sure that it had not stopped. Then, crossing to the door, he called: "Elsa, there goes the Two."

Through the small frosty glass in the panel they watched the short ferry pull away from her slip, riding high, with empty tracks, and she seemed deliberate as the clock. Elsa was sobbing now. Lowe was tempted again to hold her tight but when he tried it she pushed him away, so that he stood miserably beside her and watched McCarthy take his unseaworthy craft out of the harbor into the choppy space between the piers. The red storm-signal lamps reflected grimly on its frozen sides and Elsa decided: "He's having trouble even now! See, he can't hold to the middle!"

"Steam's not full pressure yet," Lowe told her. "The fires were banked. It takes a few minutes."

"But she'll break up," Elsa cried, and Lowe knew well enough that she meant not the car ferry but the Merry Lady.

"Watch here from the front," he told her, and he led her to his chair, facing the window, so that she saw plainly the Number Two roll into broken water beyond the piers and turn her head resolutely toward the gap in the spear-head breakwater. Giant seas burrowed under and tossed her aloft disdainfully, and at the same instant the storm kicked the signal house in a fresh, howling tantrum, so that every clapboard screamed.

THERE was a sharp crackle in the horn, and Lowe sprang toward it bewilderedly, his lips apart, as the lively small talk of the static ceased abruptly.

"Elsa!" he yelled. "The antenna!"

"But look!"

He leaped back to the window as she cried out, in time to see the bow of the Number Two swing northward in the narrow gap, so that in thirty seconds she lay broadside to the running seas. Even in the instant Lowe knew that she was out of hand.

Elsa screamed: "He's hit the breakwater!"

Lowe crouched for two whole minutes, looking distractedly from window to silent radio. Then he exclaimed: "She's sinking," and ran to the door, but from there he could see a tug.

"Railroad tug's going after the crew," he cried, returning, and then, as he realized the danger: "My God, Elsa, what if the ferry sinks there!"

The girl caught the sharp fright in his voice.

"You mean . . . what is it, Lowe?"

"She'll plug the channel!"

He spun his dial, left and right, over half its wide range, but still the horn sat dumb. He realized fully then what catastrophe had overtaken him. The same wind that twisted the Number Two against the breakwater had ripped the antenna from his masts. He could not call Ransom again. Could not call anyone. In a minute or an hour, old Number Two might be on bottom, plugging the harbor mouth, and Ransom's ferry would pile up on the wreckage.

Lowe ran toward the door, but Elsa halted him.

"Lowe, where are you going? Try Jim, please, Lowe, he may be turning now. I must know!"

But he plunged out, regardless of her. He could spare her knowledge of this new fear at least. In the darkness he slipped on ice, sprawled, and the wind turned him over twice before he recovered his feet. Then a shadow blew toward him out of the screaming darkness, and in a second he was holding Elsa in his arms. She cried something in his ear. What, he could not understand, so, pressing her before him, he fought his way back to the door, and once inside, stood panting, while he supported her.

"What?"

"Don't leave me alone!" she begged.

He could not waste breath to reply, merely pushed her away, and dragged the door shut after him as he burrowed back into the night. He pitied her, yet this was no moment for pity, any more than for love, or hatred. There was one chance. He leaned against the wind, driving himself around the corner to the front of the building, where the steep path to his own house dived downward. McCarthy, leaving so recently, had descended by the rear, taking advantage of the shelter of the dune. But here was no shelter, only the pounding reminder of what the Merry Lady's master and crew must suffer, if they still were afloat.

Night and the storm conspired to render unfamiliar even the path, worn by his own feet, so that when he came to the bend in it, he did not at once realize the fact and, instead of crawling to the right, he continued straight downward. Too late he discovered his mistake. The sedge broke under his clawing fingers, and he slid off into darkness, where the wind caught him and flung him, in a grotesque handspring, against the bluff and down. He struck on his back and his right shoulder, upon the narrow ledge behind his house.

Spindrift that pelted his face with icy needles roused him presently, and he crawled up to his knees. He felt no pain, only a vast confusion, and his right arm trailed as if it were not his own.

The rear door of his house withstood him obstinately, but at last he staggered in and stood in the cold, unlighted room, panting, trying to gather his thoughts. Then he remembered. It was a coil of wire he needed, an insulated coil which hung on the wall behind the workbench in his laboratory.

He was conscious of a pain, now, that gnawed at his shoulder, so that it was with his left hand he must feel awkwardly along the wall, and finally drag the coil off its hook. He dropped it over his head like a stiff noose and, leaving the door open behind him, sought again the steep path up the bluff.

Lowe managed to climb slowly. Three times, falling back, he twisted his head to look. The gap in the breakwater lay black and empty. The Number Two had sunk and the little tug, bearing inward, was making for the piers. And beyond, in the howling distance, the lights of a vessel rose and fell. It was the Number Nine. It could be no other. Ransom, who had been reluctant to aid the Merry Lady, was pounding in now toward the clogged breakwater gap. Whether he had saved Cars Carlson or not, a wireless message must warn him. Warn him to turn, seek shelter elsewhere.

THE lighted windows of the wireless house looked out at him when Lowe crawled over the top. He went on to the splintered mast. With his left hand and his teeth he untwisted the coil of wire, fumbling with cold fingers, and made one end fast to the stub of the broken tamarack. With luck—and Heaven knew he should have some luck tonight—with luck he could rig a temporary aërial, a phony antenna, in the words of wireless men. But he found that he could not stand erect here, so he hitched along the ground to a dwarfed cedar, and passing the coil over a branch, shoulder high, he started toward the house.

He halted at the table. Elsa stood before him, her cheeks, that had been white when he left, now crimson, and her blue eyes wide with fury.

"Afraid, too, were you?" she charged. "Well, I stayed. I wasn't afraid!"

"Elsa," he began, but the unfairness of her attack loosened his temper, too, and he simply said: "Take this wire!" When she did not lift a hand, his own anger mounted and the firm quality of his voice turned. "Take it, I say. Do you want Ransom to drown?"

Her fear and indignation gave way before confusion as she stared at him, and when he repeated his demand, she obeyed.

"In that drawer . . . pliers. . . ." he directed. "Give them here. Now take this wire . . . the end. Wrap it around . . . that antenna lead-in . . . up there. . . ." He swayed, and instead of taking the wire she ran toward him with the chair.

"Sit down, Lowe . . . you're hurt. . . ."

But he kicked the chair away.

"Hook it around that lead-in," he repeated, and she took it stiffly and began to twist the bare end to the shining brass tube which slanted from the ceiling to the transmitter case.

He ordered: "Take that clamp. Snap it on. Tight."

She obeyed, asking no questions.

"Now that wave meter . . . the brown box. Lift it. Higher. Under the lead-in. Higher . . . there. . . ."

HE STARTED the generators and with his good hand twisted the condenser dial while he watched the meter which Elsa held aloft. Its indicator needle flickered to the calling wave at last and Lowe said brusquely: "That's all. Set down the box."

He spun to his desk, and haltingly flashed his message.

"K—F—C—A——K—F—C—A—"

A sputter answered him.

He had contact. It was the Nine. His warning darted across the air.

"Don't come in, wreck in channel, don't come in, don't come in, don't come in. . . ."

"R," the Nine replied. "We understand."

Understood, but did not mention the Merry Lady. Lowe bent forward weakly.

"Lowe," Elsa cried, "please forgive me! I should have known you'd not desert. But ask him, now, Lowe!"

She had brought a jacket from the wall and was fastening it around Lowe's shoulders. "Please! Where is the Lady?"

"Listen," Lowe bade.

The horn was speaking.

"Write down what I tell you, Elsa; I can't."

He saw her fingers tremble, reaching for the pencil.

"We'll lie under the islands," he translated. "Signature, Ransom. . . ."

"Ask him!" Elsa pleaded.

The bug clicked and the horn buzzed.

"Elsa!" Lowe shouted. "Listen!"

The pencil dropped.

"Your father's calling, wants a message to you! 'Ransom turned . . . took off captain and crew. . . .'"

"McCarthy made him turn," Elsa said.

"But he did turn! No difference who made him. . . ."

The door opened behind them and McCarthy stamped in. "You stopped him, eh?" he croaked.

"The captain's safe!" Elsa cried. "Ransom went to the Merry Lady!"

"I told him to," McCarthy said. "If he'd been quicker, I'd not have had to swim!" He picked up the half-penciled message. "Good teamwork," he commented. "You took it, Hadden, and the gal wrote it."

He smiled. "I'll send relief, Hadden," and they heard the door slam.

Elsa leaned over Lowe quickly.

"You've one good arm, Lowe, and if the other doesn't hurt too much, I'll cuddle in here. . . ."

"It couldn't hurt too much . . . for that. . . ." he said, and held her close to him.

"Why not take over the RAILROADS ..and Be done with it?"

"EVERY time the railroads are in trouble," says a critic, "they run to the Government for help. When not in trouble, they denounce Government interference. The way out of both assistance and interference is Government ownership."

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MERLE THORPE, *Editor.*

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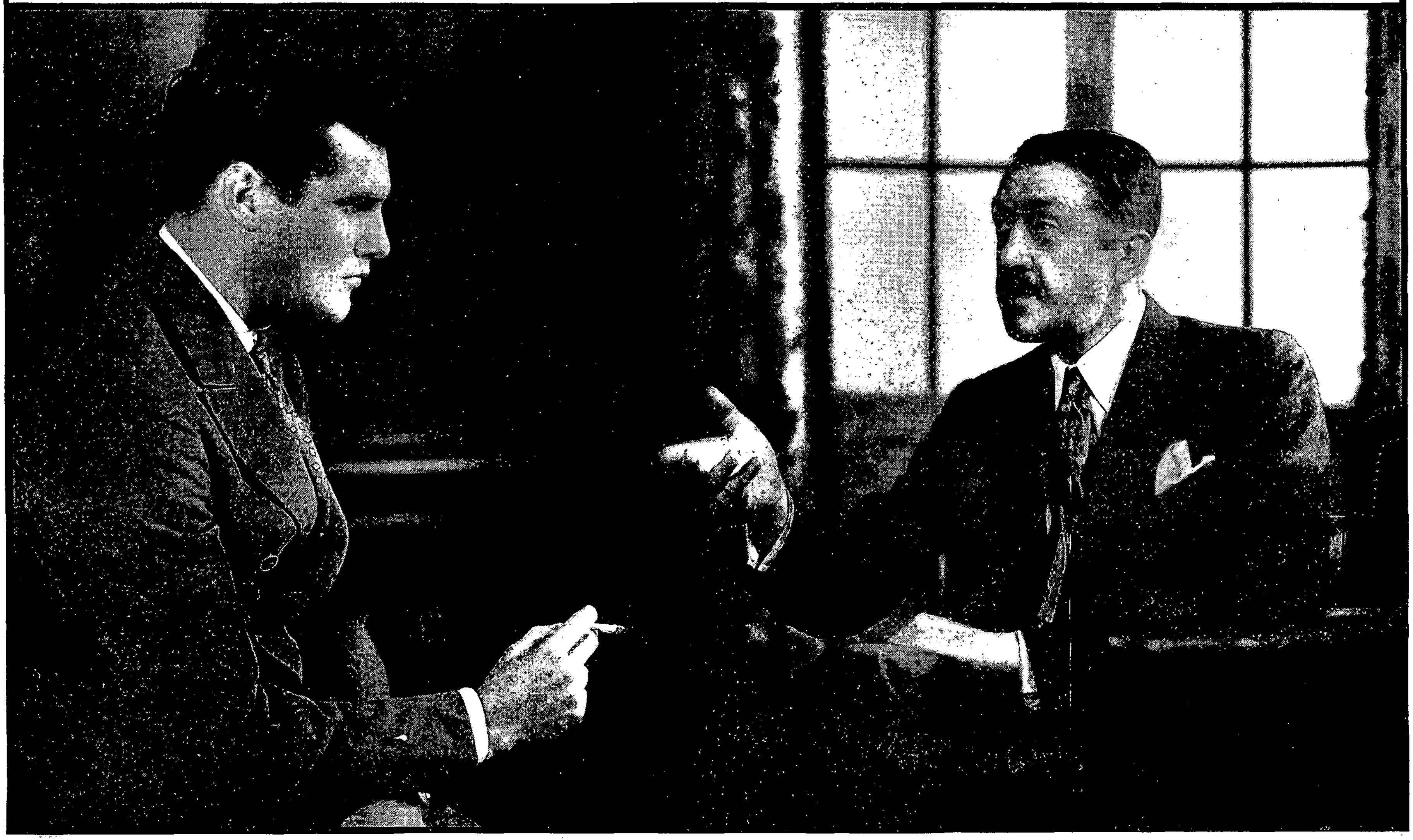

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Every day, the average person who is a heavy smoker notices it. Head heavy and dull—a pressing down over the eyes; across the back of the head.

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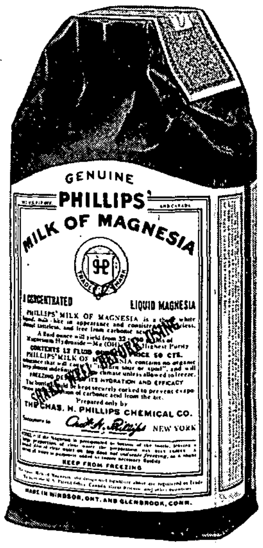
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A Key to the House

Continued from page 16

as far as this, is largely a matter of personal taste, but she has to be cautious in mixing these two spirits in the same room, just as she would be if they were distinctively English and French elements in the same sports costume.

If her house is, by deliberate intent or financial limit, designed to be extremely informal, she may discard all of these previous entries and go in for something like French Provincial. She undoubtedly knows this term, because it has been so extensively used in advertising. Here, again, she meets other things of much the same degree of informality, but of totally different spirits—the earlier English oak of cottage type and the Early American pine.

Done to Scale

Of these three, French Provincial sounds likeliest to be suitable to our hypothetical family, because it possesses informality with gayety and relatively small size, and it isn't hard to mix with slightly more formal French, Italian or English Eighteenth Century things later on. English oak is apt to be too big and clumsy for most modern rooms; moreover it isn't comfortable, unless we sit up straight by nature. Also, it's heavily and aggressively masculine—not a flattering background for any woman—and it simply won't combine with anything else except the heavier early Spanish and Italian things which demand more space than most of us have. Nevertheless some people find kinship with it, in which case it belongs to them.

Early American pine has quite a different feeling—a little spare and tight-lipped, a little "pisen neat," just what a stern and rockbound coast joined with an equally rockbound Pilgrim Father might be expected to produce. Such things aren't appropriate, of course, to a formal house, or to a house where luxurious informality is the keynote, or to any house not swept and garnished in the New England manner. But they undeniably have their place with certain temperaments, especially when they are reinforced with the genuine old-farmhouse setting. Only—we should be very sure ours is a basic urge and not a passing mood, before we go in for anything that differs so vastly from the typical modern American viewpoint.

Having settled on general feeling, the decorator on her own may say to herself, "Yes, but I do want one room in a totally different spirit"—just as the sports-clothes or the tailored-suit woman might feel she'd like one really grand or one delightfully frivolous evening dress.

This odd room might be a formal drawing-room in a house where most of the entertaining was casual and done in a comfortable upstairs sitting-room, a library or a big sunroom; or in a place where formality predominated, it might be a cheerful knock-about fun room. If the woman who has this odd room to costume will think of it, too, in terms of clothes she isn't apt to go wrong. If it's to have the air and finish of an evening frock, she won't put printed linen curtains at the window any more than she'd carry a pigskin bag. If it's to be in the utilitarian feeling of a sports dress, she won't think of satin curtains any more than she would of satin shoes.

Passing from the mood we want the house to induce—and eliminating many whole schools of decorative thought even if we don't know their names, by the mere exercise of our sense of suitability—we come to the actual rooms themselves. And here we have to do first of all with proportion.

A woman knows herself so well that she rarely makes mistakes in choosing her clothes. If she's tall or short, slender or heavy, out of shape in certain spots, she's learned long ago that she has to take these things into account. If she has a masterful nose, she chooses a hat with a brim rather than one without. If her ankles aren't her best point, she likes pumps better than strapped shoes or oxfords. But when it comes to her house, she frequently forgets this angle.

Let's say ceilings are low—very well, no furniture originally designed for twelve- and fourteen-foot rooms. If we can fake the ceiling into seeming to recede by eliminating beams that call attention to it, or painting it dark, which often seems to push it up, or doing it the same color as the walls, we may gain a foot. If we put a really lovely rug on the floor, we may keep people from looking up. But no matter what we do, we can't turn an eight-foot wall into a fourteen-foot one.

If we use tall furniture, we do just the same thing as though we wore out-of-proportion heels or chose a hat that sheared high into the air from a sweet low brow. Most of the mistakes made at this point have to do with Tudor, Spanish or Italian influences—all early. The furniture developed in Spain and Italy in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, much smaller in scale and quite suitable to the average American house or apartment, seems comparatively little known in this country. California Spanish is, of course, a native product, evolved to meet modern conditions, and it has much to recommend it in its own particular habitat.

If the room is small as well as low, scale is more important than ever, with bulk playing as great a part as height. We must be careful, too, not to have an overplus of detail. This is no place for a collection of flower prints or a plethora of tables, no matter how little. The small woman has long ago learned not to wear fluffy fox furs and wide hat brims, and she also avoids loading her confined space with jewelry and lingerie touches. Her cues are delicacy, daintiness, femininity, simplicity of effect—otherwise she looks as busy as a ten-cent store. This room of hers is a twin sister, and every bit of technique she's acquired is going to come in handy.

Material Considerations

But scale doesn't stop when we've considered the size of furniture in relation to its setting. We have to go on into thinking of each piece in itself and as it ties up with the rest. Bastard reproductions are still abroad in the market, though their number is fortunately decreasing. Here is a chair that the salesman proudly introduces as Heppelwhite. The decorator knows at a glance that Heppelwhite never designed those oversize legs; they were some manufacturer's idea of making the thing more practical. The amateur simply decides that she doesn't like the chair—it looks as though it had dressed for the street, only to add riding boots. Similarly, she's presented to a four-poster bed that has had tricks played on its anatomy. She mayn't know the exact size that posts of this period ought traditionally to be, but she feels that those she sees weigh the bed down, like heavy trimming on an otherwise good hat—or stick up like skinny feather fancies that haven't sufficient importance to be worth the effort.

When it comes to choosing materials for upholstery and curtains, the clothes-conscious woman oughtn't to have the least trouble. She knows instinctively—if she gives her sports-clothes instinct play—that sturdy woods like oak suggest things equally sturdy, such as printed linen, wool damask and so on. Early American pine mates naturally with chintzes, dimities, ginghams and the other fabrics that mean dressing down rather than dressing up. A heavy cut velvet with a bold design on a delicate Louis XVI chair is as bad as a winter evening wrap over a summer chiffon. Brocaded satin on a grave English chair suggests a beaded bag with a tailored suit.

Color is something on which the American woman has been thoroughly educated in the clothes field. Time was, in the memory of the older contingent, when a rainbow mélange was the rule rather than the exception. Then came the era during which we matched so carefully that we were monotone sketches from top to toe—all black, all brown, all beige. Next we passed to combining two colors. At present, we're in the three-color period. This still means careful selection, but results are both spirited and individual.

Becoming Colors

In our houses, the danger isn't so much that we'll get too many colors as that we'll have too few, because, as we said before, house-knowledge is still a few laps behind clothes-knowledge. There are countless rooms that give the impression of timidity—tight in technique, a little overstudied in old rose and gray, yellow and blue, Adam green and beige, or a painstaking scheme so obviously worked out from the chintz that hangs at the windows that we find ourselves counting the touches of robin's-egg blue as against those of black and pink.

Returning to the original analysis of our family and our house, we remember checking it as a winter rather than a year-round place, and as one used more at night than by day. The time will come, perhaps, when drapery departments will have the same kind of lamps that now help us to see what our evening dresses will look like under artificial light, but at present we have to do such experimenting at home, taking back sufficiently large samples to be sure of our effect. This costs money, because we have to buy at least a quarter of a yard—better a half—but it's much safer than investing in the whole consignment, only to discover that we've made a mistake.

The same caution is dictated for paint and wall paper, which is even more important in the color scheme. Some yellows light badly. Some blues turn green. Some pinks fade almost to nothing, while others that seem too strong by day are lovely at night. No woman thinks of buying a lampshade without trying it over a bulb; she should try her other colors in the light contributed by her lamps, shaded as they will be when the room is complete.

But whether or not night-lighting enters largely into the problem, color has to be considered from two other standpoints, each more important than its current vogue. The first is becomingness—no woman should have to be told about this, though the amazing fact is that many set their own stages with

(*Continued on page 46*)

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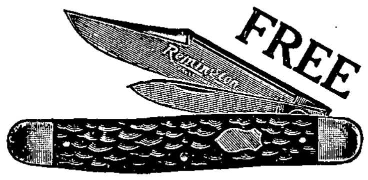

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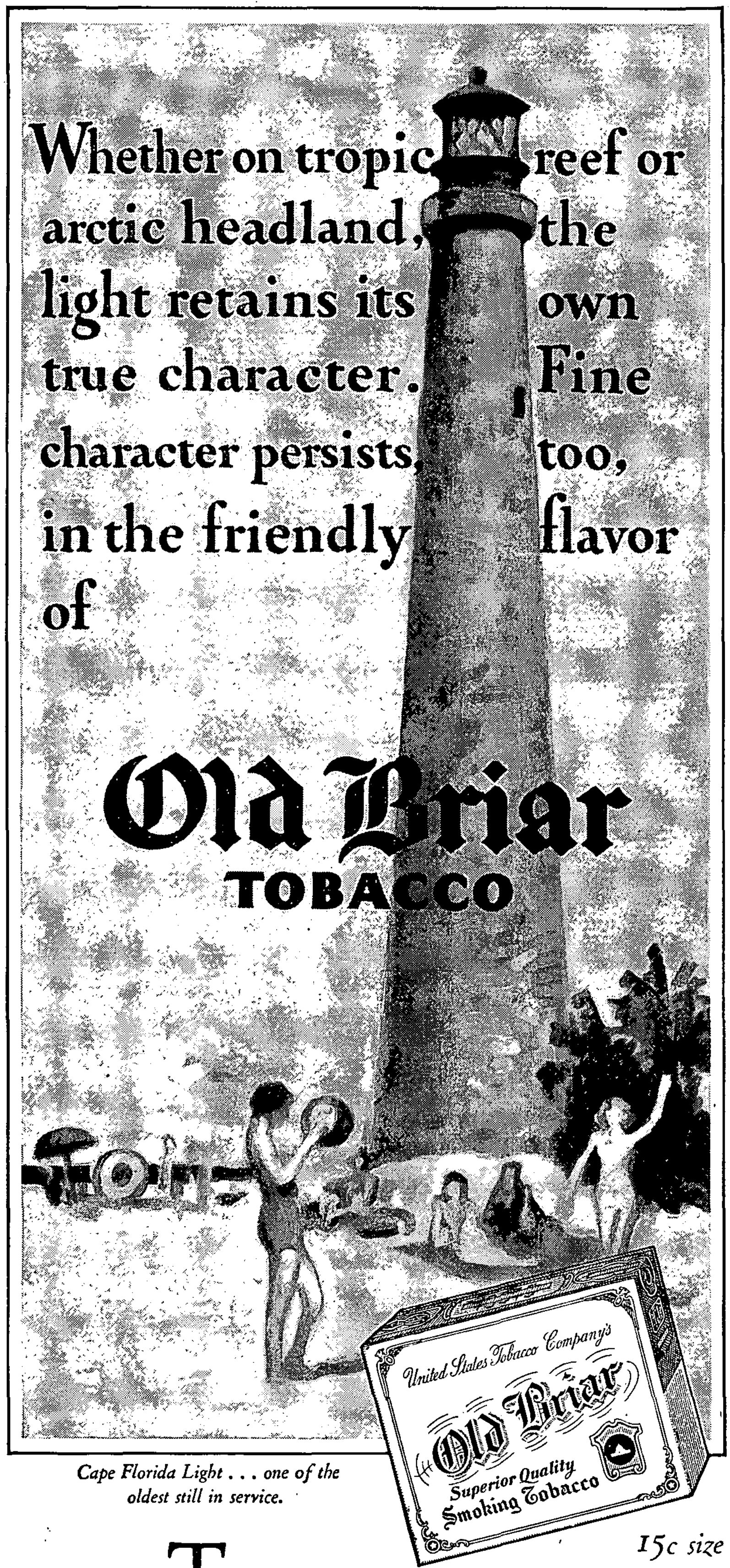

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UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
U. S. A.

(*Continued from page 45*)

shades they'd never dream of choosing for their costumes. The second is practicality, and here we should include not only the color's resistance to dirt and fading but also our own reaction to the color. Certain shades, immensely effective in rooms not used a great deal, soon become tiring—too much of the bright, hard green against which the maple of Biedermeier furniture or the white and gold of the Empire mode are so attractive—too much of the new lively darkish blue which seemed so dashing on a Wedgwood vase that a recent New York exhibitor went in for it on the wholesale. Red, of course, has always to be used sparingly for the same reason, and so has a too-evenly balanced ration of black and white.

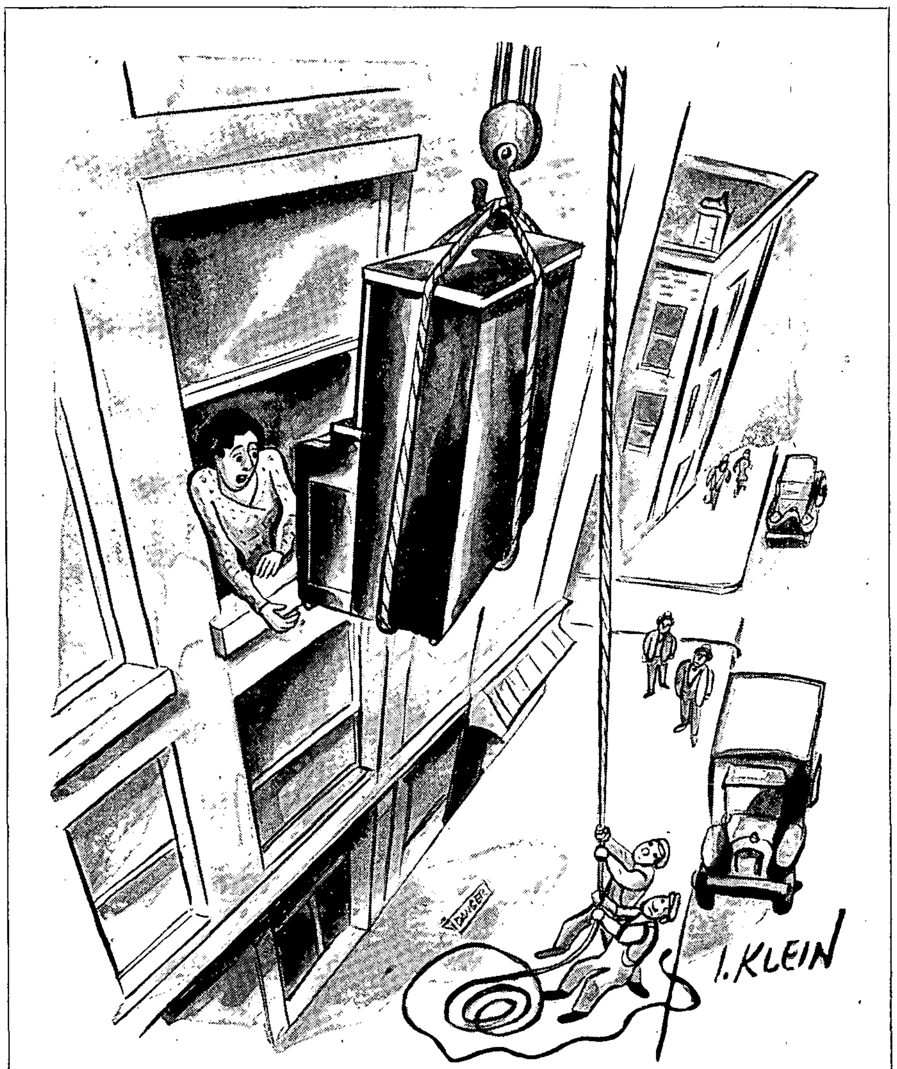
Don't Be Military

The clothes-conscious woman wouldn't get a dress as striking as any of these decorative schemes unless she planned to wear it only a few times, but she may be lured into such things for her house by seeing them in a hotel, in the theater or in a magazine devoted to people who redecorate every year. The chances are, however, that she'll retreat to the other extreme. Why not work out a current room as she would a current costume, steering a middle course between the overstimulating and the sweetly old-fashioned? And, by the way, don't forget to look among the dress materials as well as in the drapery department, for the color choice is always greater.

So far we haven't spoken of balance and arrangement, though these have to be thought of from the beginning. Here we have to do with something much more complicated than any similar problem to be met in the clothes field—a hat can never be worn except on the head, but the sofa that would have looked so well opposite the fireplace may ruin the whole room if we put it at right angles to this center of attention. Another sofa, smaller or of different design, might be so placed; even this particular one in another color mightn't have seemed to stick out too far.

Even with the best of planning, some mistakes are sure to be made, but kindergarten errors can be eliminated by holding one's sense of balance firmly from the start. A big mirror or picture over a little table seems to lack support—like a heavy hat over a light dress. Hang it above the sofa, and the two are in accord. A piano and a large piece of furniture on the same wall look like a costume with all the weight of color or trimming down one side. Heavy is better when balanced with heavy, color with dark. This is why pairs of things are so good—a pair of chairs to stand with a table between to balance a sofa at the other side of the fireplace—a pair of little tables with a pair of lamps at either end of a sofa against a long wall—a pair of mantel ornaments. If anybody thinks that two of a kind spell monotony, let her remember all the pairs she has to buy for her wardrobe—shoes, stockings, gloves, blouses with two sleeves alike. Pairs aren't a bad foundation on which to create the variety that every room, as well as every costume, needs.

While nobody maintains that everything should be set straight, we should be very cautious about diagonal lines. Cat-a-corner rug-placing is almost never successful, since the rug is framed by a balanced square-cornered floor. Similarly, pieces of furniture against a wall look better when set straight, unless, like corner cupboards, they have the diagonal motif in their construction. Chairs in a group, on the contrary, seem more natural when slightly turned and "talking to each other." Order is the first law of beauty, but it needn't extend to downright military stiffness.



"We want to keep the piano hanging here, mister; there is no room for it in our apartment" *I. Klein*

Are You Listening?

Continued from page 24

I'm nervous.

Sit down and relax.

Can't.

Come on. Let's hear it. What's the trouble?

Trouble? There isn't any trouble. I've just got something on my mind—I can't figure it out for myself, and I don't know anybody to talk it over with.

Try telling me. Maybe I can help you. There're very few situations a girl can get into that I haven't experienced in my fifty years.

I know. But this is different.

Sure, darling. Of course it's different. It's always different. And it's always the same thing. Go ahead and tell me about it. Who is he and what does he want you to do?

How did you know?

NEVER mind. Sit down and get it out of your system. To begin with, do you like him?

I'm afraid I do. I didn't at first. I thought he was just another good-looking man but fresher if anything. Smarter, you know; been around more.

This isn't Larry, is it?

Oh, no! Larry's just a nice kid, full of statistics about love, but doesn't know what it's all about. Says he's crazy about me, tags around after me everywhere I go, takes me out and tries to dance once in a while, but spends most of the evening just looking at me like —well, I don't know what.

I know. With the adoring wonder of a young mother whose first baby has just begun to talk.

Yes, that's it.

In other words, he's crazy about you, and you can't see him.

Well, not exactly.

That's near enough—now let's go on. How about the other one?

Oh, Jack's different. Jack is so sure, so offhand—money and good looks and young. He can have a million girls.

But he likes you?

Well, I don't know. He's never said so.

And you like him?

I'm afraid I do. I tried not to. I couldn't see what good it would do me. After all, he's only playing now. He's bound to go back to his own bunch on Park Avenue.

Not always. They don't always intermarry in their own crowd.

But Jack doesn't want to get married anyway.

Sounds to me like a boy with good sense. Why should he? You tell me he's young, rich, good-looking, can have all the girls he wants, and then you wonder in your naïve maidenly way why he doesn't throw himself into your arms and say, "Here, take it all, take my liberty, take my money, take me. Don't ask me why. Call it love. Call it anything. I don't want to be free any more. I want somebody to say, 'Where are you going? When are you coming back? Who did you see? What did you do?'"

Oh, I wouldn't be anything like that.

No, of course not. At least you don't think you would. And all the Jacks in the world believe it, or else the race would have died out long ago.

So you think there's no chance of his ever asking me to marry him?

I didn't say that. There's always the chance he'll forget how well off he is now—I mean, speaking absolutely from his point of view, not yours. From your point of view, it's an entirely different story, my dear. If you can only start him feeling sorry for poor little you, alone in the world and so helpless, needing a strong man's love and protection, he might forget his point and insist upon seeing everything from yours. Then he's hooked.

My, that sounds hard-boiled, Mrs. Peters.

It's not hard-boiled, my darling. That's a back-stage view of the comedy-drama called Marriage. I don't claim to have written it, but I certainly have played all the female rôles. I know all the entrances, exits, and have the answers to all the cues, whether it's "I need you to inspire me" or "My wife doesn't understand me" or "Let us go away and enjoy life together while we are young and gay, for tomorrow we are old and sad and the day after we are dead and forgotten."

For tomorrow we are old and sad and the day after we are dead and forgotten. Isn't that strange! He didn't use the same words but that's just what he said.

When?

When he asked me to go on this trip with him.

What trip? You've forgotten, darling, you haven't told me anything. Why don't you?

It's like this, Mrs. Peters. There's a football game in Chicago Saturday and Jack wants me to go with him. At first I said he must be crazy. I couldn't go to Chicago alone with him. And he said, well, we aren't going alone. I've got a friend who's married and he and his wife would chaperon us. And I said, well, even so, do you think Sally or Laura would let me go? What could I tell them? So then he said they wouldn't have to know anything about it—I could tell them I had gone home to see my mother. In fact, he didn't care what I told them so long as I went with him. And then he started telling me what a marvelous time we would have and how much he liked me and how he couldn't think of going so far all by himself to see the game unless I went with him and—

"And after all, Honey, aren't we young only once? Let's enjoy life while we're young and gay. Come to Chicago with me, Honey. We'll have a marvelous trip and a marvelous time. We'll get to know each other better—like each other better." How's that? Isn't that what he said?

You do know all the speeches. Do you know all the answers too?

A lot of them. But there are only three answers to this. Yes, No, and Perhaps some day, who knows?

WELL, I certainly don't find it as simple as that. I've been thinking and wondering and worrying and . . .

Do you want to go?

I do and I don't.

You do because you want to, and you don't because you're afraid to. Isn't that it? Ask yourself what you're afraid of.

Well . . .

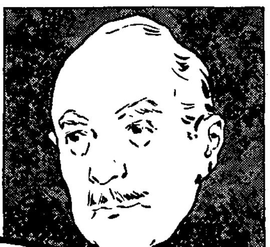
What could happen to you? Nothing, really, unless you wanted it to. He's not a gorilla. You have two chaperons. Whatever decision you make, he'll have to abide by. Remember, it's always the woman who holds the key to any situation like this. It can be any kind of situation she chooses, and the man must abide by her decision. If I haven't learned anything else in my fifty years, I've learned that men accept a girl on her own valuation of herself. If she wants respect for herself, she must have it for herself first.

It sounds simple when you say it.

(Continued on page 48)

"You don't buy these tablets every day; they come in a 10-day bottle because they keep."

"It's the standard for vitamin studies as conducted by the U. S. Government and leading universities."



YEAST FOAM TABLETS

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the only kind of yeast suitable for all ages

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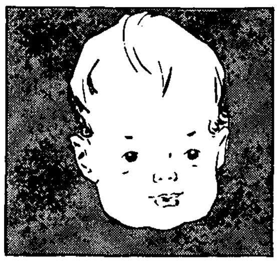
"Being all yeast, *these tablets are the richest known natural food source of Vitamins B and G."*

"It's a wholesome food because it's pure yeast and nothing but yeast. *No drugs or other substances."*



"This yeast is pasteurized; therefore it cannot ferment or cause gas in the stomach."

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ON THE AIR

Every Sunday Afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00 Eastern Standard Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers" over NBC-WJZ and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.

Here are 7 reasons why you should eat Yeast Foam Tablets—the modern form of Health Yeast—read them carefully

Is it any wonder that thousands of people are seeking to improve or to retain their health and energy through the aid of this modern, this better form of health yeast? Its advantages, set forth above, are perfectly apparent. Its potency, in the essential B and G vitamins (hence its corrective value), exceeds that of *any* other natural foodstuff.

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AFTER the theatre wherever your path may lead, make White Rock a part of the party. - - If your taste is pleased by ginger ale—you will find the unique liveliness of White Rock perfectly captured in White Rock Ginger Ale—the only ginger ale made with this leading mineral water.

White Rock
Pale-Dry
White Rock Pale Dry Ginger Ale
White Rock
White Rock Water
White Rock
The leading mineral water

(Continued from page 47)

Well, it is as simple as that—if you keep it that simple. Trouble starts when you begin to complicate it with too many ideas that just ain't so. Or, what is more dangerous and delightful, you fall in love and then—well, falling is the perfect word for it. It's just like falling off the Empire State Building, being struck by lightning on the way down and landing in a featherbed a mile deep.

Gee, that's it. That's just what I'm beginning to feel like. You know I'm standing on the edge of this trip looking over and getting dizzy, and I want to jump and I don't and I can't get away from the edge and . . .

And you want me to tell you what to do?

Yes. Yes. Yes. Tell me what to do. Shall I go? Shall I stay? Would he think less of me if I did go? Would I seem cheap to him? Will I lose him entirely if I refuse? Maybe if we were together for these few days, he'd learn to love me so he wouldn't want to be separated any more. Or will he be angry and feel cheated because I . . . well . . . I . . .

You see, darling, you're much too confused to think clearly. Or listen clearly. You want him. Fair means if possible—but—you want him. I don't blame you. You're young but smart and in just a few months down here in New York you've learned that a man is better than a job, and a home is better than a career. Laura will tell you. Sally will tell you. I will tell you. A million women who chose careers and failed will tell you the same. A thousand women who chose careers and succeeded can tell you the same—and more. So marry Jack if you can.

Wouldn't I though!

And if you can't get Jack, take Larry. Or that boy back home. The lawyer—what's his name?

Walter? Say, if he were the last man on earth!

If he were you wouldn't have a chance. You'd be killed in the rush. . . .

4. Middletown: Mrs. O'Neal and Walter Keene.

Thanksgiving Day! What a hollow mockery it can be if your hair is thinning and falling out. Look at yourself in the mirror. Are your temples receding? Do you say in the words of the immortal Lady Macbeth as you see the top of your head reflected in that telltale mirror—"Out, Damned Spot!" In short, is it Thanksgiving Day for you, or is it just another day of sorrow and remorse? But cheer up! The Beau Brummel Dandruff Dandies bring you a stirring message. First, however, they will entertain you with their own inimitable Jewsharp Trio, playing the Overture to Tannhäuser . . .

One more piece of mince pie, Walter. Come on now, I've got a whole pie here, and we haven't hardly touched it.

I couldn't eat another piece. Honest, I couldn't. Please, Mrs. O'Neal, don't put it on my plate. . . . Well, all right, just half then.

I'm glad you could come, Walter. I would have been all alone here. Thanksgiving Day, too. You'd think at least one of my daughters would think enough of their mother to come home for Thanksgiving.

Maybe they couldn't get away. They're all working. They've got jobs. Radio goes on just the same—Sundays—holidays.

Just the same they could have thought of their mother. They could have managed, if they wanted to. One of them could anyway. They wrote me letters, but what good are letters?

How is Laura now?

Oh, she's all right. Back at work. You see, you worry too much, Mrs. O'Neal. I told you before you went to see her she'd be all right. After all, what's a tonsil operation? Nothing.

That was all. Just tonsils. Wasn't I silly? But I can't help worrying about those girls there in New York. New York is no place for girls. No place for anybody. I was glad to get home. I tried my best to get Honey to come back with me, but I couldn't budge her.

She'll never come back. I'm sure of that now.

Walter! You mean you don't like Honey any more?

Of course I like her. I've always liked Honey. But liking her didn't keep her here, and liking her won't bring her back.

Then why don't you go and bring her back yourself?

How? Handcuffs?

Maybe if you went to New York and got a position there where you could see her oftener. You could be a lawyer in New York as well as here, couldn't you?

There are too many lawyers in New York now. Too many doctors, too many dentists, too many everything.

And too many girls who ought to be home.

Yes, but they have to find that out for themselves.

I think you ought to go and see her. She's not so happy there. Neither is Laura. Neither is Sally. Maybe after Honey's been in New York a few more months, she'll be glad to see things different. Why don't you go and see her? Have a talk with her. She's not the same Honey she was when she left here. She's different, and she's changing all the time. I hardly knew her.

I'd love to, but what's the use?

How will you ever know if you don't try? I wish you would, Walter. I wish you could take her away from New York and bring her back here. I think I could die happy if I could see just one of my girls married to a good man and settled in her own home, with children and . . . Why don't you go, Walter? Talk to her. Maybe you can convince her. She knows more about New York than she did. She knows now how much Laura has got out of ten years there and Sally out of five or six. There was no use telling her before she went, but now she's there and seen for herself. You'll find her different. More ready to listen to you, Walter.

Maybe. I don't know. You see, Honey has got the idea into her head that nothing matters except the big city. That you can't be any good unless you're there. That you can't do any good unless you do it there. And I don't think that at all and I can't make her see it. Take my case. I'm a lawyer. I'm in politics here. I'm somebody already. If I work hard, I'll be something worth while. Not only make a living but I can do some good. A lot of things are wrong in our country and must be changed. But everybody's trying to change them from the big cities first. It's the wrong way to start. The small town has to be changed. Good schools, clean streets, pure water, honest government. If you can't do it in a small town, you can't do it in New York, and if our tens of thousands of small towns were like that, we wouldn't have to worry about Chicago and New York and Washington.

Yes, I know, Walter, but—

If you want a beautiful town, you have to start out and make your own place beautiful. Paint your house. Clean up your back yard. Put a playground in it for your own children. Flowers in front. Trees to shade your walk. And then try to get your neighbors to do something about it. But not before. We must have more towns like that and more people minding their own business and taking pride in it. That's what I think. And that's what I'm going to do, New York or no New York, Honey or no Honey.

You haven't finished your pie, Walter.

5. Taxi: Sally O'Neal and Danny O'Malley.

Where are we going, Danny?

G'WAN PAST THOSE LIGHTS, YA BUM. KEEP DRIVING. G'WAN UP ON THE SIDEWALK.

Danny! Don't!

G'WAN, YA BUM. KEEP GOING. STEP ON IT.

Danny!

WHAT? PULL UP TO THE CURB AND I'LL GET OUT AND KNOCK ALL YOUR TEETH DOWN YOUR T'ROAT.

Danny, stop it! Stop it! We're not in any hurry. We're all right. DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HIM, DRIVER. GO AHEAD.

The bum. I'll kick the lights outa him.

Danny, come on now. Sit back. Keep quiet. I'll go home if you don't. I'll get right out and go home.

I'm sorry, Sally. I can't stand dumb hackers.

Well, stop yelling at the cops as you go by.

I hate cops.

Let the driver alone . . . that's better . . . take off your hat. Here, let me hold it. You got it all crushed. Where are we going? Wouldn't you rather I went home?

You're with me, see? We're going to have fun. I'm going to take you to—HEY, YA BUM!

Sh-h-h! Danny! You better stop drinking and yelling like that or I'll get right out and go home. Do you hear?

The bum.

Do you hear? Where are we going?

Red Heels Club.

What's that? I never heard of it.

Red Heels—The Red Heels Club.

What's it like?

It's a joint. It's a clip joint.

A what? What's that?

Clip joint. Where they clip suckers.

What do you mean, "clip"?

Where they take 'em! The girls clip the customers and pay night the boss gets the girls drunk and clips them, and at three o'clock in the morning the cops come in and clip the boss. It's the old merry-go-round.

Do you mean they have a raid every morning?

Three o'clock. Different squads. They take turns.

How do you know so much about it?

I used to have a piece of it. Gave up. Couldn't take it away from the suckers fast enough to keep the cops happy. The more you feed 'em the hungrier they get. HEY, CAN'T YOU STEP ON IT, YA BUM?

Shh-hh-h, Danny! Listen, is it safe there?

For who? Me? Sure. And you're with me, see? Anybody makes a pass at you and I'll kick the lights out of 'em.

Say, I don't want any battling.

Won't be no battling. You're with me, see? 'Course Nutsie won't like it, but who cares, huh?

Nutsie?

Yeah. She's a hostess. Thinks she's tough, but if she says anything to you I'll handle her. Just leave her to me. I've handled her before.

Say, I don't think I'm going to care for this at all. You better take me home. I asked for sights, but I don't want to get killed.

Don't worry, Sally. I'm for you, kid. Gee, I think you're— HEY, YA BUM! STOP IT. PULL UP IN FRONT OF THAT CAR. Here we are. Come on, kid.

6. Red Heels Club: Sally O'Neal, Danny O'Malley and Nutsie.

. . . continuing this program of dance music, coming to you from the Roof of the El Doro Hotel in New York City . . .

Got the bench,
Got the park,
Got the nook,
Nice and dark,
Got the moon,
But I haven't got you-oo-oo-ooh!

. . . so I says to him, is it a honor to kill a guy and get twenty years for it? If you take him and don't get nothing for it I give you credit, but just to go out and ask for it shows you ain't right in your head. So he says he was my pal but he ratted on me so I'm going to plug him first chance I get. So I says don't be a mug going around plugging rats, when you can kill 'em with nothing but a newspaper and you don't leave no trace and nobody knows who done it or nothing. See? So I shows him how and that's what he done. That's him over there in the corner with the dizzy blonde.

But, Danny, you don't really mean you can kill a man with just a newspaper?

Sure.

But how?

Just a trick. I'll show you sometime maybe. Let's dance.

I better take my purse, I guess.

Nobody'll pinch anything offa you here when you're with me.

Got the bench,
Got the park,
Got the nook . . .

You'd think they'd have a little band here or even a piano. Why don't they, Danny?

They used to have but the musicians got tired of being clipped so they had to fall back on the radio. Anyway it don't make no difference to a customer what he's hearing after they've slugged his drinks. Maybe he thinks he's hearing angels, huh? Look, there's Nutsie. Don't pay no attention to her.

Where is she?

The redhead. She's coming over here. Don't pay no attention to her. Let me handle her.

Let's go back to the table, Danny. Let's get out of here. I don't want to get mixed up in anything.

Sally, wait a minute. Where you going?

I'm going back to the table. I'm going to get out of here. Get me out of here, Danny. Please! Danny!

Just a minute. I gotta talk to this dame. I might as well put her straight now as any other time. You just sit tight. I'll handle her.

Danny. Danny. I want to go home. Give me my wrap. Danny!

Don't get so excited. . . . 'Lo, Nutsie. What's eatin' you?

You've got a nerve, you dirty two-timer. . . .

Want a good sock on the jaw, Nutsie? Keep talking.

Bringing your jane down here—

Beat it. I'm warning you.

I'm not afraid of you, you cheap crook. Dirty double-crossing rat.

DANNY! Danny, stop it! STOP IT! I wanta get out of here. I wanta go home. Let me out. LET ME OUT. . . .

Sit down, Sally. Don't get so scared kid. She'll be all right. Come on, let's dance . . . come on, Sally. Why you're white as a sheet. Poor kid!

. . . got the moon
But I haven't got you-oo-oo-ooh!
Concluding the program of dance music from the Roof of the El Doro Hotel, New York City. . . . Good night. . . . All's well. . . . Are you listening?

(To be continued next week)

We Threw Out the Pretty Girl

to Please 2,000,000 Men

"I PROTEST," says a recent letter from F. J. Molitor, of Akron, Ohio, "because all your ads show pretty girl pictures. Give us men a break. We use your brush, too. There must be at least two million men like me who think nothing can touch a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush for quality and results. How about chucking the brown-haired beauties and giving us a picture of a man with good teeth . . . ?"

, , ,

Dear Mr. Molitor: Above is your answer. But this sets no precedent. We reserve the right to go back to the "beauties." Frankly, we think they have more attention value.

They enable us to attract millions of readers, men and women. Then we can tell them how Pro-phy-lac-tic has been making tooth brushes, brushes of all kinds, and nothing but brushes, for more than forty years. We can tell them how our experience and the merit of our products have won us an international reputation as bristle authorities.

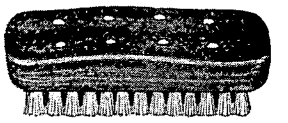
Our endeavor is to win new users who want whiter teeth and healthier gums. We ask them to switch from their present tooth brush to the modern Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic. It has the famous tufted toe which reaches places back of the molars (back teeth) rarely touched by others.

This extraordinary tooth brush is the new, scientific, medium size. Not a midget that skimps on bristle. Not an old-fashioned big brush. But one correct for average mouths. *Large enough* to clean, polish, and massage the gums, at split-second speed.

Hasty brushers find that it leaves the teeth and mouth feeling cleaner in less time than any other.

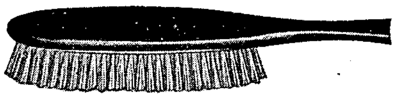
It is a precision dental instrument made in accordance with professional specifications. The only nationally advertised 50¢ tooth brush produced in its own plant. This explains why it gives greater value. The smaller Youth's size is 35¢. Child's size, 25¢. All guaranteed without reservation.

No matter what brush you are using now, try a Tufted . . . You will thank us for the suggestion. PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, *Florence, Mass.*



HAND BRUSH

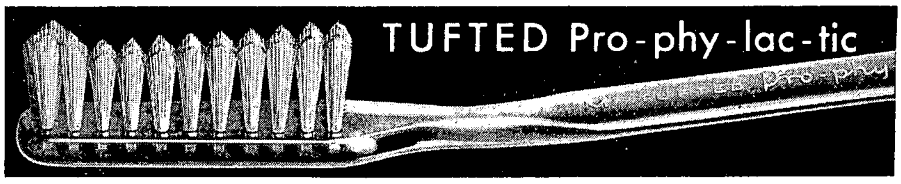
The prices range from $1 up. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Hand Brush is an especial favorite of physicians and dentists. Many over 20 years old are still in daily use. An amazing value, $1.



HAIR BRUSH

It is hard to tell about bristle quality merely by looking at a brush. The Pro-phy-lac-tic name on it helps you choose wisely. We make military, handled, and narrow Pullman-type hair brushes.

Pro-phy-lac-tic



MOTHERS!

Bathe them in Sunshine, too!

NEW BATHROOM SUNLAMPS

ONLY $26.50

Children need sunshine, Mother! Plenty of it—to help build sound bones and teeth, increase resistance to winter colds!

Now—right in your own bathroom—you can give them beneficial, ultra-violet radiation practically the same as that of June sunshine! And the whole family, too, will benefit by daily exposures to the healthful rays of the G-E Sunlamp.

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The Big Pink

Continued from page 9

exaggerated. Presently, if he waited, he would find out what he had done, and why.

"It was frightfully clever of you to ask for that coffee, Ronald—if you hadn't he might have kept on thinking that we're narrow-minded. We've got to convince him that we aren't. It isn't enough to let him do whatever he likes. We'll have to—to unbend a little ourselves, just as you did about that coffee."

Ronald Bedloe nodded soberly.

"Yes," he said, "that's just the way I look at it. Unbending. We've got to do it."

He paused. From far away there came faint, distance-mellowed music in cheerful tempo.

"I've been thinking," Bedloe said, "that I might take him down to my class reunion for a while. Of course, it's idiotic to sit around in a hot tent with a lot of—of classmates, but it might help to give Edwin the idea that I'm not such a strait-laced old prude as he's been taught to think I am."

Julie shook her head dubiously. "Perhaps. But I wonder if it's wise to do it. Some of your classmates—"

"Oh, he'll see the other kind, too," Bedloe said hastily. "There'll be quite a lot of the—uh—right sort there—ministers and professors and—and so on. Just the sort of men to make a boy like Eddie understand what it means to be educated."

"Very well, dear. It's sweet of you to take so much interest."

"Glad to do it. Glad." Bedloe spoke with sincerity. "I'll go put on my class hatband before I forget it."

He surveyed himself, presently, in the mirror of his dresser. Through the open windows a gentle stir of air brought in the amiable breath of the June morning, still faintly surcharged with the distance-sweetened music.

"Hail! Hail!—" the music caroled joyously, "the gang's all here!"

Bedloe's face brightened. His head moved in time to the marching lilt of the refrain.

"So what the hell," the music defiantly inquired, "do we care NOW?"

Interpreted in words, the slight sidewise movement of Ronald Bedloe's head might have been understood to answer: "What indeed?"

JULIE had returned to the breakfast-room.

"Do say you'll come with us, Edwin! Please!"

Her nephew looked up:

"Come where?"

"Why, to Narrow Harbor."

"Oh, that. I thought we settled that long ago. When do we start?"

"Then you'll come?"

"Try and stop me!" Edwin said eloquently.

He gave his attention with singleness to a dish of steaming flapjacks which Ellen placed before him. Mrs. Bedloe rose:

"I'll run and tell your uncle Ronald the good news. He'll be *so* delighted!"

Eddie received the intelligence with calm. When his aunt had gone, however, he withdrew from a pocket a card bearing a penciled superscription:

Care of Miss Wilhelmina Borden
Leicester, New Jersey
After June 15, Narrow Harbor, L. I.

Above this reassurance Mr. Jewett nodded. Deeply, as one with whose world all is very right indeed, he sighed. As he began his journey to the Bedloe house, Beekman Winship's ear was affronted by the blare and snort of brass and by voices raised in song—the strident voices of alumni gathering for class reunions and, in preposterous costumes of black and purple cheesecloth, parading the sun-drenched reach of College Place.

The breathless, brazen downpour of the sun was aggravated by the song they sang, a song exhorting the hearer to stand back and clear the track for the purple and the black, whose wearers were about to fight hard for every yard, and smash, crash, dash on down the field to victoree.

THESE unseasonable suggestions made Winship so warm that another of his unscholarly weaknesses betrayed him. Unintellectually, crudely, profusely, he perspired.

In the plebeian act of handkerchiefing his wet brow, he met the cheerful gaze of Miss Beatrice Gwynn. Under its bright, mirthful inspection, his temperature underwent another upward revision.

He disapproved of Beechy Gwynn. He distrusted her. Even the fact that she was the niece and protégée of Miss Wilhelmina Borden did not atone for Beechy. He bowed austerely and would have passed, but Miss Gwynn detained him.

"Where's the funeral?" she demanded. "Or is it a wedding?"

Winship made, as usual, the error of giving Beechy's words their face value.

"I had not heard of either," he said stiffly. "Why do you ask?"

"You don't mean to tell me that you're all dressed up like a plush horse on a hellish day like this, without any special reason?"

Perceiving now that she had spoken jocularly, Winship achieved a feeble grin. More than ever he resented Beechy. Particularly, just now, he resented her immunity to heat. Her sleeveless tennis dress, a regrettably inadequate affair, enabled her to look almost cool.

"I bet I know! You're going to call on some girl!"

She regarded him with a wistfulness so plausible that once more Winship was deceived into taking her seriously.

"In point of fact, I am on my way to see Mr. and Mrs. Bedloe. They have been so kind as to invite me to be their guest at Narrow Harbor."

Beechy's eyes went very wide.

"I thought you were going abroad. You told Aunt Minnie you were going to sail today."

"That was my intention. My luggage is, in fact, already on board the steamer, but it is possible—indeed, I may say probable—that my plans will be changed."

Beechy continued to stare. It was a stare that made Winship uncomfortable. There was no telling what inference this young woman might be drawing from a statement that plainly impressed her as suspicious. He could not tell her why Mrs. Bedloe had invited him. Mrs. Bedloe had been explicit and earnest as to the necessity, for the present, of keeping his true status secret. Still less could he tell Beechy the real reason why he intended to accept the invitation.

It would never do to let her dream that he was going to Narrow Harbor solely because Miss Wilhelmina Borden would be there.

HE WAS happily inspired to change the topic.

"Perhaps you know Mrs. Bedloe's nephew, Edwin Jewett. If so, you may be interested to know that he will also be her guest for the summer."

Beechy's eyes achieved a new degree of width and roundness.

"Not really?"

"So I was certainly given to understand," Winship said. "You've met him, have you?"

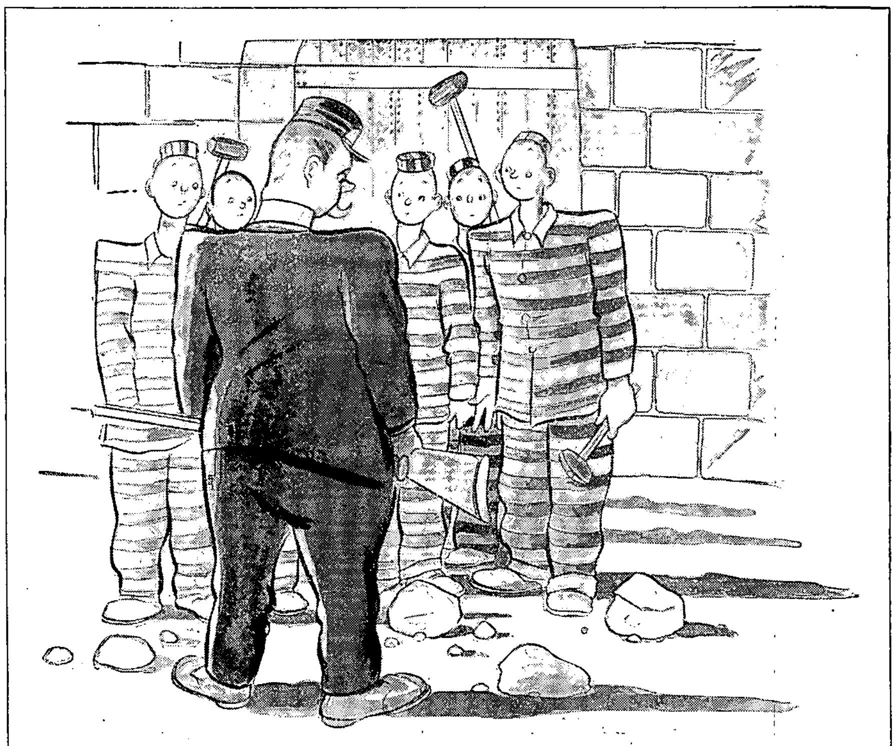
"Oh, yes. I've met him."

She laughed, suddenly and shortly. Winship lifted his eyebrows inquiringly.

"I was just thinking," she explained, "of what a perfectly heavenly time Eddie's going to have."

"I hope," Winship said, "that it will be a pleasant summer for us all."

"Hope on," Beechy said darkly. She moved a hand in negligent farewell. Winship's glance followed her uneasily. When she had vanished he mopped his



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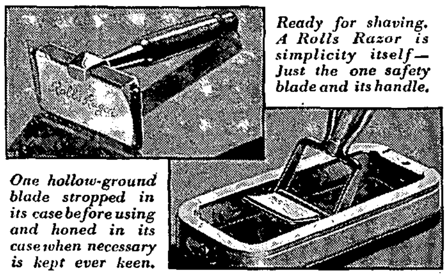

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countenance once more. Gravely, stiffly, he bowed to Dean Smalley, who approached him wearing linen knickerbockers of which, even had a mere instructor worn them, Winship would have been obliged to disapprove.

"Sorry we couldn't do anything for you, Fuzzy." The Dean spoke amiably but Winship's dignity did not unbend. "We just didn't have the *money*, that's all."

Winship smiled thinly. The same old threadbare excuse! He knew the real reason why he hadn't been promoted. Faculty committees didn't promote assistant professors who looked like—like prize fighters.

"I thought we were absolutely sure of that half-million we've been trying to raise for mathematical research," the Dean went on, confidentially. "But just as he was going to—to sign on the dotted line our man backed out." He spread his hands. "Maybe something will turn up during the summer. If it does we'll do our best for you in the fall."

HE PASSED on. Winship, turning, saw himself reflected in the makeshift mirror afforded by the show window of Simcoe's drug store. Always these unexpected glimpses of his image distressed him. Always he looked even less scholarly than he had hoped. Today, repeated handkerchiefings having disarrayed his beard, he found his aspect more detestable than ever.

He lifted his hand in haste to restore the beard to seemly regularity. The plate glass gave him back the hateful reflection of his red-thatched fingers, his indecent, naked knuckles. His spirit sank and then, abruptly, hope was lighted in him by what he saw beyond the gleaming pane.

Mr. Simcoe had dressed his window in rose and silver tissue paper, to match a pyramid of little rose-and-silver boxes built up about the alluring cardboard effigy of a girl beneath a beach umbrella, a girl nominally clad in swimming costume. A lettered legend caught and held Winship's fascinated gaze:

JIFFO
Takes hair *off* and takes it *out*—
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Three times Winship read the passionate assertion. He squared his shoulders. Boldly he entered the shop. Sternly he gave his order, so wrapped in dignity that Mr. Simcoe, embarking upon a ribald grin, appeared to put back hastily to shore.

"Yes, certainly, Professor."

Winship went out, vest-pocketing his package. Presently, in the cool dimness of Mrs. Bedloe's living-room, he gave attentive ear to her soft, cooing outline of the benevolent conspiracy she meditated.

"I quite understand," he said. "For the present he is not to suspect that I am to be his tutor."

It occurred to him, unworthily, that during this preliminary period, his duties would not occupy much of his time.

"Exactly." Mrs. Bedloe glowed. "I thought it would be a splendid idea if you drove down with him in his car. He's going down today. If you're with him he won't get into any mischief and you'll have a chance to make his acquaintance and to begin winning his confidence. Could you be ready to leave by four o'clock?"

"I can be ready, but—you speak of mischief. I shall have no authority to prevent—"

"Oh, Edwin won't *want* to do anything very dreadful if you're with him, I'm sure. Just your presence will have a—a restraining influence."

"I trust so, but—"

"Oh, that reminds me. Ronald and I agree that we shall have ever so much more influence with the dear boy if he doesn't come to think of us—as prim, old-fashioned, fussy—you know what I mean. We've decided that we'll do our best to convince him that we're broadminded. I think it would be a splendid idea if you tried the same plan."

Winship looked puzzled.

"I mean that if he wants to do something of which you may disapprove, it would be better to humor him, unless, of course, it's something absolutely wrong or dangerous, and I'm sure Edwin won't propose anything of that sort."

Winship still looked bewildered.

"For example, Ronald's gone out of his way to take Edwin to his class reunion this morning."

Winship stared. "A reunion?" he said hoarsely. "One of those tents where—"

"Yes." Mrs. Bedloe beamed. "Ronald thought it would be a harmless way of showing Edwin that he isn't—" she hesitated, "—that he isn't just an old prune, if you know what I mean. Don't you see?"

Steps sounded in the hall. Twisting his head, Winship beheld Ronald Bedloe, wearing a violently purple blazer with black cuffs and pockets, and carrying a hat girdled, like a steamer funnel, with broad stripes of black and white and purple.

Behind Bedloe stood a tall young man in comfortable gray flannels, a young man whose sun-browned face wore the look of one contentedly and passively at peace with all the world.

Winship rose slowly. He felt obscurely an uneasy sense of climax and of crisis.

"This is Dr. Winship, Edwin. He's coming up to Narrow Harbor, too."

"That's fine," Edwin said cordially. He offered a large brown hand, and Winship, warned by bitter experience with just such hands, put forth, defensively, the vulgar vigor of his own forearm muscles. A startled look flitted across Mr. Jewett's face, and in his eye Winship detected something like aggrieved respect.

"I wonder," Mrs. Bedloe said, "whether you could give Dr. Winship a lift in your car, Edwin. There isn't any room in ours, and it's such a tiresome trip to Narrow Harbor in the train."

EDWIN hesitated, but only for a moment:

"Why, certainly. Glad to."

He spoke cordially enough but, it seemed to Winship, without enthusiasm.

"Then that's settled," Mrs. Bedloe said. "Dr. Winship says that he can be ready to start at four, Edwin."

"That's fine," Edwin said carelessly. "Where shall I call for you?"

"At the Faculty Club." Winship told him how to get there and, bowing to his hostess, turned to go. The movement brought him close to Ronald Bedloe, so close that the conviction was forced upon him, against his shocked desire to disbelieve, that Ronald Bedloe had very lately taken at least one drink of alcoholic beer.

This discovery, as he pursued his homeward journey, at first appalled Winship and distressed him. He realized, of course, that this was one of those concessions of which Mrs. Bedloe had spoken, but he felt that even in a noble cause it was possible to go to indefensible extremes. If Mrs. Bedloe expected Beekman Winship to go about wearing blazers and drinking alcohol—

"Oh, Dr. Winship!"

The voice went through him like a knife through cheese. He turned. Under Miss Wilhelmina Borden's clear

(Continued on page 52)

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(*Continued from page 51*)

gray gaze, as always, he became miserably aware of his gross, detestable dimensions, of the distressing bigness of his hands and feet. As always, too, there fell upon his powers of speech a sudden, mystifying paralysis.

"Beechy tells me you're coming up to Narrow Harbor!"

Winship achieved a bow. Speech was still denied him.

"How perfectly scrumshus!"

Winship winced. He could not bear that Wilhelmina Borden should be less than perfect, especially when the imperfection was one within his power to eradicate. Speech was now granted him.

"I fear," he said, "that there is no such word."

"Isn't there really?" She regarded him gravely.

"No, and if there were, I think it would be pronounced scrump-tee-ous. You see, the adjectival suffix in English—"

"How simply fascinating! You must tell me all about it at Narrow Harbor." Miss Borden spoke soberly, admiringly, and yet, at the corners of her mouth and eyes, Winship fancied that he detected a hint of mirth.

"Scrump-tee-ous," she repeated. "I'll try to remember. Thanks so much."

She nodded and turned away. It seemed to Winship that her shoulders quivered a little, as if she were laughing. Reviewing the conversation, word by word, he found nothing that could have inspired that laughter. He concluded, bitterly, that she must have laughed at Beekman Winship himself. For this, catching an unhappy glimpse of his reflection in a shop window, he could not blame her. Two hundred and twenty pounds of bone and meat attempting to disguise themselves, absurdly, as the body of a scholar!

Sternly Winship set his teeth. Better, perhaps, to love and lose than not to love. Better, a thousand times, not to love than to love only to be laughed at. No, he decided bleakly, better, even so, to love. Especially when you couldn't help it.

ALTHOUGH he was only some five hours late in presenting himself at the Faculty Club, young Mr. Jewett seemed to feel it necessary to apologize for this trivial tardiness.

"I happened to drop in at Uncle Ronald's class reunion again, and one thing sort of led to another. You know how it is. It's a good thing, anyway—a lot cooler, driving at night."

He paused, regarding so attentively the cutaway, the double-breasted waistcoat, the striped trousers and spats, that Winship was moved to explanation.

"I had already sent all my luggage to the ship when my plans were changed. I telegraphed, of course, to have it forwarded to Narrow Harbor, but until we reach there I have to wear what I have on."

"Pretty tough," Edwin said compassionately. He slid into place behind the wheel. "Hop in, Doc."

Winship complied only with the spirit of the suggestion. The process by which he folded himself into the low-roofed space at Edwin's side had no resemblance to a hop. The car, darting into smooth motion, gathered speed with sinister suddenness. It passed so swiftly by the Chinese lanterns illuminating the campus, by the lighted tents housing the class reunions, that these seemed to be snatched backward by some mighty hand. Even more suddenly the dwindling fringes of Leicester were left behind.

"It's a good thing we didn't get started sooner. Less traffic at night." Edwin, without lessening the flight-like speed, produced a cigarette case from which, with an effect of legerdemain, he was able to extract a cigarette. An afterthought, apparently, prompted him to proffer the case politely to Winship, who, on the point of explaining that he never smoked, remembered Mrs. Bedloe's warnings and said, disingenuously: "Not just now, thanks."

Fascinated, he observed more sleight-of-hand by which Edwin, at sixty miles an hour, manipulated the electric lighter on the dash.

"Yeah. It's a lot safer driving at night," Edwin said cheerfully. "You can't really let a car out in the daytime."

He proceeded to demonstrate the safety of nocturnal travel. Again on the point of protest, Beekman Winship held his tongue. Surprisingly soon, too, his uneasiness forsook him. He felt singularly safe; there was actually a certain enjoyable exhilaration in moving at projectile velocities.

He forgot, presently, to worry about even the possibility of arrest and, leaning back, allowed himself to be lulled by the curiously narcotic influence of speed.

FROM this lulled state a sudden diminution of pace aroused him. The car slowed, swerved into a graveled driveway, halted in a parking space beside a wooden building which a blinking electric sign identified as the Hotfoot Inn.

"Might as well drop in here a minute," Edwin said, sidling past the wheel. "Lots of time."

For Winship the unfavorable impression of the flippant sign was now confirmed by sounds of beaten drums and snorting brass. He felt it necessary to expostulate: "Do you think this is a good place?"

"Good?" Eddie echoed. "Why, I hear it's the best in the state."

He led the way blithely into a wide bare hall with an open space at its center and about this a border of little tables, at most of which sat persons of whom, at sight, Winship strongly disapproved. An orchestra of Africans industriously produced loud noises in barbaric rhythm.

Winship touched Edwin's sleeve. "Really, I think we'd better try some other place."

"Try as many as you like, Doc, afterwards," Edwin said, "but we might as well try this one first, long as we're here."

He paused, straightened, stared. His gaze drew Winship's with it. Across the dancing floor, sharing a table with a dinner-jacketed young man, sat Beechy Gwynn.

As if aware of the intentness with which she was observed, Beechy looked up. Her face underwent swift change. She waved. Edwin still stared. Beechy rose and came blithely toward them.

"Huh!" Edwin's salutation expressed ungallant displeasure. Miss Gwynn, regrettably, responded with an unlovely distortion of her countenance, the process described, in Winship's school days, as "making a face." Except for this her manner seemed to brush Edwin carelessly, contemptuously, aside.

It thus became clear to Winship that Beechy and Edwin did not like each other. This pleased and relieved him. Neither of these young people, he felt, could possibly exert a helpful, ennobling influence upon the other. He smiled upon Beechy with more cordiality than had been his intention.

"Right down from heaven into my arms," she said. "It's no use telling me that a maiden's prayers aren't answered. For the last hour I've been pretty sure I'd have to walk home."

She turned to direct over her shoulder a glance of extraordinary disesteem at the dinner-jacketed youth who now, sagging limply, appeared to sleep.

"Will you just look at that strong, silent he-man who was going to drive me out to Narrow Harbor tonight!"

"Well, what do you expect when you step out with a horse-collar like Reg Finucane?"

Edwin's voice was unsympathetic. Miss Gwynn's glance transferred itself briefly to him.

"Always hold up your hand," she said severely, "before you speak."

She turned to Winship: "I don't know how you happened to get here, Dr. Winship, and I don't care, as long as you take me with you when you go."

"Why, of course—" Winship began.

"Oh, yeah?" Edwin inquired. "In whose car?"

Miss Gwynn looked startled. "Don't tell me you're with Eddie," she begged.

"I'm afraid I must," Winship said. "But of course he will be glad to—"

"Oh, yeah?" Edwin's voice was heavily ironical.

Beechy studied him thoughtfully. "You ought to try acting like a gentleman sometime, Eddie. You might like it. Let's get out of this before Reggie recovers consciousness and begins being himself."

"I'll tell you," Eddie said. "The Doc and I are on our way to Narrow Harbor, and if you want to drag along, we'll take you with us when we go, but we've got important business in the back room first."

"But surely—"

Beechy interrupted Winship's protest. She brightened. "Okay. Let's go."

Edwin engaged in hushed conversation an attendant whose complexion made Winship think of the nether side of a toad. A bill changed hands. The pallid person led the way back through a rear door and across a narrow driveway to another wooden building, seemingly unoccupied, its windows blinded by steel shutters. He tapped gently on a peculiarly massive door. It opened. A beaming Negro showed welcoming teeth. The sallow man withdrew. The door closed.

"Right 'iss way." Smilingly the Negro ushered them toward a stairway. Strange sounds descended to Beekman Winship's ear: whirs and clicks and rattles audible above and below a chatter of voices.

VAGUELY alarmed, he hung back, but Edwin and Miss Gwynn, now seemingly as one, ascended the stairway with a blithe alacrity that reassured him. He followed. At the top of the stairway, aghast, he met enlightenment.

Around long, brightly colored tables, in defiance of morality and statute, men and women played roulette. Winship knew that he stood, indubitably, on the threshold of a gambling hell.

As words of shocked forbidding rose to his lips, two afterthoughts occurred to him.

Of these afterthoughts, the first was the memory of what Mrs. Bedloe had said. Although he doubted whether she had meant that he should pretend to countenance such profligate behavior as this, the second afterthought decided Winship to hold his peace.

This afterthought consisted of a singular certainty that no matter what he said neither Edwin nor Beechy would pay any attention whatever to it.

Already they had joined the group at one of the long tables. Endeavoring to assume the aspect of broad-minded tolerance, Winship strolled slowly toward them.

Outside, moving with swift, furtive soundlessness, three men approached the building. They conferred in whispers. Each of them kept his right hand in the bulging pocket of his coat.

(*To be continued next week*)

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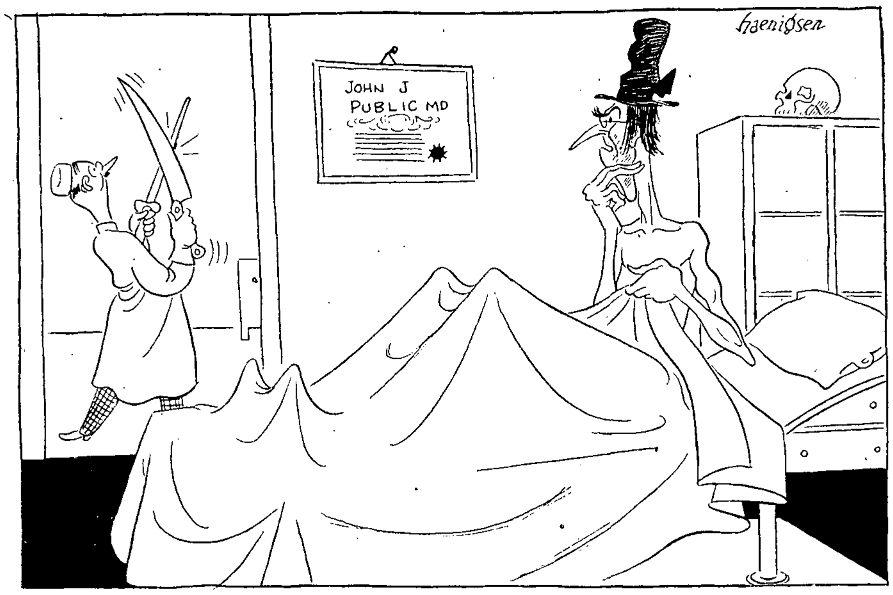

Referendum Required

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

A CONSTITUTIONAL amendment, either repealing the Eighteenth Amendment or amending it somewhat along the lines of the Raskob proposal so as to leave the wet states free from Federal prohibition is likely to be submitted to the country in the next three or four years.

The Democratic party probably will commit itself in 1932 to a referendum on prohibition. The only way that a nation-wide referendum can be held is by the submission of a constitutional amendment to be voted on not by the state legislatures but in state constitutional conventions to be specially elected. This method is provided for in the Constitution. So if a wet Democrat is elected President in 1932, as now seems probable, the majority of both Houses will be bound by party pledges to hold a referendum on prohibition by submitting a new prohibition amendment.

And there will probably be enough wet Republicans in both Houses, or Republicans having both wets and drys in their states, and for that reason wishing to avoid the issue by providing a test of the popular attitude toward prohibition, to give a new amendment the required constitutional majority under the circumstances already described. That is to say, an amendment submitted in the guise of a referendum has plausibility enough and is so convenient to politicians torn between wet and dry constituents that it is likely to carry Congress provided the country goes wet in the next election to the extent of electing a wet President.

Fine for Everyone

The political convenience of an amendment submitted as a method of testing the popular attitude recommends it to the Democrats. The next Democratic national convention will very likely be controlled by the wets. They could very likely dictate the platform.

But the leaders in the Democratic party realize the necessity of forming the platform so that Democratic candidates for the Senate and the House can stand on it. And wherever the party contains both wets and drys—and that is practically everywhere—dry candidates will find it convenient to say they favor giving the people a chance to vote on prohibition while expressing the belief that the people can be trusted to vote the proposed new amendment down.

If the Democrats adopt the platform now proposed, you will probably find state legislatures in 1933 and 1934 petitioning Congress to submit a referendum in the shape of a new amendment. Both parties want to get rid of the prohibition issue. And the Republicans will want to get rid of it even more than they do now if they lose the Presidency to a wet Democrat in 1932. The convenient way is to pass the buck back to the people.

Of course, as it looks now, an antiprohibition amendment will probably be rejected by the states. Only thirteen are required to defeat it now. And it seems almost certain that there are more than thirteen dry states today.

The Swing to Moistness

The wet cause has been gaining adherents rapidly in the last two or three years. Ohio's electing a wet senator in 1930 is proof enough of that. The general tendency toward the wet side will probably persist and it will be stimulated by the election of a wet President.

Of course the result will be effected by the method of choosing the delegates to the state constitutional conventions. If the delegates are elected at large in the states instead of by congressional districts, the states are more likely to be wet than if the delegates are elected by congressional districts. These districts are generally laid out so as to result in over-representation of the rural dry sections. The fate of the amendment offered to test popular sentiment might depend on how these delegates are to be chosen.

As things stand today I should say that the following states would probably be wet: New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. I put down all of New England as probably wet, except possibly Maine, because of the large French-Canadian population in it.

New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland are wet. So probably are Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan, the latter in view of the defeat of Cramton and Hudson by wets in the 1930 primaries. Montana and Nevada, California, Washington, Arizona, New Mexico and Florida are also probably wet.

The following states are almost as surely dry: Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Utah, Oklahoma, Mississippi, Arkansas, Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia.

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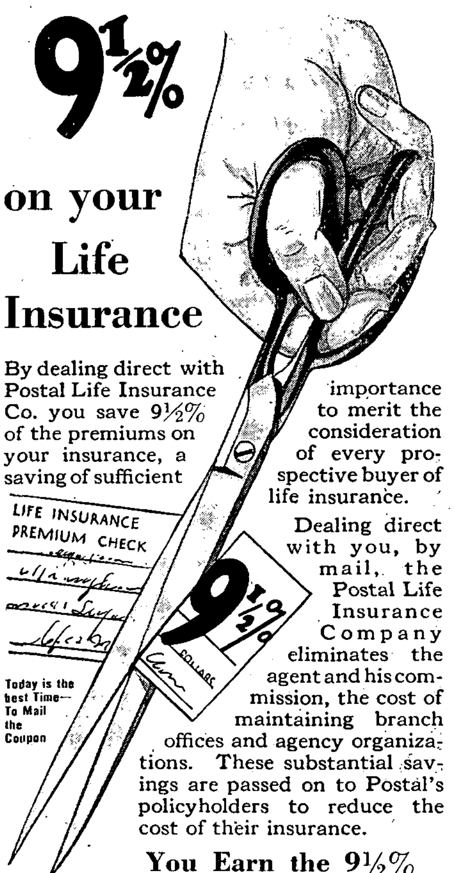

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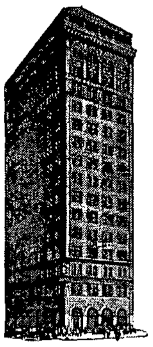
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Silent Weapons

Continued from page 21

speaking of him, the gallant creature bears my letter to your spouse tonight appointing the time and place of our final meeting."

"The . . . final . . . meeting!" she echoed, whispering. "Oh, Henry, have you . . . no mercy?"

"Had you, Charmian? And pray, how is Sir Peter? Well, I trust?"

"Yes . . . thank God!"

"Excellent! One wonders where he keeps himself. Not in the soft seclusion of this voluptuous nest, I judge?"

"No!"

"Precisely! The good Sir Peter would be ridiculously out of his element in this coquettish bower. But there are others . . . the fascinating Victor, for example, will be quite at home here—indeed he was, I believe, very lately?" My lady started, almost guiltily, and glanced up at her mocking questioner with look of quick dismay:

"How . . . how did you know?"

"What matter?" smiled Mr. Gafton with scornful glitter of sharp, white teeth. "He visits you here, it seems?"

"He has done so . . . once or twice."

"Exactly! And this brings us to the object of my visit."

"What do you mean?"

"Victor!" Here Mr. Gafton paced restlessly to and fro again while my lady sat mute and with face averted. "Yes—Victor!" he repeated and laughed stridently.

My lady rose and, crossing to the carved mantel, leaned there close beside the cherub door and, addressing Mr. Gafton over her shoulder, questioned him in French:

"Pray, Henri, what of Monsieur Victor?"

Pacing slowly after her, Mr. Gafton halted where he might behold her face and when he answered, spoke in French also:

"Sacred heaven, Charmian—but surely you are aware of his most vile reputation! And yet, I understand you actually stopped your carriage in the Bois to speak with him . . . suffered him to ride beside you!"

"Yes, Henri."

"Astonishing! May one venture to inquire why?"

"Does this concern you, Henri?"

"Not the least in the world, of course. Yet, considering your impeccable virtue, Charmian, remembering all your calculated modesty and icy propriety in regard to—my very humble self, I am curious . . . your sudden friendship for this notorious libertine—to be with him is infamy for any woman of honor."

"WHY, then," she murmured, "I must endure such infamy."

"Good God! And why?"

"Because I desire the vicomte's help so bitterly."

"His help—his? Astounding! Why in the name of heaven choose such as—he?"

"Perhaps because he is your friend, Henri."

"Not so, my poor soul! I have no friends and want none. Victor is merely a means to an end, a—let us say, professional associate. I find him useful now and then—no more. But how on earth may our little Victor aid Charmian, Lady Vibart? And—what shall be his prize?"

"But, Henri . . . what do you mean?"

"Dear creature, why affect an innocence so stupendous? I mean, frankly, what shall be the so-helpful Victor's reward, guerdon or fee—the *quid pro quo?* Our little Victor is one whose services must be paid for and not lightly, believe me. . . . How, Charmian, are you silent? Will not answer? Cannot? Then, in the name of all that is purely innocent and spotlessly chaste, explain at least how he can aid you and why you make choice of this brutal satyr, this small, infinitely unpleasant French fellow."

"BECAUSE," she answered, almost whispering, "because, Henri, I understand he can exert such influence upon you as will make it impossible for you to refuse my plea."

"Did he . . . did Victor tell you so?"

"Who else?" said she in the same hushed tone.

"Ha, then—death of my soul, the fellow lies!" cried Mr. Gafton passionately. "The vile dog deceives you to your own misery and despair! For I tell you . . ."

And now the expected outburst came: scorn for her blind folly and bitter, scoffing denunciation of the vicomte—his viciousness and utter soulless depravity; in the midst of which tirade my lady, watching the cherub door expectantly, saw it open suddenly. And then upon the threshold stood the vicomte, five-feet-odd of incarnate fury and murder.

"Ah—ah, Monsieur Henri," he sighed, "you speak, oh, very loud, and I—I have the ears!"

Mr. Gafton glanced at him, looked at Charmian's shrinking form and, laughing, set elbow upon the mantel and leaned there. The vicomte tripped lightly into the room, folded his arms and nodded:

"Type of English dog!" he lisped. "Species of an animal most vile!"

"This small, infinitely unpleasant French fellow!" repeated Mr. Gafton, gently.

So they faced each other, these two, the little, upright Frenchman and the big, graceful, lounging Englishman, surveying each other with such looks as had daunted many an unfortunate ere now—the glittering deadly menace of unswerving eyes that had shaken many a pistol hand, unnerved many a sword-arm and been the precursor of sharp death so often.

Now lolling thus, Mr. Gafton laughed for the second time whereupon the vicomte instantly leaped at him, cane upraised to smite—but out shot a long arm, the cane was wrenched from him, snapped asunder and tossed out of the open window, all in as many seconds.

"And now, Monsieur le Vicomte," said Mr. Gafton, gesturing lazily toward the door, "be good enough to depart lest I be troubled to toss you after your cane."

The little vicomte clenched passionate fists, crouched to leap again, gnashed his teeth and—controlled the impulse:

"Tomorrow, monsieur!" he hissed. "Tomorrow—it is understood?"

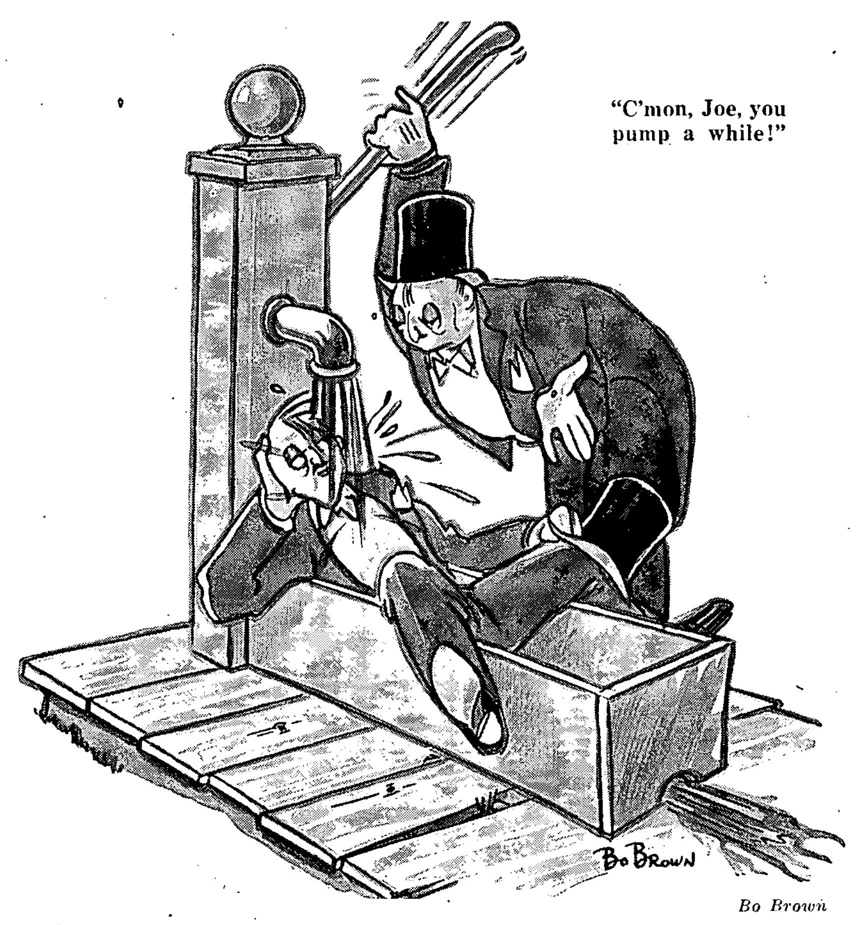
"Tomorrow, ah, perfectly!" answered Mr. Gafton, smiling contempt into those deadly, china-blue eyes. "*Au revoir*, monsieur, until—tomorrow."

AND when the vicomte's quick, short steps had died away, Mr. Willoughby-Gafton strolled to the window and leaned there, staring down into the sunny garden. Then he laughed for the third time:

"Artful witch!" he murmured. "Oh, beautiful, clever demon! I'm no match for your feminine tricks and cunning. . . . I never was. So tomorrow I shall probably slay our Victor, sweet Madame Chicane, yes, it has come at last by your contriving. But first—ah, Charmian, be sure of this—I shall certainly shoot your idolized Sir Peter! And so, thou dear, detested soul, farewell!"

Thus saying, he turned in slow and leisured manner, took hat and gloves and without further word or glance sauntered out of the room, closing the door gently behind him.

Then, uttering a broken, inarticulate cry, my lady sank weakly upon her knees beside the ottoman, head bowed



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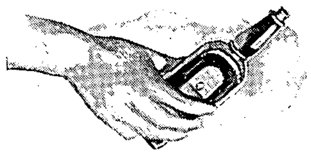

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between outflung arms, hands plunged deep amid the cushions. . . .

"Hush, Charmian! Oh, what is it? Hush, my heart's dearie—there now, there!" And, yielding her shuddering body to the comfort of Miss Janet's strong arms, Charmian spoke in horrified whisper:

"Janet, my hands . . . oh, my hands! God forgive me, there's blood on them! And yet this . . . this was the only . . . other way! Ah, let me hurry from this hateful place . . . this vile little house —come!"

IT WAS as she stepped from her carriage in the wide innyard that my lady heard a sudden hubbub . . . rumbling wheels . . . racket of hoofs . . . a hoarse shout.

"Charmian!" And well knowing this voice, she clasped and wrung her hands, closing her eyes as if suddenly faint, while Miss Janet, in the act of alighting, started suddenly back again and gasped: "Lord . . . Lord ha' mercy!"

Roused by this, my lady braced herself for what was to be; she opened her eyes, steadied her shaking limbs, sobbed once and became her competent and most purposeful self:

"Janet," she whispered fiercely, "don't move and—not a word!"

So she turned and, approaching the scene of this sudden uproar, beheld a hackney chariot with a hatless, tousled gentleman halfway out of its window, a dusty, rumpled, fierce-eyed gentleman who strove in the grip of two uniformed law officers.

"Charmian!" he cried again. "Then, thank heaven, it is you, my dear. . . . I thought you were in England. . . . Now pray tell these officious blunderers who I am—for upon my soul I—"

"Pardon, madame," said a third police officer, stepping suddenly between my lady and the speaker, "but this man there, you recognize, you know him—yes?"

My lady stared at her husband with exactly the right degree of amazed and shrinking abhorrence to carry conviction and shook her head.

"No—ah, no!" she murmured faintly. "But how did you take him and why bring him here?"

"Behold, madame—I am on patrol with my comrade Jules when we hear sounds of conflict—we rush! We arrive and perceive this so-mad fellow making the fight most desperate with his keepers. I say the man is mad, Jules says he is only drunk, and he himself protests he is an English gentleman; he demands we bring him here, he says in this hotel lives his son—"

"Charmian!" cried Sir Peter impatiently, "my dear soul, why all the confounded chatter? Tell the fools to let me out of this at once."

"Do not fear, madame, we have him fast!" said the young officer, glancing down at the hand that had clenched itself upon his arm, "a madman of the maddest beyond all doubt!"

"Then you will take him away . . . you will keep him safe . . . very safe and secure?"

"Oh, never doubt it, madame."

"But you . . . you will see they treat him gently . . . oh, but very . . . very gently?"

"How—a madman of such violence, madame?"

"Please! Ah—for my sake! Promise me, monsieur."

Now hearing the pleading voice, beholding all the supplication of these lovely, eloquent eyes, feeling it, moreover, in the gentle pressure of these slender fingers, the young officer flushed, smiled, saluted and inflated his chest.

"Madame, upon my heart and soul—I swear!" said he; then wheeling smartly, "Hola, Jules, Gaston," he called. "To the *bureau*—forward!"

"Charmian!" cried Sir Peter in hoarse amazement. "Eh . . . what . . . are you mad . . . am I mad? Charmian . . . good God . . . d'you mean—?"

Hoofs clattered, wheels rumbled and, as the coach lumbered away, my lady turned and stumbled blindly toward the inn, but ere she reached it the faithful Janet was beside her.

"Oh, Janet, Janet," she sighed, "did you hear? Did you see? His troubled voice . . . his dear face! But I did it —oh, I did it! Pray God they keep him secure . . . just a few hours longer. . . ."

"Charmian, you're ill!"

"No, no, a little faint. And . . . so dreadfully tired—"

"And no wonder! Will I get ye a sup o' brandy?"

"No, a little water." They had reached the wide porch before the inn door where stood a broad settle, and here my lady sank down, her weary head bowed upon tremulous hands. But hardly had Miss Janet left her than she glanced up to see the vicomte bowing before her, hat a-flourish.

"Alas, dear madame," said he, gently, "they have taken him, your husband, ah, yes—I saw. But no matter, do not grieve, for I am Victor. Let us follow at once —come, you shall see him, speak with him and all shall be well! See, my carriage is here." And even as he spoke a light *calèche* drew up at the door.

Shaken and distressed, hardly knowing what she did, Charmian suffered him to aid her into the vehicle. . . .

Now as they swung out of the innyard she caught a glimpse of Bob Meadows, she saw him halt to stare, saw him flourish an arm wildly, heard him shout —and then they were out in the busy street and, yielding to this strange inertia that seemed to numb her every faculty, she closed her eyes a while; but warned by some feminine instinct, she opened them and beheld a face very near her own . . . lips that smiled, eyes that watched her . . . and reading something of their evil, she cowered away, then reached desperately for the door. But her hand was gripped fast, these pale, sinister eyes drew and held her, and the vicomte spoke:

"Tomorrow, madame, thanks to you, it is possible I may die. Ah, well, tonight, my goddess, I am alive and tonight—"

Charmian screamed, but a small, vicious hand stifled her and she knew the deeps of terror and despair before she sank into a merciful oblivion.

SIR PETER, being the indomitable soul he was, so bestirred himself and others—officers and officials high and low, with divers gentlemen of the embassy with the end that, long before sunset, he was back at the inn of the *Soleil d'Or*, fuming with anger, highly indignant and extremely mystified. Nor was he soothed to learn that "madame was out driving, monsieur his son was away riding and monsieur his son's gentleman was abroad taking the air."

Cast thus upon his own resources, Sir Peter strode off to the stables, selected a likely saddle horse and presently rode grimly forth.

Thus it befell that Bob Meadows, walking a mettled animal to and fro before his master's lodging, heard the clatter of other hoofs, saw a horseman ride briskly into the courtyard; and beholding this same grim visage, stood agape.

"Is your master in?" demanded Sir Peter, drawing rein. Staring roundeyed, Bob gulped and before he could find speech Mr. Gafton appeared, booted and spurred and, heeding Sir Peter no whit, leapt into the saddle.

"Sir," began Sir Peter, "I desire—"

"Out of my way, sir!" cried Mr. Gafton, impatiently.

(Continued on page 56)

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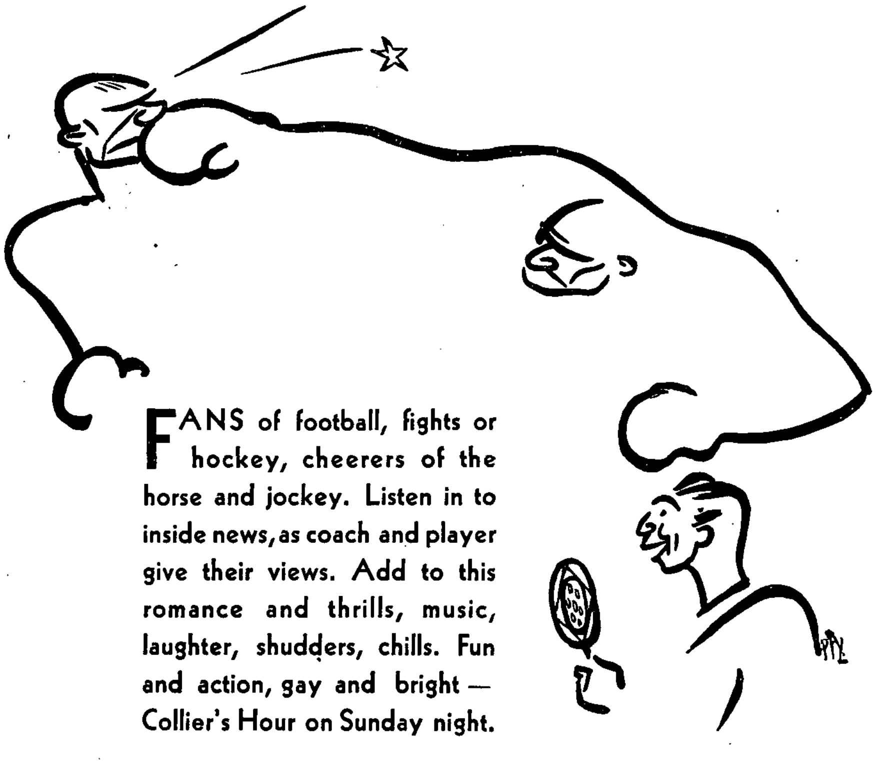

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QUICK, Henry! the FLIT!

(*Continued from page 55*)

"Certainly not, sir; until you have heard the explanation I—"

"Curse your explanations, sir! Give way or I'll ride you down."

"You may try, sir!" retorted Sir Peter, barring his way. "But you shall hear what I mean to—"

In went Mr. Gafton's spurs and his spirited animal cannoned into Sir Peter's horse so violently that both riders were nearly thrown; hoofs clattered wildly, sparks flew and before Sir Peter could check his beast's furious plunging, Mr. Gafton was out and away.

"WHAT the devil!" exclaimed Sir Peter in angry amazement. "Is the fellow mad?"

"Why, sir," answered Bob, scratching his chin, "I dunno. But, ye see, the vicomte's off wi' your lady."

"Eh . . . my lady? D'ye mean Lady Vibart?"

"Ar!" nodded Bob. "Her! Tricked 'er into a chaise 'e did, sir, and is a-driving away wi' her 'eavens 'ard, your honor—" Sir Peter stooped suddenly from his saddle and, pinning Bob by the collar, glared down into his unwinking eyes.

"Is this—true?"

"Ar!" nodded Bob, imperturbable as ever. "Ar—true as—death, sir. That's why my governor's gone a-gallopin' arter 'em—"

"You say the viscount?" demanded Sir Peter, wheeling his horse. "The little blond man?"

"Ay—him, sir. There ain't much of him but—wot there is—well, it's rank pizen and—"

"Which way—where has he taken her?"

"Well, I reckon he'll make for his old ruinated château t'other side o' Vincennes. My governor's took that road and—"

Sir Peter's powerful horse reared, bounded across the courtyard and steed and rider were gone.

The streets at this hour were thronged, but Sir Peter threaded his way amid the teeming traffic at speed so reckless as evoked indignant shouts and cries from men who drove and folk who walked, but on he spurred unheeding. Once or twice he checked to inquire his way, then forward he rode again, fast and furious as ever. Thus soon he had left the great city behind; houses gave place to trees and wide fields where laborers straightened weary backs to watch the madman ride.

Trees and fields, clustered cottages, solitary farmsteads, darkling woods—uphill and downhill with rhythmic beat of wild galloping hoofs. . . . And so at last, topping a rise, he beheld a moving speck afar that grew to a pygmy horseman—to a man on a raking gray steed going at an easy canter; thus Sir Peter, riding at such furious pace, was soon near enough to see this horseman was Mr. Gafton, who, now hearing his approach, turned in the saddle and recognized him, scowled and in that moment swung his horse, barring Sir Peter's way.

"Sir, what are you about?" cried Sir Peter, angrily.

Mr. Gafton merely laughed and cantered on before at the same leisured pace.

Sir Peter swerved, essaying to pass on the near side. Mr. Gafton swerved also, still barring his advance. Sir Peter swore. Mr. Gafton laughed again. Three times thus Sir Peter endeavored to pass and thus three times Mr. Gafton checked him.

"Scoundrel, let me by!" cried Sir Peter. "You know my hurry."

"Fool, there is no hurry!" retorted Mr. Gafton. "I am giving Madame Charmian time to properly appreciate her rescue—"

"Damn you, Gafton, she is my wife! Will you let me pass?"

"Curse you, Sir Peter—no! He is my enemy!"

"Pull over!" cried Sir Peter. "Make way or by God I'll ride you down!"

"Do so," laughed Mr. Gafton, "and there will probably be no rescue—" With voice and spur Sir Peter urged his snorting animal forward but as he did so, Mr. Gafton turned in the saddle with leveled pistol . . . a deafening report, a puff of smoke and Sir Peter's rearing steed plunged to earth, pitching his rider headlong. . . .

And, after some while, Sir Peter scrambled painfully afoot to find himself beside his dead horse upon a barren, desolate road.

Nevertheless, bruised and shaken though he was, he stumbled resolutely forward, bemused, half-blind with blood, yet indomitable as ever. . . .

My lady sighed deeply, shuddered violently, opened her eyes and instantly closed them again, for muttering over her was a wizened old woman and beyond this aged crone an aged man who gaped toothless jaws and beyond him again the vicomte, who stamped and raved in a pale, tremulous fury:

"Malediction!" he exclaimed pettishly, "rouse her, my old Jeannetton! A thousand devils—wake her, Jeanne! To kiss a woman who swoons, it is without savor, ha, sacred name of a name, I scorn it—yes! So rouse her for me this instant, I say!"

The old woman muttered to the old man, who shuffled hastily toward her. This small paneled chamber that had but one small, heavy door armed with bar and bolts fashioned in a wilder age—this, my lady glimpsed through the thick curtain of her lashes. . . .

They slapped her hands, they fanned her, they bathed her temples—without the least effect; sal volatile, vinegar, burnt feathers, she endured them all and continued to swoon with an unshakable pertinacity while the vicomte stamped to and fro, filling the air with his peevish, high-pitched revilings until, pausing suddenly, he smote himself upon the forehead:

"Aha—brandy!" he cried. "Cognac! Eau-de-vie! Come Jacques, thou species of insect, dost hear?" And he sped away, the old man hobbling after.

NOW, hardly were they gone than my lady sat up suddenly on the broad settle and, gasping as in mortal terror, pointed up at the one small lattice high in the paneling:

"Sacred heaven!" she whispered. "Ah, behold—see yonder!" The old woman turned in swift alarm and in that moment was seized by desperate hands, propelled across the floor, bundled out of the room and the door slammed to behind her; the rusty bolts squeaked, the heavy bar creaked into its massive sockets and, sinking upon her knees, my lady leaned there, her pale cheek pillowed against the stout old door, her lips murmuring soft yet very fervent prayers.

Presently as she crouched thus came rush and patter of footsteps on the stone flags without; then was a frenzied shouting while fists pounded and feet kicked furiously on the stout timbering. And contrasting this strong door with those small, vicious feet and little, deadly hands that beat and smote in such passionate futility, Charmian began to laugh, shrill, wild laughter that rose and swelled high above all other sounds. Reeling to the settle, she sank down there and laughed until she wept—sobbing until she could weep no more; and lying huddled thus, very spent and weak, she trembled now because of the brooding hush, the ominous, all-pervading silence. . . . At last upon this dread stillness rose a vague disturbance . . .

sounds of distant movement . . . the measured tread of heavy feet . . . a jingle of spurred heels . . . voices. Up she rose and, creeping to the door, she crouched there listening. She heard the vicomte's voice in the distance, shrill and fiercely threatening, followed by a lazy, sneering laugh, mocking and familiar. Footsteps and voices were drawing nearer:

"Very well!" cried the vicomte. "It is enough! You shall die, species of dog—ah, but slowly, yes—you shall suffer—aha!"

"Type of a small monkey, you chatter!" drawled Mr. Gafton's mocking voice. "Come, little ape, the orchard shall be a place quite admirable—ah, no, not behind me, Monsieur the Vicomte, we walk side by side—so! You show a little pale, I think . . . ah, well, you shall be paler beyond a doubt . . . after—" The footsteps turned aside, the two voices, the one full and even, the other piping and querulous, died away. . . .

In the pause that ensued, the long-drawn, deadly stillness, Charmian sank to her knees again, clasped hands against the door, head bowed upon them, while fierce tremors shook her. And thus she crouched there . . . waiting . . . waiting. . . . Desperately she strove to pray but could not, her sick mind racked and thralled by the dreadful thing that was to be . . . out there in the orchard . . . that place of shady trees and tender grass where stood two men facing each other with eyes of murder. . . . And this was the end of her own scheming! . . . She cowered lower, straining her ears in a dreadful expectancy but heard only the heavy beating of her own troubled heart. . . . She began to count—one . . . two . . . three . . . four—ah, God, at last!

A SUDDEN, sharp report . . . a long, long moment of breathless suspense and then a second explosion that rang loud and was gone.

Ah, merciful God—and this was of her contriving!

Sinking upon the floor, she lay there moaning fitfully, then checked her breath to listen in swift panic.

Footsteps again! But whose? Feet upon the flagstones outside . . . someone was coming! . . . but who? Feet, these that trod with soft, short steps . . . nearer . . . nearer yet. Fingers scraped and fumbled at the door. . . . A hand knocked. Then a voice spoke, half whispering, curiously repressed:

"Your road is . . . clear. You may . . . open the door."

"Henry?" she cried breathlessly. "Oh, Henry—is it you?"

"Myself, yes, for a . . . little while."

With shaking hands she drew bolt and bar, opened the door and recoiled.

Mr. Gafton stood upon the threshold, one hand braced against the wall, the other pressing a handkerchief to his mouth.

"Henry?" she whispered. "Oh, are you—hurt—in pain?"

"A little," he said. "Congratulations . . . Madame Machiavelli! Also our Victor is . . . completely dead, and as for me"—he laughed, choked, and the handkerchief at his mouth became dreadfully stained. Then Charmian's arms were about him and so she brought him to the wide settle; but when she would have sought and tended his hurt, he shook his head.

"I'm . . . beyond . . . troubling about! Your work . . . is done, madam, and . . . egad . . . so am I!"

HERE, lolling back, handkerchief to mouth, he gazed up at her with his old look of mockery until, as though stricken by something in this look, she sank upon her knees, gazing up into his anguished face with swimming eyes.

"Henry," she sobbed, "see, I'm kneeling to you as you vowed I must, kneeling to beg you'll suffer me to do what I can . . . to ease your pain."

"Oh, no, Charmian. . . . It's through the lungs . . . I . . . have it at last . . . I'm going . . . out. I . . . wonder where."

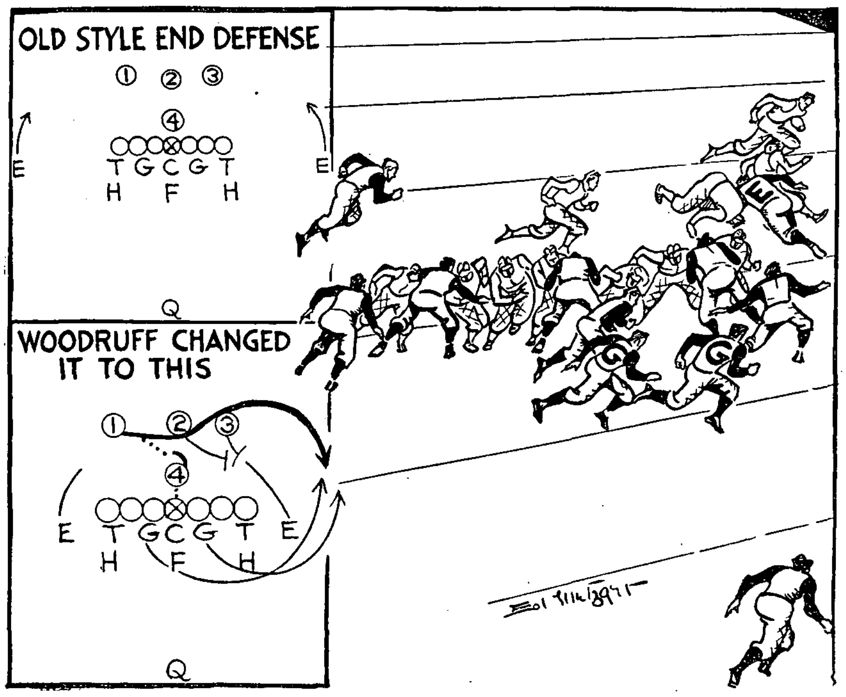
"No—no," she sobbed. "Ah, no, pray God!"

"Yes, madam. But . . . why grieve? Your Peter is . . . safe. On his way here. The fool would have . . . got himself killed . . . so I . . . shot his horse. . . ."

"Oh, Henry!" she whispered. "Dear Henry, is there . . . nothing I can do to show—"

"Yes! Come nearer . . . it's growing . . . dark . . . night for me very soon, so . . . come . . . nearer—" Now, seeing how his tall form swayed and drooped, she took him into the tender comfort of her arms, pillowing his heavy head upon her shoulder.

(Continued on page 58)



Defense Counsel

By Sol Metzger

FOOTBALL defense was revolutionized in '94. Powerful tandem plays and quick openings were the reasons. Until then, ends played ten yards or more outside their tackles. Old-timers cite as a cause either the early crisscross trick or habit, or lack of teamwork. This latter quality, without which football could hardly be a game, was almost unknown until Woodruff, Stagg and King began pondering gridiron problems. Their contributions in the main were to offense.

In '92, Woodruff played with the Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy eleven vs. the Columbia A. C. at Washington, D. C. The Capital lads ripped the Philadelphians apart by sending their halfbacks straight ahead through tackle.

During intermission Woodruff told his ends, Bergen and Forst, that if they would move in near the tackles (far from where they habitually played) and then charge straight for the opposing halfbacks, all would be well. "I'll take care of end runs," he said. The scheme worked; victory followed.

In '94, Phil King, Princeton's first paid coach, expected his powerful tandem-tackle conception of '93 again to sweep Penn off the map. But Woodruff crossed him. He knew that a quick opening tandem-tackle buck, such as Princeton was bound to use, would succeed against the old-style end-out defense. So he moved his ends, Rosengarten and Upton, in near their tackles with instructions to charge across straight and low and spill everything in their way.

To take care of end runs, Woodruff took in hand Buck Wharton and his own younger brother, Wylie, Penn's powerful guards, and taught them his own old method of defensive guard play: First, protect your position. Then, if the play is a flank run, back up and rush out to make the tackle.

This combination was too much for Princeton. The smashing ends rocked Old Nassau's offense. Their tandem plunges on tackle crumbled before this new and unexpected assault. As for end runs, glance at the diagram.

Here clear-cut principles of present-day defense were set down by Woodruff in '94. His right end, when attacked as in this play, smashed across, met the interference at full speed running low and, by spilling it, formed a pile in front of the runner that delayed him. No sound coach but preaches the value of such delay to his charges today. As the runner then swung to the rear to clear this obstacle of piled-up interference, he was suddenly swooped upon by Penn's guards, now roving all over the field, just as the center is taught to do in modern football.

Thus mass play encountered a new obstacle. But for years thereafter it overcame this obstacle by the sheer power of its tandems to raise the runner up and over low tacklers. The final and natural development of mass play, the hurdle, conceived by George Foster Sanford, Yale's '91 center, when coaching at Columbia, did not appear until 1900. That is my story next week.

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(*Continued from page 57*)

"Henry, dear," she whispered as she bent above him, wetting that pallid face with the passion of her grief, smoothing the thick hair from his clammy, pain-creased brow, "can you, will you—forgive?"

"A . . . silly question!" he gasped. "Dear, I . . . loved you better . . . than I knew . . . Charmian, you said . . . that you'd . . . remember me in . . . your prayers. Will you . . . now and then?"

"Yes . . . always, Henry."

"Then . . . Charmian . . . kiss my eyes . . . shut. Night has fallen . . . very dark. Stoop to me . . . girl—"

Very tenderly she obeyed him and with his failing eyes thus gently closed, he sighed.

"And now . . . to . . . sleep. . . ."

And thus, with Charmian's cherishing arms about him and weary head pillowed on her bosom, Henry Willoughby-Gafton passed on.

In a while, kneeling beside this stilly form ennobled and dignified by death, she prayed for him and for herself until was a sound of hasty feet and a hoarse voice that cried a little wildly:

"Charmian! Oh, Charmian!"

Then she rose and met Sir Peter in the stone-flagged passage.

"Dear heart," said he, folding her in eager arms, "you are safe . . . unharmed? The viscount lies stone dead out yonder, but you . . . he . . . he did you no hurt?"

"No—ah, no, my Peter," she answered, snuggling closer in his fervent embrace. "Only I am sad . . . very sad and tired, Peter—dreadfully tired—"

"But what of Gafton? The scoundrel shot my horse and—"

"Hush, Peter—hush, my dear. Come with me."

SO TOGETHER they entered the little chamber and stood there very silent a while.

"He was a man who died for you, Peter, and for my sake. . . . He was a man I feared and—hated, God forgive me! For, oh, Peter—indeed he proved a very . . . noble gentleman."

"Why, then," said Peter gently, "he assuredly is so yet."

"Yes," murmured Charmian, stooping to touch that pale, serene face, "ah, yes, for that which is truly good lives on forever."

Being come out from the old château, this place of death, of ruin and decay, Charmian shivered and, turning suddenly, clasped Peter in her arms, clinging to him like a frightened child.

"Take me home!" she whispered. "Take me back to the dear, quiet country things . . . to home and—England."

SIR PETER, seated in his study, closed book on finger and rose, for Charmian upon the terrace outside was singing a soft, sad little song, so out of the window came Sir Peter's head; quoth he:

"My dear, since you are so nearly yourself again, perhaps you will now explain more fully your perfectly incomprehensible behavior in Paris, regarding—"

"But, Peter, I told you. I thought you were much better in a prison cell than being shot at in a duel."

"Hum!" quoth Sir Peter, a little dubiously. "Then again I am still greatly exercised in my mind as to why I was seized and carried off in such a—"

"Undignified manner, Peter?"

"No, I was about to say—mysterious fashion."

"Why, Paris swarms with thieves and robbers, Peter."

"Ay, but these rascals stole nothing, not even my fob-seals. The more I ponder the affair, the more confounding it proves."

"Then why not read your books and forget, Peter dear? Or better still, ride over to Sissinghurst with Janet and me."

"Ha," exclaimed Sir Peter, "this reminds me! Pray, why did you sell the old Mill Cottage at Sissinghurst and for not half its value, to poor Gafton's man—Meadows, is it?"

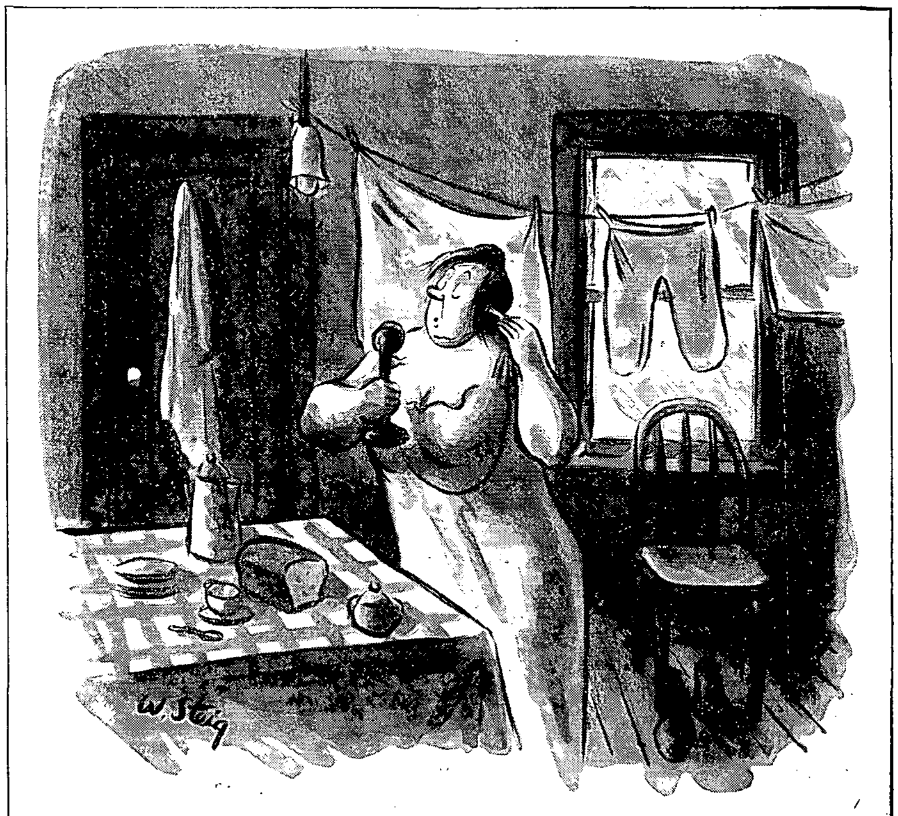
"Well, because I like Robert Meadows, he once proved a . . . very present help . . . and his little Nanette is the sweetest, loveliest, small thing—"

"Where's the joke? Why are your eyes so bright, Charmian?"

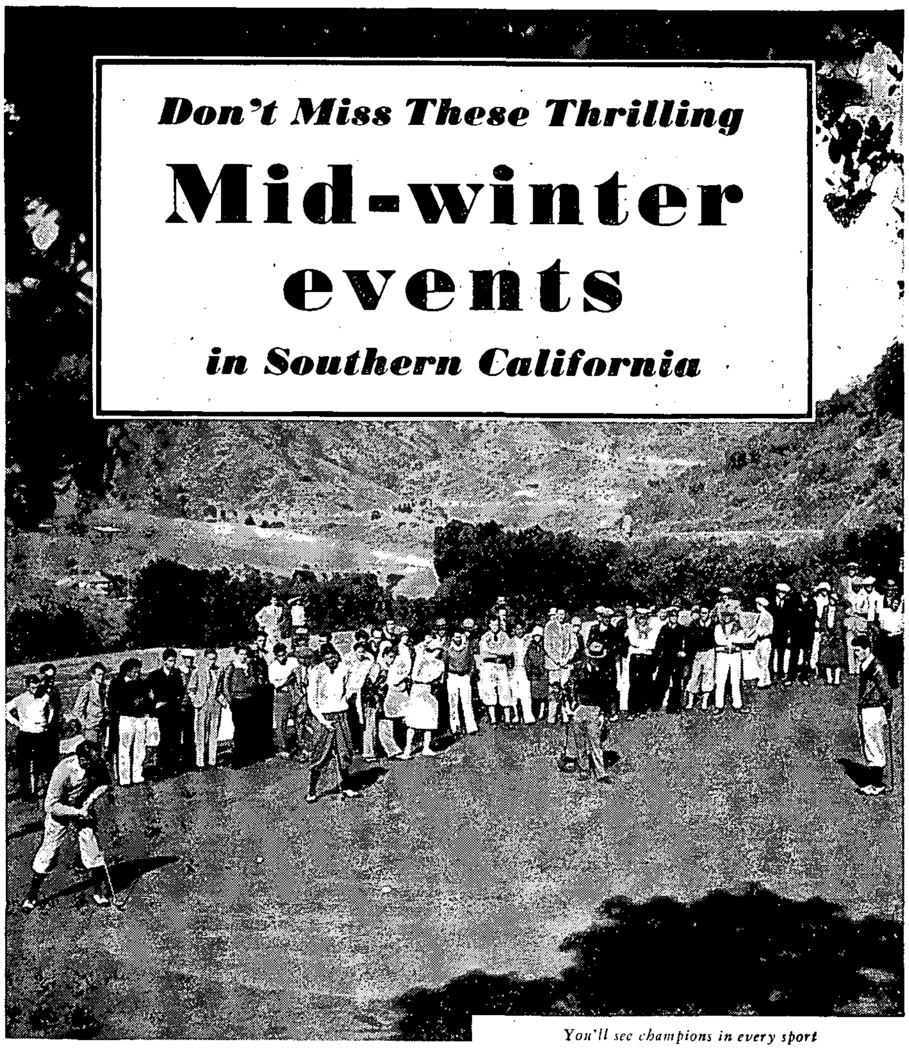
"Perhaps because I'm so glad, Peter—so very happy to be home—back here among all your fields and farms and cows and ricks and things—God bless them!"

"Why then, my dearest heart," cried Sir Peter, tossing his book aside, "if you'll wait till I get into my boots—we'll gallop across to Sissinghurst."

THE END



"You'll have to wait a little. I'm still in negligee"



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Cross Purposes

Continued from page 26

for personal expenses and put that sum on the governor's salary, so that if, during the day, he feels he would like to smoke a cigarette, or if, at the end of the day, he would like a drink of soda water, he may pay for it out of his own pocket instead of charging it up to the state of Connecticut."

Governor Cross thanked the legislature suavely for its "personal courtesies" and reminded his hearers that of eight or nine hundred bills they had passed he had vetoed only three. These had promptly been reënacted over his veto, because in Connecticut a mere majority, not two-thirds, is required.

The Science of Government

Although many of the legislators have talked with Governor Cross in his office, he has appeared before them in assembly but twice. The first time was when he made his inaugural address, last January 7, and he reminded them then that the state constitution enjoined him "to take care that the laws be faithfully executed." He had no illusions, however, about the Connecticut set-up nor about the restrictions thrown around his office. Although not a political economist for all his erudition, he said some distinctly sensible things about governmental conditions.

"In the present state of knowledge," he observed, "government cannot be essentially scientific, as it may become at some time. In the natural sciences, knowledge rests upon the firm and sure basis of great laws and formulations which, however much they may be modified by succeeding generations of investigators, still remain unmoved from their original foundations. In contrast, comparatively few economic and social principles lying behind good government have universal application. For the most part they are tentative and empirical. As yet there has appeared no Darwin in the science of government and perhaps none will ever appear because of the great complexity of social phenomena. Still, much has been accomplished during the present century in the study of those human relations which pertain to good government and the welfare of the people."

Some of our bigwigs at Washington might ponder that passage to their advantage.

The governor had a program. All Connecticut judges are appointed by the legislators, and the governor has authority to make recommendations only for the higher benches. He thought that, if he must be held responsible that "the laws be faithfully executed," he should have a part in the choice of minor judges also. Instead of complying, the legislature took from him even nominations for the higher courts and one lower one, and these were two of the three bills he vetoed. He thought his veto power should be made more congruous with that power in other states, and no attention was paid to him. He thought the constitution should be amended so as to give thirty days after adjournment of the legislature for the governor's action on bills, and the suggestion went unheeded. He urged that the state departments should be unified and the tax structure reconstituted, but the legislature took fright at both ideas. So much for the debit side.

Now let us look at the credit side: The governor recommended an emergency committee to coördinate the agencies of unemployment relief—an excellent piece of work resulted; he asked for an appropriation for thinning and cleaning the 55,000 acres of state forests, principally to reduce the fire hazard, and it was done; he asked for better dirt roads in the rural districts, and three million dollars was set aside.

Nor is that all of the credit side. No Connecticut legislature ever devoted so much time and money to projects strictly humane. Sanatoriums for the tubercular poor had a waiting list of five hundred, some of whom were dying; the appropriation for sanatoriums was much increased. The penal institutions, reformatories and prisons are to be improved through larger appropriations, and fifteen hundred acres were ordered purchased for a state farm. The state banking laws were transformed from a backward status to rank with the best in the country. State construction work was advanced by some six months, in order to help the unemployment situation.

It is true that three bills introduced at the instance of Governor Cross to make public utilities more responsive to the public will and to subject their securities and rates to more effective supervision, met an untimely end. Perhaps he hardly expected anything better, but at any rate he focussed the attention of the voters on a means of lightening the Roraback yoke.

When he nominated Professor Richard J. Smith of Yale to the Utilities Commission the senate promptly refused to ratify. He might have sent the name back, in which case it would have been thrown out again. The governor is not the sort to tackle a buzzsaw. He effected a compromise. He reappointed Commissioner Alsop on condition that the senate ratify E. L. Taylor, one of his own engineering staff.

With Commissioner Higgins, a Democrat appointed by Governor Baldwin, as chairman, the Democrats now have a majority on the commission. The trouble is that their powers are circumscribed.

State Senator Lavery called him "the Trader Horn of Connecticut."

"I am not a Trader Horn nor a nature-faker," the governor told me. "But I understand a poker face when I see one. The Republicans come in here to tell me what they want, and I'm onto them before they leave. I don't trade with them; I take them into partnership. I have tried to substitute a sort of partnership for partisanship."

Chaucer on Prohibition

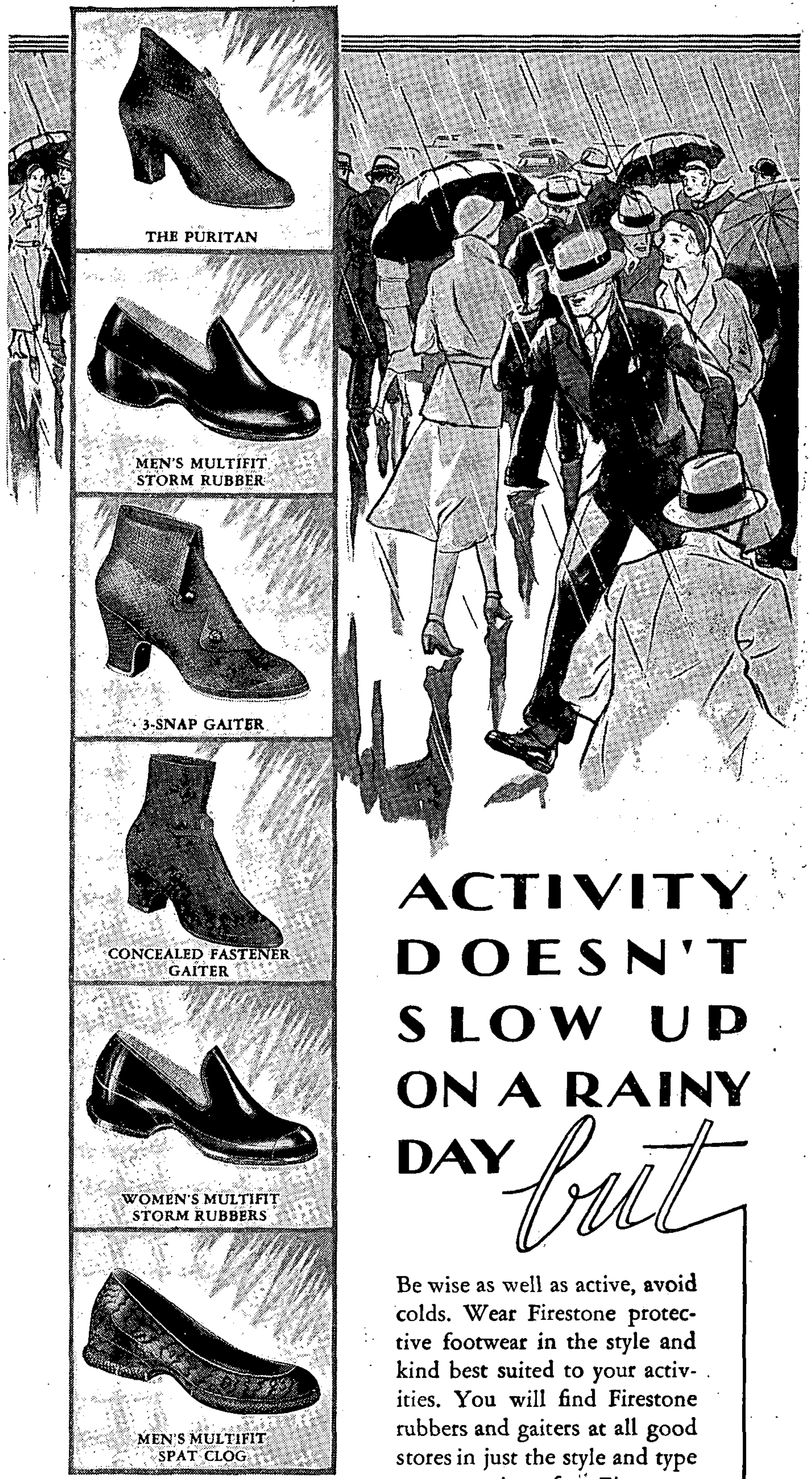
In regard to prohibition, Governor Cross led the once-dry legislature to call for a referendum looking to repeal; he reminded the legislators that "mankind cannot be made good under compulsion," and added: "What Chaucer said of his village parson centuries ago still holds true for all of us:

To drawen folk to heven by fairnesse
By good ensample, this was his bisynesse.

"It is a dubious path into the Kingdom of Heaven through jails and prisons," he continued.

Mr. Roraback's henchmen may call Governor Cross a psalm-singer and a flag-waver if they choose; he retaliates by letting them take the credit for legislation he desires, when he feels that it could not be put through under Democratic leadership. Thus, a new traffic artery between New York City and southern Connecticut, long nebulously

(Continued on page 60)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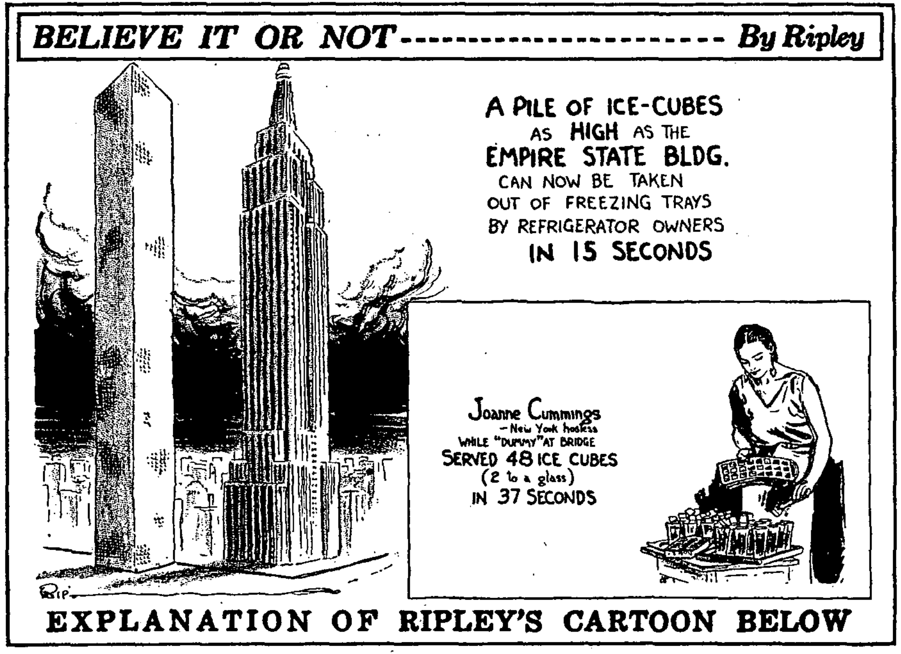
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ICE CUBES INSTANTLY—TRAY TO GLASS

(Continued from page 59)

discussed, to relieve congestion at Greenwich, where there was a sort of neck-of-the-bottle, was one of the governor's active projects. With his backing it got at least a start, and $1,000,000 was appropriated for the preliminary work on the new parkway. The governor's enemies took the credit. He can afford to smile; he didn't want this job anyway, and he is in no need of gratuitous glory.

The governor does not need to smile, for that matter, and does not smile, over the passing of Labor Commissioner MacKenzie from the scene of his activities in that office beneath the governor's. Mr. MacKenzie, by a turn of the wrist, manipulated state affairs.

Out but Not Down

He was succeeded on July 1st by Joseph Tone, who at Dr. Cross' recommendation was made secretary of the Democratic State Central Committee during the campaign. Mr. Tone is a tool-maker by trade, has taken an intelligent interest for years in the special questions which confront a labor commissioner, and has an aggressive as well as an attractive personality. That department ceased automatically to be a piece of political machinery when he took office.

Yet Mr. MacKenzie and the governor are on cordial terms. They have been on friendly terms all along. The retirement was not due to a trade, says Governor Cross: "It was a partnership."

Similar "partnerships" led to the appointment of three other commissioners sponsored by the governor. These were the banking, state police and aëronautics commissioners.

That an academician should enter into partnership with Roraback henchmen may seem a bit odd; the henchmen have made it appear as odd as possible. Yet what the governor proposed to them was simple enough. "Here we are," he said, in effect; "the executive end of this state government for at least two years is going to be Democratic; the legislative end is Republican. If we pull against each other we cannot get all the things done that ought to be done, so we have got to compromise and pull together at least part of the time. We can yield back and forth as partners do in any enterprise, and when we are on common ground we can make things hum."

And it was so ordered. The executive end of the partnership was pretty steadily on the job every working day, for the professor had got into that habit. He was early to work and late to leave, but an approachable governor withal.

At first the governor walked always to and from his office, but as the pressure of his duties increased he found he must ride. This made him grouchier than any political fight would. He complained that he was getting "a bit of a pod," although he never even remotely approached aldermanic girth.

The governor kept himself in good condition, I suspect, by not losing his temper. He stuck pins in the opposition here and there by a sly comment to newspaper correspondents or through a witty rejoinder to an assemblyman. He employed innuendo and diplomacy.

On occasion he could be more forthright. Thus, when he cast about for an executive secretary, he decided that he must have a man inured to the "game," and chose Kenneth Wynne, who had held that post in 1913-14, under the last Democratic governor, Simeon E. Baldwin. Mr. Wynne had progressed to a lucrative law practice at New Haven, and demurred. Then the mild-mannered professor adopted tactics denied to him on the campus, and used military technique. He commandeered Mr. Wynne. And he made Mr. Wynne like it.

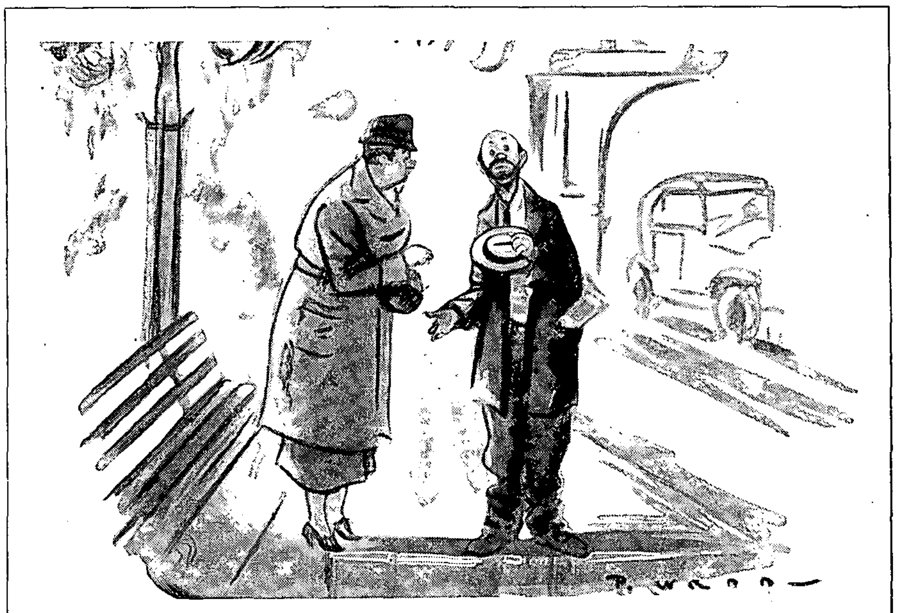
The governor's surprising special strength as a campaigner was with the farmers, and he carried rural communities which had never before gone Democratic. He drew a homely and effective parallel between a setting hen and the Republicans under Mr. Roraback who had been nesting for eighteen years on Connecticut eggs long since gone stale.

The Test of Achievement

Moreover, the farmers told each other, this fellow was their kind of folks. He was, with a vengeance. The Cross family goes back nearly three centuries in Connecticut, and antedates most of the families now to be found there.

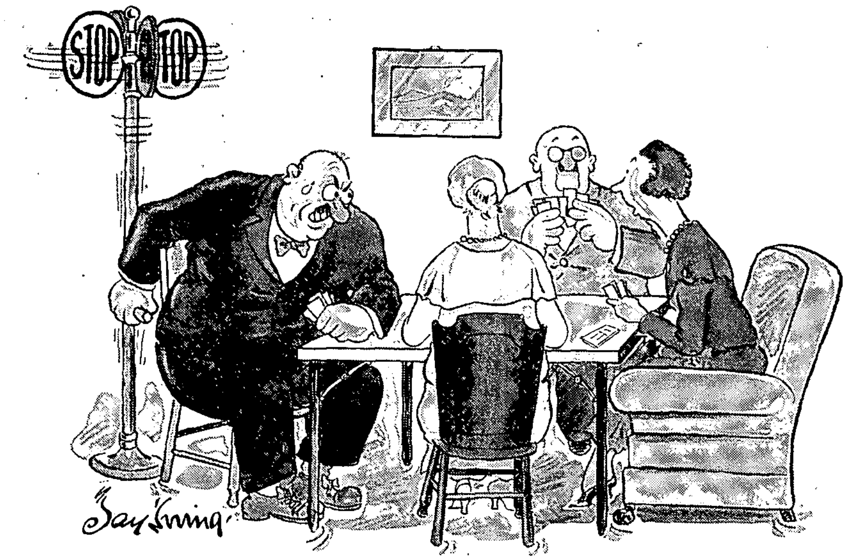
Governor Cross does not take much stock in details such as this, but admiring voters have been pelting him with genealogical charts and such like. They do not want him to forget, evidently, amid all his academic degrees, that he is a true son of Connecticut. Four counties claim him. He does not deny it, but he is not eager to proclaim anything so casual and incidental as family. He takes cognizance first of achievement.

Thus we find as a major on the staff of Governor Cross that eminent victor, not on the hustings but in the squared circle, Mr. Gene Tunney.



"Please—lady—just the dime—kind words break me down completely"

P. Webb



Officer Clancy's wife had a tendency to overbid. . . .

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. 7-6-4
H. 7-5-4
D. K-Q-9-3
C. 7-6-2

West
S. J-10-9
H. 3-2
D. 10-8-7-6-5-4
C. Q-10

East
S. 3-2
H. J-10-9-8-6
D. A-2
C. K-J-9-3

South (Dealer)
S. A-K-Q-8-5
H. A-K-Q
D. J
C. A-8-5-4

THE above hand, published in last week's Collier's, was played at Contract Bridge at a prominent Eastern club. South bid three Spades and North, on the strength of the King and Queen of Diamonds, bid four. It is not often that an original three-bid (non-forcing) is justified with less than a six-card suit, but in this case the great strength of the hand as a whole and the solid Spades in particular fully warranted it.

In the play West led a Diamond which East won with the Ace and, as South had played the Jack, and the King and Queen were exposed in dummy, East hifted to a Heart. South won and in hree rounds exhausted the adverse rumps. He then attempted, by leading Clubs, to make up a Club trick in addiion to the Ace, or to force the adveraries to lead Diamonds. But it was not possible for him to do either, beause East was in position to take three Club tricks; so Declarer, taking only ine tricks, went down one. He lost hree Clubs and one Diamond.

There was only one possible way in which the Declarer might have made our-odd in Spades; but as he did not ry it, it will never be known whether e could have succeeded. If South had ed two high Spades at tricks 3 and 4, nd then his remaining Hearts to tricks and 6, West, with his Hearts all played nd the losing Ten of trumps, would ave been apt to ruff the last Heart; and he could be beguiled into doing this, ll the adverse trumps having been layed, Declarer could put dummy in by leading the Five and winning with he Seven of trumps) to cash his King nd Queen of Diamonds, on which South ould discard two Clubs.

In that way Declarer would lose only hree tricks—one trump, one Club and ne Diamond. The probability is that West would have fallen for a chance to alvage a losing trump, thinking that outh had miscounted the trumps; and n that case it would have been a successful gambit. On the other hand West might have feared "the Greeks bearing gifts," or he might have diagnosed correctly the Declarer's strategy and checkmated South's coup by declining to ruff the Heart.

The play of the hand was followed by a post-mortem "full of wise saws and modern instances." Basing argument upon the revealed distribution of the cards and the outcome of the play, several safety-first critics condemned alike South's original bid of three Spades and North's raise to four. They pointed out how easy it would have been for South to go game at No Trump, conveniently ignoring the fact that such an outcome would have been possible only if South had bid two or three No Trumps originally in spite of his worthless Diamond singleton!

The truth is that, while the actual bidding was thoroughly justified, the use by North and South of the latest and most popular bidding frill would have led South to the winning No Trump declaration, without exposing him to the singleton danger. If he had employed the artificial two-Club bid, it would have worked to perfection. His initial bid of two Clubs would have been answered by North with two Diamonds; not because North happened to have four Diamonds headed by the King-Queen, but because he did not have an Ace and King—and without at least that strength the artificial answer to the artificial two-Club bid is two Diamonds. Then South could have bid two No Trumps and, following that bid, it would have been North's business to name a suit which apparently he had stopped twice. So his next bid would have been three Diamonds, this time because he had the Diamonds stopped at least twice. Following that, South would have bid three No Trumps, not three Spades, because North's second bid had thoroughly plugged the hole in South's No Trump hand.

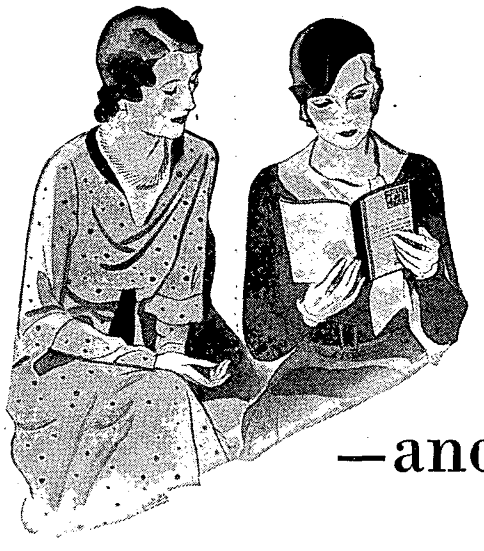
Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. J-7-4
H. A-5-3
D. 7-6-2
C. K-5-3-2

East
S. 10-8-5-3-2
H. 9-2
D. Q-J-8-3
C. 8-6

West
S. Q-9-6
H. 10-8-7-6-4
D. 5-4
C. 10-9-7

South (Dealer)
S. A-K
H. K-Q-J
D. A-K-10-9
C. A-Q-J-4



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MAIL the coupon below for important new free book "Spend and Grow Rich." Not a catalogue, but a complete shopping guide that tells you how to get extra value when buying all cotton goods. This book has swept America. From every State men and women have written for it, because they want to dress better and live better at this time, without extra expense. With the book we will send you, free, our "Handy Guide to the Standard Cotton Fabrics," telling how to recognize and use over 70 different cloths.

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Pepperell Peerless. *The finest cotton sheet now on the market, $3 to $3.50.*

But do you know that you can now positively recognize all the other good products made of Pepperell fabrics? Fine broadcloths, dainty prints, strong jeans, warm blankets, pretty bedspreads and a host of other fabrics, for clothes and many different household articles like those shown here. All genuine Pepperell fabrics are guaranteed; look for this Pepperell label in stores everywhere.

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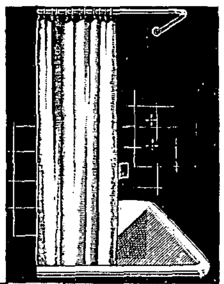

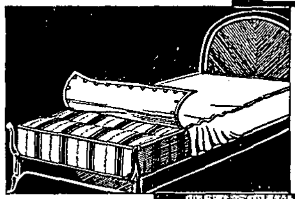

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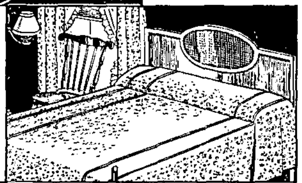
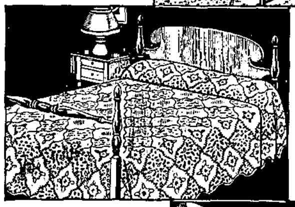
● **Bedspreads,** made up in matching sets of spread, window drapes and valance, using color-fast Pepperell Prints, by K. & G. Mfg. Co., 444 B'way, N.Y.C.





● **Quilted Spreads** made of exclusive Pepperell prints, quilted to give an old-time effect, and beautifully finished by Columbia Ideal Quilting Co., address as above.

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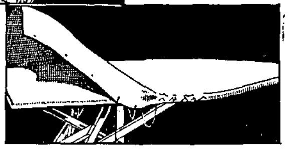

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WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

To Our Profit

SHORTLY before Premier Laval set sail for his Washington conference, President Hoover stated his policy toward debt cancellation in these words:

"I do not approve in any remote sense of the cancellation of the debts to us. World confidence would not be enhanced by such action. None of our debtor nations has ever suggested it. But as the basis for the settlement of these debts was the capacity under normal conditions of the debtor to pay, we should be consistent with our own policies and principles if we take into account the abnormal situation now existing in the world.

"I am sure the American people have no desire to attempt to exact any sum beyond the capacity of any debtor to pay and it is our view that broad vision requires that our government should recognize the situation as it exists."

Mr. Hoover is quite right in saying that broad vision requires us to recognize the existing situation but unfortunately it is also true that narrow vision impels some who should know better to do their best to confuse matters by reviving war animosities.

In particular, a striking effort has been made to prove that Germany is the villain in the international drama and that Germany, like a slick confidence man, has actually paid out in reparations and otherwise only a fraction of what was first borrowed from Americans and others.

The facts concerning the actual payments by Germany and the Germans were made sufficiently plain by the Wiggin committee of bankers. It is true that in effect Germany kept up the installment payments on reparations with borrowed money. The conclusion that Germany as a nation has adopted the character and the strategy of a confidence man is, however, not only unproved but untrue.

The simple fact is that, from the day the Treaty of Versailles was signed until the present, German reparations have been fixed at a level which Germany could not possibly pay.

Moreover, every open-minded person knows this and has known it to be a fact during the last thirteen years.

Payments were placed at impossible heights by the Versailles Treaty because M. Clemenceau and his associates thought that political necessity required it. Bernard M. Baruch, chairman of our War Industries Board, pointed out the facts at the time. So did John Maynard Keynes, the British economist. There was no concealment.

Neither the Dawes Commission nor the Young Commission had a free hand to work out a reasonable settlement. Both General Dawes and Mr. Young had, in turn, to suggest reductions which politicians would accept. Up to this moment no business man and no economist has ever had the opportunity to fix sums which Germany might be expected to pay during good times and bad. Politics has always intervened. The question has been not what can Germany pay but rather how much of a reduction our politicians can recommend without being repudiated by the voters.

Of course Germany has paid with borrowed money. There was no other way in which payments could be made.

Examine the facts dispassionately. There are just three or four ways in which one nation can pay another nation the debts owed:

First, actual gold can be transferred. Germany had no gold worth considering and so that was out.

Second, goods can be exported. Germany did export as much as her creditors were willing to accept. The export business was cut down by higher tariffs and we led the way. Neither we, France, nor any other of the nations involved were willing to receive imports in large quantities from Germany. So by our own decision that is out.

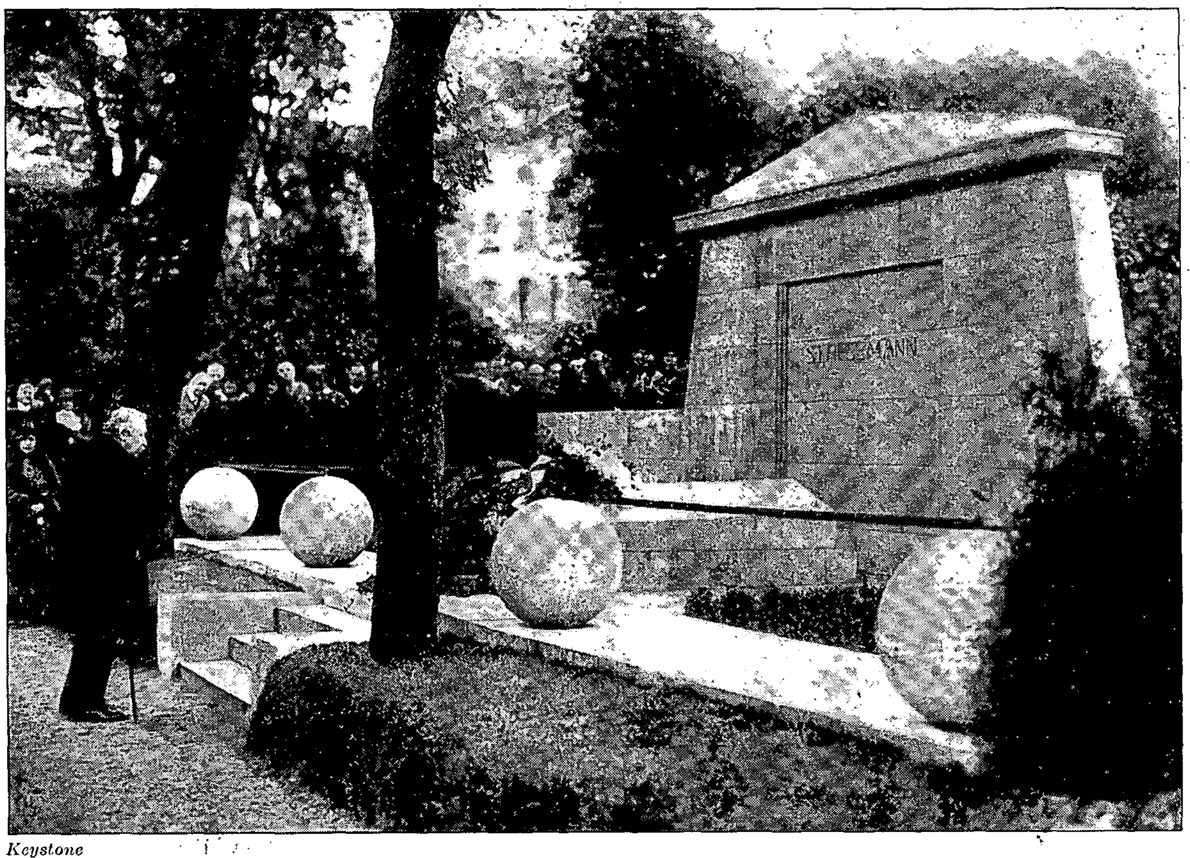
Third, services can be exported and debts paid with the money thus earned. Germany has done very well in this business. The profits of German shipping have been useful but the sum is insignificant in comparison with reparation payments.

The simple fact is that by no device known to man could Germany have made the actual payments due except by borrowing. Equally obvious, borrowing could not go on forever. The time had to come when investors were no longer willing to lend.

The only possible solution is the revision of reparations to a point at which Germany can pay by using the actual surplus income over and above the requirements of life. Capacity to pay is the only rational measure. It can be postponed this time as it was in the past but ultimately we can't escape the facts.

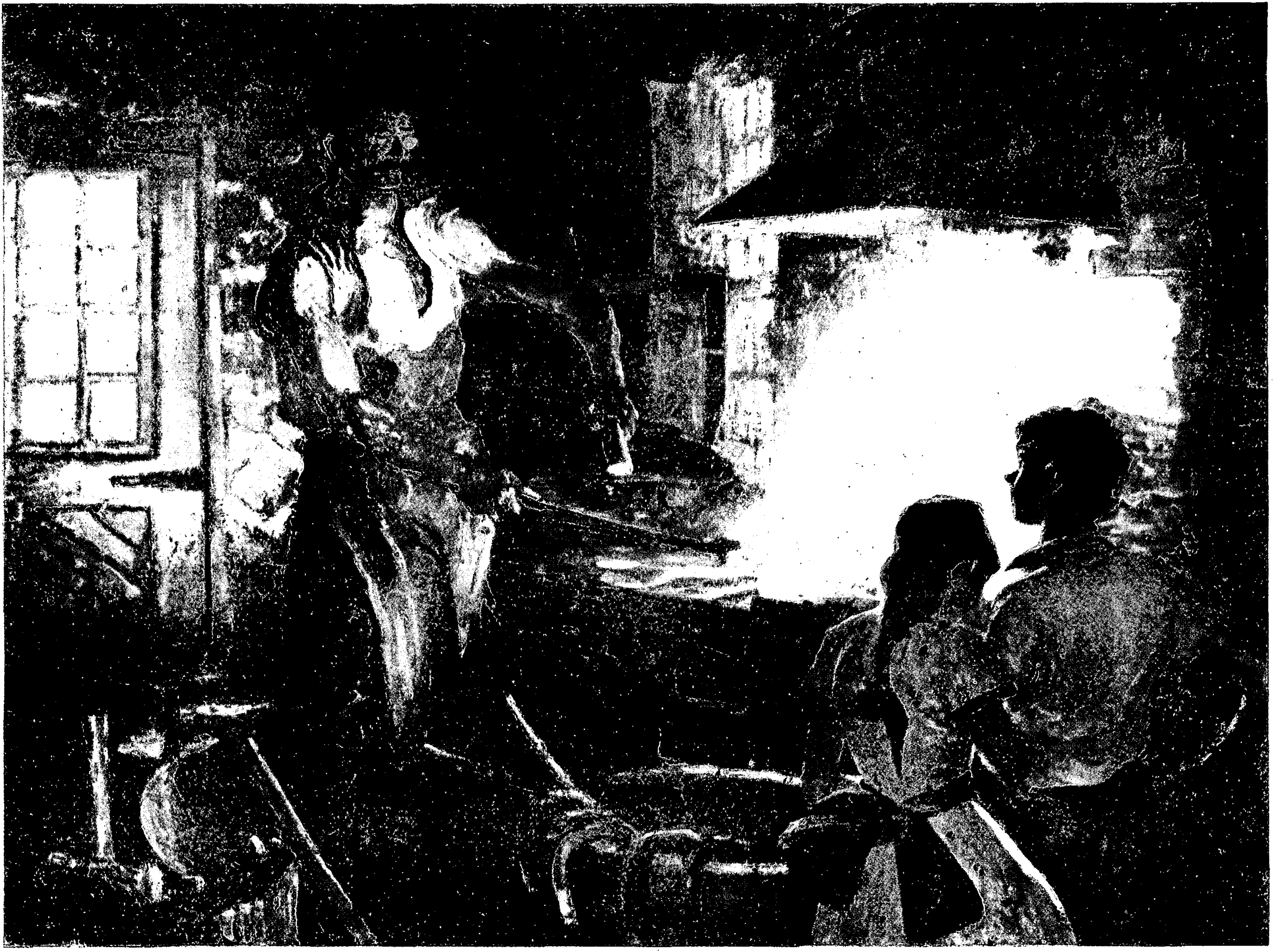
American taxpayers will in truth pay a part of the debts which are remitted to Germany. Debts owed the United States by other nations will be scaled down. Capacity to pay these will again be the measure. England is on record as willing to cut reparations to the extent that her war debts to the United States are reduced. We shall come to that.

We shall be driven to accept further reductions in the war debts owed us because we shall be persuaded that, on the whole, despite taxes, it will profit us to do so.



Keystone

Aristide Briand at the grave of Germany's Foreign Minister, Gustav Stresemann



Blacksmith Shop in the Ford village of Greenfield, Michigan

WHEN WE WERE YOUNGER

THE blacksmith's calm, ruddy face took on an astounded look when the first gas-buggy came to a jerky stop in front of his shop for service! For there, staring him in the face, was an idea new to the world!

If you or your father owned a Ford, you learned something in those days that did more to speed up the automotive age than anything else, except the automobile itself. You learned that when Ford sold a car to a customer he followed up the sale by going to the best mechanic in town . . . the blacksmith, bicycle-repairman, or plumber . . . *and giving him a complete lesson in the mechanics of servicing automobiles!* For Ford not only designed, built and sold automobiles, but he also established the principle that a sale does not complete the transaction between maker and buyer, but creates a new obligation on the maker to see that the car gives good service. Ford's cars were bound to give good service, because he saw to it that there was always a local and well-respected mechanic who would guarantee that the car would do its job.

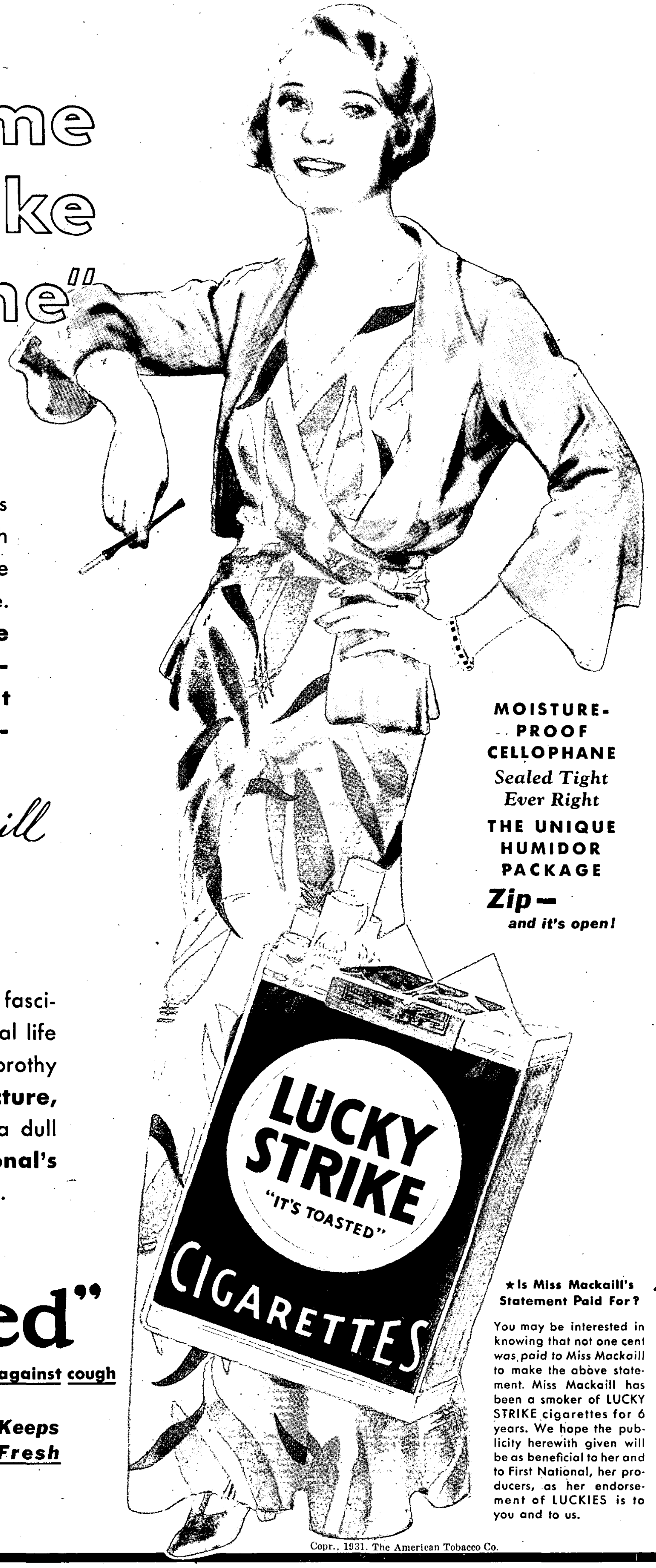
No estimate has ever been made of the part played by these town mechanics and metalworkers in the development of the automobile industry. Yet it was they who adopted the automobile first . . . just as it was from their shops that the first airplane took wings! It was they who made possible the vast system of service stations that line every highway.

Many of them, and the young men they trained, are essential elements of the nationwide community of Ford . . . repairmen, service men, agents, bankers, even business men of prominence, distinguished members of their communities wherever they may be.

Growing with the industry of which they are an integral part, the entire Ford dealer organization of today has, in addition, been specially trained and equipped to service all Ford products . . . automobiles, trucks, tractors and airplanes!

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

"Give me Lucky Strike Every Time"



"My throat is all important to me. No harsh irritants for yours truly. Give me LUCKY STRIKE every time. **And pat yourself on the back for your new Cellophane wrapper with that tab which makes the package so easy to open."**

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